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Copy of a Letter, from an eminent Teacher in this City to Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, *principal of the Young Ladies' Academy.*

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FOR a few evenings paſt, I have been poring over a new ſchool book, lately publiſhed by our friend, Mr. *Carey*, entitled, The AMERICAN MONITOR; and am highly pleaſed to find in it, ſuch a rich variety of intellectual fare for our pupils. A more judicious ſelection, or one better calculated for the improvement of youth, has not appeared in our ſchools: and in ſome reſpects it will be found ſuperior to any. The pieces are numerous, and the morals contained in them ſuch as cannot fail to inſpire youth with a love of thoſe cardinal virtues, which unite and adorn civilized ſociety. Morality ſeems to have been the pole-ſtar of the compiler:—And good *morals* will lead he mind to a love of *religion*, as naturally as the genial warmth of the ſun kindles that vegetation which ſpreads a profuſion of flowers on the boſom of the earth.

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FOR a few evenings paſt, I have been poring over a new ſchool book, lately publiſhed by our friend Mr. *Carey*, entitled, The AMERICAN MONITOR; and am highly pleaſed to find in it, ſuch a rich variety of intellectual fare for our pupils. A more judicious ſelection, or one better calculated for the improvement of youth, has not appeared in our ſchools: and in ſome reſpects it will be found ſuperior to any. The pieces are numerous, and the morals contained in them ſuch as cannot fail to inſpire youth with a love of thoſe cardinal virtues, which unite and adorn civilized ſociety. Morality ſeems to have been the pole-ſtar of the compiler:—And good *morals* will lead the mind to a love of *religion*, as naturally as the genial warmth of the ſun kindles that vegetation which ſpreads a profuſion of flowers on the boſom of the earth.

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I am with great eſteem, Sir,
Your moſt obed't ſerv't,
THOMAS JEFFERSC

Mr. Mathew Carey.

To Mr. Mathew Carey.

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I HAVE, with much pleaſure as well as profit, re your *American Monitor;* and find it to be juſt ſuch as I have long wiſhed for. The judicious ſelection y made, will undoubtedly have a ſtrong tendency to prod laſting and ſalutary effects on the minds of all by wh leſſons there inculcated will be attentively conſidered.

All thoſe who, for any conſiderable time, have been in the inſtruction of youth, well know what great ad reſult from teaching them to read and recite ſuch compoſition as ſtore their opening minds with juſt ideas religion, liberty, and patriotiſm: that by theſe leſſons t for good authors is formed, noble ſentiments implant exhibited in all her beauty, and vice in all its deform form a ſelection which ſhould embrace all theſe object of ſuch a price as might ſuit the convenience of *all,* taſk—and that taſk you have, in my opinion, well p Convinced that it is well calculated to anſwer theſe I have introduced it into my ſchool, and do warmly re it to the conſideration of others. I am, Sir,

Your very humble

Philad. 26th Jan. 1801. JAMES CAL

The Editor has expreſſed ſome diffidence, where, I think, he might have ſpoken with full confidence. He ſays, in the preface, that "The political ſentiments contained in his book, will probably be cenſured by ſome—" No, Sir; *juſt* ſentiments of a political, as well as thoſe of a religious nature, are very far from meriting cenſure, even though they are found in a ſchool-book. Does not the addreſs of *General* WASHINGTON to the people of the United States contain political ſentiments? And will any one ſay, that thoſe ſentiments are improper to be taught in ſchools!—And ſo far as political ſentiments are couched in this work, they are ſuch as lead to the ſame objects: they ſhew us what true glory is, and the way to attain it: they teach how to preſerve liberty, and to ſupport our independence. And whoever inculcates principles which tend to promote theſe objects, may feel a conſcious pride in the full aſſurance that he deſerves well of his country. Theſe principles ought to pervade all claſſes of men and women: Our children ſhould imbibe them with their mothers' milk; and *preceptors* of all denominations ſhould never ceaſe to cheriſh them in the mind of riſing generations. We muſt not be taught to fear *liberty*, becauſe ſome of her votaries are licentious:—As well might we fear *religion*, becauſe ſome of her diſciples are vicious. Guarded by TRUTH, as *they* always ſhould be, they will never do harm. And though naked truth may offend ſome, and dazzle others who have weak eyes, yet theſe are no good reaſons for keeping her eternally hid under a buſhel. Thoſe who wiſh it, are not unlike the race of owls, which would gladly have the grand luminary of heaven extinguiſhed, that they might mouze by twilight.

To point out the particular excellencies of this book, would exceed the limits of my letter, which is already too long The beſt way to form an eſtimate of any work is to examine it; in doing which, you will find, in every page, ample recompence for your pains. I hope, and doubt not, that your fair pupils will be profited by it, and that the compiler may receive the juſt recompence due to its merit.

I am, Sir,
With the greateſt eſteem,
Your obedient ſervant,
JOHN ELY.

Jan. 22d, 1801.

CONTENTS.

AMBITION, *Otway, Mallet. Spectator, Fielding.* 2)
Age *Dryden. Goldſmith, Spectator* - - - 31
Age and Youth. - *Johnſon.* 33
Actions, - *Francis, Spectator.* ib.
Advice. *Sedley, Rambler, Spectator.* - - - - 34
Affection, - *Young.* 36
Anatomy, - *Spectator.* ib.
Aſtoniſhment, - *Shakeſpeare.* ib.
Authority - *Jephſon.* 37
Animals, - *Spectator.* ib.
Author, - *Rambler.* ib.
Anger, - *Rambler, Watts.* 38
Ætna, - *Dryden.* 39
Aſtronomy, - *Guardian.* ib.
Appearances. - *Rambler.* 40
Avarice and Luxury *Spectator.* ib.
Avernus, - *Dryden.* 41
Apothecary, - *Shakeſpeare.* ib.
Attachment. - *Goldſmith.* 42
Arrangement of Ideas, *Watts* ib.
Abſtinence, - *Spectator.* ib.
Adulation, - *Goldſmith.* 43
Ariſtocracy and Deſpotiſm, *Burke* - - - ib.
Adverſity, *Spectator. Fielding.* 44
Affection, Tribute of, *Sterne.* 45
Affectation, *Spectator, Fielding.* ib.
Admiration, - *Fielding.* 47
Attention, - *Watts.* ib
Agreeable Man, - *Spectator* 47
Agreeable in Company, *ib.* 48
Aſs, the dead - *Sterne.* ib.
Apprehenſions, - *Spectator.* 49
Beggar, - *Johnſon* 50
Birds, - *Beckingham.* 51
Benevolence, - *Fielding.* ib.
Beneficence - *Fielding.* ib.
Bees and Butterflies, *Berkley.* ib
Bees - - *Dryden.* 52
Blindneſs - *Tate* 53
Beauty, *Dryden, Sedley, Otway Gay Life Shakeſpeare Sterne.* ib.
Bear, *Otway, Blackmore, Dryden.* 55
Brave, *Rowe, Martyn, Mallet, Pope.* - - - 55
Bluſh, - *Dryden* 56
Birth. *Johnſon. Hill, Francis, Whitehead, Young.* - - ib.
Blind Boy, - *Cibber.* 57
Building, - *Young.* 58
Clown, - *Dryden* ib.
Camp, - *Glover.* ib.
Cato, - *Addiſon.* 59
Cleanlineſs, - *Spectator.* ib.
Character, - *Fielding.* ib.
Cuſtom. *Idler, Watts, Fielding.* 60
Complaint, - *Johnſon.* 61
Church-yard, *Watts, Gray.* ib.
Country Life, *Cowley Cowper.* 62
Country Maiden, *Roſcommon.* 63
Contempt, *Fielding. Johnſon.* ib.
Congreſs of 1774, *Burlow.* 64
Care, - *Otway.* 65
Cenſoriouſneſs, - *Haywood.* 66
Converſation, *Guardian. Watts.* ib.
Clemency, - *Jones.* 67
Compaſſion, - *Rowe, Tate.* ib.
Curioſity, *Watts, Rambler.* 68
Cruelty, - *Watts.* ib.
Conſcience *Johnſon, Fielding.* ib.
Content, *Dryden, Blackmore, Sterne, Rambler, Spectator, Jacob.* - - - 69
Continence of Scipio, *Thomſon.* 71
Courage, *Brooke, Whitehead.* 72
Court, *Rowe Maſon, Montſquieu, Bolingbroke, Swift, Churchill.* - - - 73
Coward *Shakſpeare, Dryden, Hudibras.* - - 74
Croiſade, - *Thomſon.* 75
Crown, - *Shakeſpeare.* ib.
Credulity, - *Watts. Idler* ib.
Charitable Judgment *Watts.* 77
Charity, *Fielding Guardian* ib.
Confidence *Rambler. Idler* 78
Cenſure - *Spectator.* ib.
Complaiſance, *Rambler Guardian.* - - - 79

Conſolation, - *Rambler.* 79
Criticiſm, - *Idler.* 80
Cheerfulneſs, *Spectator.* ib.
Cunning - *Idler.* ib.
Cauſes of War, *Swift Voltaire, Churchill.* - - 81
Conqueſt, *Milton, Churchill.* 83
Conquerors, - *Mercier.* ib.
Clergyman, - *Cowper.* 85
Courts of Juſtice. *Conſtitution of New Hampſhire.* - ib.
Crimes and Puniſhments, ib.
Death, *Irene. Rambler, Beaumont. Dryden. Young.* - 86
Defamation, *Sterne, Shakeſpeare* 87
Dependence, - *Rambler.* 88
Dogmatiſm, - - *Watts.* ib.
Diffidence, - *Rambler.* ib.
Deſpotiſm *Monteſquieu Helvetius, Bible Knight, Gibbon, Cowper Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* ib.
Duneſs, - *Life of Pope.* 93
Dog, - *Goldſmith.* ib.
Duty, *Prince of Abyſſinia,* ib.
Duty and Happineſs, *Burlew.* ib.
Delay, - *Rambler.* 94
Drunkenneſs, - *Fielding.* ib.
Deception, - - *Rambler.* ib.
Deſpair, *Fielding, Gay.* ib.
Diſhoneſty, - *Beller.* 95
Diſtreſs. - *Wandesford* ib.
Domeſtic Happineſs *Cowper, Rambler.* - - 96
Diſſentions, - *Burke.* ib.
Equality of Mankind, *Conſtitutions, Fenelon, Dryden, Swift, Rouſſeau.* - - 97
Empire, - *Johnſon* 98
Exerciſe, - *Rambler.* ib.
Education. *Dryden, Rambler, Spectator* - - - 99
Error, - *Rambler.* ib.
Freedom, *Gordon, Burke, Cowper, Watts, Freneau.* - ib
Fly, - - - 102
Faſting, - - ib.
Frailty, - *Sterne* ib.
Freeman, - *Cowper* ib.
Firſt Pair, - *Dwight.* 103
Frugality, - *Rambler.* 104
Favour, - *Fielding.* ib.
Forgiveneſs, *Sterne, Pambler.* 105
Fame, *Shakeſpeare, C. Johnſon.* ib.
Fate. *Shakeſpeare, Dryden.* ib.
Fight, - *Havard.* 106
Flattery, *Johnſon, Marſh, Rambler.* - - ib.
Fortitude, *Shakeſpeare, Dryden, Rowe. Philips.* - - 107
Fortune, *Havard Buckingham, Hudibras Johnſon.* - 108
Faction, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* 109
Friend, *Wandesford, Froude.* ib.
Friendſhip. *Savage, Tracy, Havard, Fielding, Rambler, Idler, Goldſmith.* - - 110
Filial Piety, *Thomſon, Sterne.* 1 2
Faſhion, *Rambler, Young.* ib.
Fair of America, *Humphreys.* 113
Falſe Alarms, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm* 114
Gentleneſs of Addreſs, *Watts.* ib.
Gallantry, - *Kelly.* 115
Gentleman, - *B. Johnſon* ib.
Glory, - *Savage, Thomſon* ib.
Good-Breeding. - *Fielding.* ib.
GOD. *Shakeſpeare, Chapman, Murphy, Rowe, Thomſon.* 116
Gaming, - *Fielding* 118
Gratitude, - *Froude Lyllo.* ib.
Good-Nature, - *Fielding.* ib.
Government, *Johnſon, Lambex, Burke. Spirit of Deſpotiſm; Chipman.* - ib.
Grave, - *Martyn.* 123
Gravity, *Shakeſpeare, Young.* 124
Greatneſs *Shakeſpeare; Thomſon, Beaumont. Tracy, Mallet, Young, Rambler. Idler.* ib.
Great Ones, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* 126
Grief, - *Addiſon.* 127
Guilt, *Haywood, Wandesford, Griffith* - - - ib.
Good Senſe, - *Johnſon.* 128
Good Humour. *Pope Rambler.* ib.
Gaiety, *Rambler, Cowper.* 129
Gypſies, - *Cowper.* ib.
Honeſty, *Martyn, Mallet.* 130
Honor, *Shakeſpeare Maſſinger, Otway, Halifax, Pope, Johnſon.* - - - - ib.
Handſome and deformed Leg, *Franklin.* - - - 132

Happineſs, *Dryden, Fowe, Havard, Fielding, Johnſon, Idler. Goldſmith.* - - - 134
Huſband, - *Fielding* 135
Heaven, - *Shirley.* ib.
Hope, *Dryden, Havard, Glover, Goldſmith* - - - - 136
Humility. *Davenant, Denham.* ib.
Hypocriſy, *Sterne, Fielding, Rambler.* - - - - 137
Human Degradation, *Barlow.* ib.
Health, - *Keate.* ib.
Human Life, - - - - 138
Hiring Soldiers, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* - - - 139
Hereditary Power, *Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.* - ib.
Human Nature, *Spectator.* - ib.
Idleneſs, *Shakeſpeare, Rambler, Idler.* - - - 140
Improvement of our Reaſoning Faculty. *Watts.* 141
Intercourſe with Mankind, ib.
Imprecation, *Miller.* 142
Impriſonment, *Shirley.* ib.
Ingratitude, *Dryden, Madden.* ib.
Injuſtice, *Havard. Fielding.* 143
Innocence, *Shakeſpeare. Trap, Roſcommon, Johnſon,* - - ib.
Independence, *Churchill, Addiſon. Thomſon.* . . 144
Inſtruction of the People, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . 145
Inſormers, . *Burke.* 1. 6
Inſult. . . . *Rambler.* ib.
Inveterate Abuſes, *Burke.* ib.
Ill-breeding, . *Fielding.* 147
Integrity, . *Johnſon.* ib.
Indian, . . *Pope.* ib.
Ignorance, *Johnſon, Goldſmith.* ib.
Judge, *Shakeſpeare, Nubb.* 148
Juryman, . . *Coake.* ib.
Juſtice, *Waller, Guardian.* ib.
Judgment. .. *Rambler.* 149
Jealouſy of Tyranny *Gen Lee.* 150
King. *Shakeſpeare, Webſter, Fountain, Hopkins, Rowe, Hill. Dryden Churchill. Cowper. Johnſon, Bolingbroke, Burke. Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Monteſquieu. Swift, Fenelon, Kirkman.* . . . ib.
Liberty of Conſcience, *Dr. Thos. Temple, Watts Conſtitutions, Price Jefferſon, Lord, Mansfield, Godwin, Sterne, Franklin.* . 158
Liberty and Property. *Hervey.* 164
Liberty, *Dryden Addiſon, Thomſon. Havard Hill. Brooke, Cowper, Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Hume.* . . . 165
Life, *Dryden. Havard.* 167
Lords. *Cumberland. Goldſmith, Abbe Raynal, Burke Lord Bacon, Churchill Dryden.* 168
Love, *Dryden, Rowe.* 170
Licentiouſneſs *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Price.* . . 171
Luxury, *May. Cowper.* 172
Law, . *Hudibras.* 173
Laws, *Rouſſeau. Lord Bacon, Burke, Johnſon.* . . ib.
Laws. (ex poſt facto.) *Conſtitutions.* . . . 174
Liberty of the Preſs, *Conſtitutions, Gordon, Hume.* . ib.
Man. *Dryden, Pope, Burlow, Sterne, Spectator.* . . 176
Mediocrity *Otway, Cowley.* 180
Mercy, *Shakeſpeare, Sterne* ib.
Monarch. - *Cibber.* 181
Magnanimity, - . ib.
Manners, *Johnſon, Burke.* 182
Militia, *Conſtitutions Waſhington.* ib.
Military Power, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Conſtitutions, Waſhington.* 183
Modeſty, . *Mercier.* 185
Magiſtrates *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Conſtitutions.* . . ib.
Miniſters of State *Swift. Godwin, Mandeville, Monteſquieu Servel* . . 186
Nobility, *Rowe, Stephenſon, Dryden Seneca, Spirit of Deſpotiſm* . . . 188
Nature and Art, *Pope.* 190
Negligence, *Rambler.* ib.
Natural Ariſtocracy, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . . ib.
Non-Reſiſtance, *Conſtitution of Tenneſſee,* . 191
Nature, . *Spectator.* ib.

In countries where the eſtabliſhed form of government is monarchy, moſt of the elementary books uſed to inſtruct children in their native language, are calculated to impreſs on their youthful minds, a prejudice in favour of the exiſting order of things. National glory (which means the ſpreading havoc and deſtruction among other nations), the ſplendor of monarchy, and the advantages of conqueſt, are diſplayed in the moſt captivating and glowing colours. *This ſyſtem is the reſult of profound policy.* An early bias is thus given to the mind, which in moſt caſes "grows with its growth," and often retains its influence to the laſt ſtage of decrepitude.

And is not ſuch a ſyſtem at leaſt as proper and neceſſary in this country as elſewhere? Should not endeavours be uſed to impreſs on the riſing generation, a reſpect and reverence for the forms of government under which we live? Our conſtitutions are all grounded on the right of the citizens to liberty and the ſecurity of property, and on the grand principle, that the officers of government, legiſlative as well as executive, are all the agents of the people, deputed to perform for them thoſe functions which they cannot execute themſelves. In every one of them are recogniſed thoſe grand and ſublime truths, the defence of which has rendered ſo many men illuſtrious in the Engliſh annals—thoſe principles for which

"a Hambden ſtruggled, and a Sydney bled"—

thoſe principles, in fine, which are to be found in a greater or leſs degree, through the writings of the beſt men of all ages and nations.

On this ground, it is preſumed that great advantages muſt accrue from ſubjecting to the peruſal of youth, ſuch a variety of elegant paſſages, tending to ſhew in the ſtrongeſt light the advantages of liberty, of peace, of good order—the dignity of human nature—to inſpire an abhorrence of war—and to diſplay its tremendous conſequences, in all their native deformity, ſtripped of the impoſing gloſs which artful and intereſted men have ſpread over them.

The names of the writers are generally given, partly as a tribute of gratitude towards thoſe whoſe writings have ſerved to complete this work—partly to facilitate a compariſon between the ſentiments of men in different ages—and partly with a view of exciting the reader's curioſity to ſearch into their works complete. It is not pretended that a ſublime truth

can receive any corroboration from the celebrity of the man who wrote it. The ſentiment, that

> " The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
> " Is ſpotleſs reputation. That away,
> " Men are but gilded loam or painted clay,"

is an eternal axiom, and, whether connected with the name of a Shakeſpeare or a Blackmore, muſt carry conviction to every correct mind. In like manner, the poſition in page 210,— " No man is better born than another, unleſs he is born with " better abilities, and a more amiable diſpoſition," needs not the prop of Seneca's name to command aſſent.

With theſe few remarks this ſmall work is ſubmitted to the candour and indulgence of the public, whoſe deciſion on its utility ſhall be acquieſced in by the editor. He may have eſtimated too highly the probable beneficial effects of his labour. This is ſo common an error as to be perhaps a venial one. But whatever may be its tendency or its ſucceſs, he can never be deprived of the ſolid ſatisfaction ariſing from a perfect conſciouſneſs of having uſed his moſt earneſt endeavours to promote the beſt intereſts of his fellow men. M. C.

December 1, 1800.

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Mr. Mathew Carey.

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All thoſe who, for any conſiderable time, have been engaged in the inſtruction of youth, well know what great advantages reſult from teaching them to read and recite ſuch pieces of compoſition as ſtore their opening minds with juſt ideas of God, religion, liberty, and patriotiſm: that by theſe leſſons their taſte for good authors is formed, noble ſentiments implanted, virtue exhibited in all her beauty, and vice in all its deformity.—To form a ſelection which ſhould embrace all theſe objects, and be of ſuch a price as might ſuit the convenience of *all*, was the taſk—and that taſk you have, in my opinion, well performed. Convinced that it is well calculated to anſwer theſe purpoſes, I have introduced it into my ſchool, and do warmly recommend it to the conſideration of others. I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſerv't,
Philad. 26th Jan. 1801. JAMES CARSON.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 30, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLY to your requeſt, I have peruſed "*The School of Wiſdom, or American Monitor,*" which you obligingly put into my hands, for that purpoſe; and do, without heſitation, as far as I am capable of judging, pronounce it to be a moſt ſeaſonable undertaking, as it reſpects "Morals, Religion, and Government,"—containing upon all thoſe ſubjects, a well digeſted ſelection "of ſublime and elegant extracts from the moſt eminent writers."

The preliminary obſervations on *Elocution*, &c. are, with one or two ſmall exceptions, ſuch as merit particular attention.

The "beneficial effects" of ſuch aſſiduity, on the riſing generation, I hope will prove ſo abundant, as to convince you, that your "earneſt endeavours to promote the beſt intereſts of mankind," cannot be too highly eſteemed, or too generouſly rewarded, by a grateful public.

With ſincere wiſhes for your proſperity, I ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Sir, your friend and fellow-citizen,

WM. ROGERS, D D. *Profeſſor of Engliſh and Belles-Lettres, in the Univerſity of Pennſylvania.*

MR. MATHEW CAREY.

Copy of a Letter, from an eminent Teacher in this City to Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, *principal of the Young Ladies' Academy.*

DEAR SIR,

FOR a few evenings paſt, I have been poring over a new ſchool book, lately publiſhed by our friend, Mr. *Carey*, entitled, The AMERICAN MONITOR; and am highly pleaſed to find in it, ſuch a rich variety of intellectual fare for our pupils. A more judicious ſelection, or one better calculated for the improvement of youth, has not appeared in our ſchools: and in ſome reſpects it will be found ſuperior to any. The pieces are numerous, and the morals contained in them ſuch as cannot fail to inſpire youth with a love of thoſe cardinal virtues, which unite and adorn civilized ſociety. Morality ſeems to have been the pole-ſtar of the compiler:—And good *morals* will lead the mind to a love of *religion*, as naturally as the genial warmth of the ſun kindles that vegetation which ſpreads a profuſion of flowers on the boſom of the earth.

The Editor has expreſſed ſome diffidence, where, I think, he might have ſpoken with full confidence. He ſays, in the preface, that "The political ſentiments contained in his book, will probably be cenſured by ſome—" No, Sir; *juſt* ſentiments of a political, as well as thoſe of a religious nature, are very far from meriting cenſure, even though they are found in a ſchool-book. Does not the addreſs of *General* WASHINGTON to the people of the United States contain political ſentiments? And will any one ſay, that thoſe ſentiments are improper to be taught in ſchools!—And ſo far as political ſentiments are couched in this work, they are ſuch as lead to the ſame objects: they ſhew us what true glory is, and the way to attain it: they teach how to preſerve liberty, and to ſupport our independence. And whoever inculcates principles which tend to promote theſe objects, may feel a conſcious pride in the full aſſurance that he deſerves well of his country. Theſe principles ought to pervade all claſſes of men and women: Our children ſhould imbibe them with their mothers' milk; and *preceptors* of all denominations ſhould never ceaſe to cheriſh them in the mind of riſing generations. We muſt not be taught to fear *liberty*, becauſe ſome of her votaries are licentious:—As well might we fear *religion*, becauſe ſome of her diſciples are vicious. Guarded by TRUTH, as *they* always ſhould be, they will never do harm. And though naked truth may offend ſome, and dazzle others who have weak eyes, yet theſe are no good reaſons for keeping her eternally hid under a buſhel. Thoſe who wiſh it, are not unlike the race of owls, which would gladly have the grand luminary of heaven extinguiſhed, that they might mouze by twilight.

To point out the particular excellencies of this book, would exceed the limits of my letter, which is already too long The beſt way to form an eſtimate of any work is to examine it; in doing which, you will find, in every page, ample recompence for your pains. I hope, and doubt not, that your fair pupils will be profited by it, and that the compiler may receive the juſt recompence due to its merit.

I am, Sir,
With the greateſt eſteem,
Your obedient ſervant,
JOHN ELY.

Jan. 22d, 1801.

CONTENTS.

AMBITION, *Otway, Mallet. Spectator, Fielding.* 2)
Age. *Dryden. Goldsmith, Spectator* - - - 31
Age and Youth. - *Johnson.* 33
Actions, - *Francis, Spectator.* ib.
Advice. *Sedley, Rambler, Spectator.* - - - - 34
Affection, - *Young.* 36
Anatomy, - *Spectator.* ib.
Astonishment, - *Shakespeare.* ib.
Authority - *Jephson.* 37
Animals, - *Spectator.* ib.
Author, - *Rambler.* ib.
Anger, - *Rambler, Watts.* 38
Ætna, - *Dryden.* 39
Astronomy, - *Guardian.* ib.
Appearances. - *Rambler.* 40
Avarice and Luxury *Spectator.* ib.
Avernus, - *Dryden.* 41
Apothecary, - *Shakespeare.* ib.
Attachment. - *Goldsmith.* 42
Arrangement of Ideas, *Watts* ib.
Abstinence, - *Spectator.* ib.
Adulation, - *Goldsmith.* 43
Aristocracy and Despotism, *Burke* - - - ib.
Adversity, *Spectator. Fielding.* 44
Affection, Tribute of, *Sterne.* 45
Affectation, *Spectator, Fielding.* ib.
Admiration, - *Fielding.* 47
Attention, - *Watts.* ib.
Agreeable Man, - *Spectator* 47
Agreeable in Company, *ib.* 48
Ass, the dead - *Sterne.* ib.
Apprehensions, - *Spectator.* 49
Beggar, - *Johnson* 50
Birds. - *Beckingham.* 51
Benevolence, - *Fielding.* ib.
Beneficence - *Fielding* ib.
Bees and Butterflies, *Berkley.* ib
Bees - - *Dryden.* 52
Blindness - *Tate* 53
Beauty. *Dryden, Sedley, Otway Gay Lisle Shakespeare Sterne.* ib.
Bear, *Otway, Blackmore, Dryden.* 55
Brave. *Rowe, Martyn, Mallet, Pope.* - - - 55
Bluth, - *Dryden* 56
Birth. *Johnson. Hill, Francis, Whitehead, Young.* - - ib.
Blind Boy, - *Cibber.* 57
Building, - *Young.* 58
Clown, - *Dryden* ib.
Camp, - *Glover.* ib.
Cato, - *Addison.* 59
Cleanliness, - *Spectator.* ib.
Character, - *Fielding.* ib.
Custom. *Idler, Watts. Fielding.* 60
Complaint, - *Johnson.* 61
Church-yard, *Watts, Gray.* ib.
Country Life, *Cowley Cowper* 62
Country Maiden. *Roscommon.* 63
Contempt, *Fielding, Johnson.* ib.
Congress of 1774, *Burlow.* 64
Care, - *Otway.* 65
Censoriousness, - *Haywood.* 66
Conversation, *Guardian. Watts.* ib.
Clemency, - *Jones.* 67
Compassion, - *Rowe, Tate.* ib.
Curiosity, *Watts, Rambler.* 68
Cruelty, - *Watts.* ib.
Conscience *Johnson, Fielding.* ib.
Content, *Dryden, Blackmore, Sterne, Rambler, Spectator, Jacob.* - - - 69
Continence of Scipio, *Thomson.* 71
Courage, *Brooke, Whitehead.* 72
Court, *Rowe Mason, Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Swift, Churchill.* - - - 73
Coward *Shakspeare, Dryden, Hudibras.* - - 74
Croisade, - *Thomson.* 75
Crown, - *Shakspeare* ib.
Credulity, - *Watts. Idler* ib.
Charitable Judgment *Watts.* 77
Charity, *Fielding Guardian* ib.
Confidence *Rambler. Idler* 78
Censure - *Spectator.* ib.
Complaisance, *Lambler Guardian.* - - - 80

CONTENTS.

Conſolation, - *Rambler.* 79
Criticiſm, - *Idler.* 80
Cheerfulneſs, *Spectator.* ib.
Cunning - *Idler.* ib.
Cauſes of War, *Swift Voltaire, Churchill.* - - 81
Conqueſt, *Milton, Churchill.* 83
Conquerors, - *Mercier.* ib.
Clergyman, - *Cowper.* 85
Courts of Juſtice. *Conſtitution of New Hampſhire.* - ib.
Crimes and Puniſhments, ib.
Death, *Irene. Rambler, Beaumont. Dryden. Young.* - 86
Defamation, *Sterne, Shakeſpeare* 87
Dependence, - *Rambler.* 88
Dogmatiſm, - - *Watts.* ib.
Difference, - *Rambler.* ib.
Deſpotiſm *Monteſquieu Helvetius, Bible Knight, Gibbon, Cowper Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* ib.
Duineſs, - *Life of Pope.* 93
Dog, - *Goldſmith.* ib.
Duty, *Prince of Abyſſinia,* ib.
Duty and Happineſs, *Burkew.* ib.
Delay, - *Rambler.* 94
Drunkenneſs, - *Fielding.* ib.
Deception, - - *Rambler.* ib.
Deſpair, *Fielding, Gay.* ib.
Diſhoneſty, - *Beller.* 95
Diſtreſs. - *Wandesford* ib.
Domeſtic Happineſs *Cowper, Rambler.* - - 96
Diſſentions, - *Burke.* ib.
Equality of Mankind, *Conſtitutions, Fenelon, Dryden, Swift, Rouſſeau.* - - 97
Empire, - *Johnſon* 98
Exerciſe, - *Rambler.* ib.
Education. *Dryden, Rambler, Spectator* - - - 99
Error, - *Rambler.* ib.
Freedom, *Gordon, Burke, Cowper, Watts, Freman.* - ib
Fly, - - - 102
Faſting, - - ib.
Frailty, - *Sterne* ib.
Freeman, - *Cowper* ib.
Firſt Pair, - *Dwight.* 103
Frugality, - *Rambler.* 104
Favour, - *Fielding.* ib.
Forgiveneſs, *Sterne, Rambler.* 105
Fame, *Shakeſpeare, C. Johnſon.* ib.
Fate, *Shakeſpeare, Dryden.* ib.
Fight, - *Havard.* 106
Flattery, *Johnſon, Marſh, Rambler.* - - ib.
Fortitude, *Shakeſpeare, Dryden, Rowe. Philips.* - - 107
Fortune, *Havard Buckingham, Hudibras Johnſon.* - 108
Faction, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* 109
Friend, *Wandesford, Prowde.* ib.
Friendſhip. *Savage, Tracy, Havard, Fielding, Rambler, Idler, Goldſmith.* - - 110
Filial Piety, *Thomſon, Sterne.* 1 2
Faſhion, *Rambler, Young.* ib.
Fair of America, *Humphreys.* 113
Falſe Alarms, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm* 114
Gentleneſs of Addreſs, *Watts.* ib.
Gallantry, - *Kelly.* 115
Gentleman, - *B. Johnſon* ib.
Glory, - *Savage, Thomſon* ib.
Good-Breeding. - *Fielding.* ib.
GOD. *Shakeſpeare, Chapman, Murphy, Rowe, Thomſon.* - 116
Gaming. - *Fielding* 118
Gratitude, - *Prowde Lyllo.* ib.
Good-Nature, - *Fielding.* ib.
Government, *Johnſon. Rambler, Burke. Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Chipman.* - ib.
Grave, - *Martyn.* 123
Gravity, *Shakeſpeare. Young.* 124
Greatneſs *Shakeſpeare; Thomſon, Beaumont. Tracy, Mallet, Young, Rambler. Idler.* ib.
Great Ones, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* 126
Grief, - *Addiſon.* 127
Guilt, *Haywood, Wandesford, Griffith* - - - ib.
Good Senſe, - *Johnſon.* 128
Good Humour. *Pope Rambler.* ib.
Gaiety, *Rambler, Cowper.* 129
Gypſies, - *Cowper.* ib.
Honeſty, *Martyn, Mallet.* 130
Honor, *Shakeſpeare Maſſinger, Otway, Halifax, Pope, Johnſon.* - - - - ib.
Handſome and deformed Leg, *Franklin.* - - - 132

Happineſs, *Dryden, Fowe, Havard, Fielding, Johnſon, Idler. Goldſmith.* . . . 134
Huſband, - *Fielding* 135
Heaven, - *Shirley.* ib.
Hope, *Dryden, Havard, Glover, Goldſmith* 136
Humility. *Davenant, Denham.* ib.
Hypocriſy, *Sterne, Fielding, Rambler.* 137
Human Degradation, *Barlow.* ib.
Health, - *Keate.* ib.
Human Life, ... 138
Hiring Soldiers, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . . . 139
Hereditary Power, *Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.* - ib.
Human Nature, *Spectator.* - ib.
Idleneſs, *Shakeſpeare, Rambler, Idler.* . . . 140
Improvement of our Reaſoning Faculty. *Watts.* 141
Intercourſe with Mankind, ib.
Imprecation, *Miller.* 142
Impriſonment, *Shirley.* ib.
Ingratitude, *Dryden, Madden.* ib.
Injuſtice, *Havard. Fielding.* 143
Innocence, *Shakeſpeare. Trap, Roſcommon, Johnſon,* . - ib.
Independence, *Churchill, Addiſon. Thomſon.* . . 144
Inſtruction of the People, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . 145
Informers, . *Burke.* 146
Inſult. . . . *Rambler.* ib.
Inveterate Abuſes, *Burke.* ib.
Ill-breeding, . *Fielding.* 147
Integrity, . *Johnſon.* ib.
Indian, . . *Pope.* ib.
Ignorance, *Johnſon, Goldſmith.* ib.
Judge, *Shakeſpeare, Nabb.* 148
Juryman, . . *Coake.* ib.
Juſtice, *Waller. Guardian.* ib.
Judgment. .. *Rambler.* 149
Jealouſy of Tyranny *Gen Lee.* 150
King. *Shakeſpeare, Weiſter, Fountain, Hoplins, Rowe, Hill. Dryden Churchill. Cowper. Johnſon, Bolingbroke, Burke. Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Monteſquieu. Swift, Fenelon, Elizabeth.* . . . ib.
Liberty of Conſcience, *Dr Thos. Temple, Watts Conſtitutions, Price Jefferſon, Lord, Mansfield, Godwin, Sterne, Franklin.* . 158
Liberty and Property. *Hervey.* 164
Liberty, *Dryden Addiſon, Thomſon. Havard Hill. Brooke, Cowper, Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Hume.* . . . 165
Life. *Dryden. Havard.* 167
Lords. *Cumberland. Goldſmith, Abbe Raynal, Burke Lord Bacon, Churchill Dryden.* 168
Love, *Dryden, Rowe.* 170
Licentiouſneſs. *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Price.* . . 171
Luxury, *May. Cowper.* 172
Law, . *Hudibras.* 173
Laws, *Rouſſeau. Lord Bacon, Burke, Johnſon* . . ib.
Laws. (ex poſt facto.) *Conſtitutions.* . . . 174
Liberty of the Preſs, *Conſtitutions, Gordon, Hume.* . ib.
Man. *Dryden, Pope, Burlow, Sterne, Spectator.* . . 176
Mediocrity *Otway, Cowley.* 180
Mercy, *Shakeſpeare, Sterne* ib.
Monarch. - *Cibber.* 181
Magnanimity, - . ib.
Manners, *Johnſon, Burke.* 182
Militia, *Conſtitutions Waſhington.* ib.
Military Power, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Conſtitutions, Waſhington.* . . . 183
Modeſty, . . *Mercier.* 185
Magiſtrates *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Conſtitutions.* . . ib.
Miniſters of State *Swift. Godwin, Mandeville, Monteſquieu Servel.* . . 186
Nobility, *Rowe, Stephenſon, Dryden Seneca, Spirit of Deſpotiſm* . . . 188
Nature and Art, *Pope.* 190
Negligence, *Rambler.* ib.
Natural Ariſtocracy, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . . ib.
Non-Reſiſtance, *Conſtitution of Tenneſſee,* . 191
Nature, . *Spectator.* ib.

Oppreſſion, . *Burke.* 192
Oaths *New-Teſtament, Shakeſpeare, Raynal.* . . ib.
Old Soldier. . *Fentham.* 1,3
Primogeniture, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm,* . . . ib.
Paſſion, . *Barford.* 194
Patience, *Mallet, Rambler.* ib.
Patriotiſm. *Whitehead, Burke.* 195
Peace, *Thomſon, Burke, Pope.* ib.
Perſecution. *Rowe, Blackmore, Burke.* . . . 197
Pity, *C. Johnſon, Sterne. Rambler.* . . . 198
Poverty, *Johnſon, Rambler, Idler.* . . . ib.
Pride, . . *Pope.* 199
Paſſion, . *Spectator.* ib.
Providence. . *Cowper.* 200
Philoſophy. *Johnſon, Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . . ib.
Phyſic, . *Dryden.* 202
Promiſes, . *Fielding.* ib.
Pride, *Young, Sterne, Fielding.* ib.
Partiality. . *Fielding.* 203
Patronage, . *Idler.* ib.
Profeſſion. . *Fielding.* ib.
Praiſe, *Life of Pope, Rambler.* 204
Prudence, . *Fielding.* ib.
Peeviſhneſs, . *Rambler.* ib.
Prodigality, *Johnſon.* ib.
Politeneſs. . *Rambler.* ib
Private Vices, *Barrow.* 205
Population, . *Idem.* ib.
Political Diſcuſſion. *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . . . ib.
Religion, *Miller, Young, Blackmore.* . . 206
Reſolution. *Rambler.* 208
Riches, *Young, Fielding, Rambler Idler.* . . . ib.
Raillery, . *Fielding.* 210
Reputation, *Shakeſpeare* ib.
Reſignation, *Brown. ielding.* b.
Ridicule . *Rambler* ib
Recruiting, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* 211
Rotation of Office, *Conſtitutions* 211
Ruſtic Felicity, *Sterne.* ib.
Rights of Man, *Rayna, Conſtitutions.* . . 212
Rich and Poor. *Crabbe, Paley, Burke, Godwin.* . . 214
Reformation, . *Burke.* 218
Roſe, . *Watts.* 219
Rule of Life, *Doddridge.* ib.
Retroſpect of Life, *Anonymous.* ib.
Riots. *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* 220
Scandal, *Havard, Sterne, Fielding.* . . . ib.
Shame and Diſgrace. *Sterne* 221
Self Importance, *Johnſon Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* . . 221
Secrets, . *Rambler.* ib.
Society, . *Burke.* ib.
Seduction, . *Rambler.* 223
Secker, . . . ib.
Suſpicion, . *Rambler.* ib.
Spies, *Spirit of Deſpotiſm.* ib.
Tyranny, . *Burke.* 224
Tyrant. *Rowe, Burke.* ib.
Time Paſt, . *Idler.* 226
Titles *Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Spectator.* . . ib.
Trifles. . *Rambler.* ib.
Taxation, . *Burke.* ib.
Truth. . *Idler.* 227
Toleration, . *Burke.* ib.
Tenderneſs to Animals, *Cowper.* ib.
To day and to-morrow, 229
Virtue, . *Rambler.* ib.
Vanity, . *Young.* ib.
Vice, . *Pope.* 230
Uſurper, . *Hudibras.* ib.
War, *Johnſon, Fenelon Voltaire, Young, Porteus. Machiavel, Swift.* . . . ib.
Whiſtle, . *Franklin.* 233
Wiſdom, . *Fielding.* 234
Want, . *Dryden* 235
Wit, . . *Young.* ib.
Youth, *Porteus, Rambler.* 235

American Monitor, &c.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is a branch of oratory, the power and importance of which, is greater than is generally thought; inſomuch that eloquence takes its name from it.

It was much cultivated by Quintilian, and before him by Cicero, and before him by M. Antonius; but before his time, it was too much neglected by the Roman orators: Which made him ſay, "he had ſeen many men famous for eloquence, but not one of them that underſtood elocution."

But what ſtreſs was laid upon it by the Greek orators, appears from that celebrated ſaying of Demoſthenes; who being aſked, what was the firſt principal thing in oratory? anſwered, Pronunciation; being aſked again, what was the ſecond? replied, Pronunciation. And what was the third? Pronunciation. Denoting that, in his judgment, the whole art, ſpirit, and power of oratory conſiſted in this.

Cicero, and after him Quintilian, divided oratory into five parts: 1. Invention—by which we provide ourſelves with ſuitable and ſufficient materials for a diſcourſe. 2. Diſpoſition—by which they meant the diviſion of their ſubject into parts and ſentences, according to the moſt natural order; and conſequently; the proper diſtribution and arrangement of their ideas. 3. Elocution—by which they always meant, what we call Diction; which conſiſts in ſuiting our words to our ideas, and the ſtyle to the ſubject. 4. Memory, or a faculty of clearly diſcerning and retaining our ideas, and of calling to mind the propereſt words by which to expreſs them. 5. Pronunciation; or the art of managing the voice and geſture in ſpeaking.

So that by pronunciation, the ancients underſtood both Elocution and Action; and comprehended in it the right management of the voice, looks, and geſture. To the former of theſe, viz. the right management of the voice in reading or ſpeaking, which is indifferently called by us, Elocution and Pronunciation, I ſhall here confine myſelf.

The great deſign and end of a good pronunciation is, to make the ideas ſeem to come from the heart; and then they will not fail to excite the attention and affections of thoſe that

hear us: from which the great benefit and uſefulneſs of this too much neglected art may be ſeen.

Of Bad Pronunciation.

THE ſeveral faults of pronunciation are theſe following:

1. When the voice is too loud.

This is very diſagreeable to the hearer, and very inconvenient to the ſpeaker.

It will be very diſagreeable to the hearers, if they be perſons of good taſte; who will always look upon it to be the effect either of ignorance or affectation.

Some will impute it to your ignorance, and ſuppoſe that you were never inſtructed better, ſince you left the reading ſchool; where children generally get a habit of reading in a high-pitched key, or a uniform elevated voice, without any regard to emphaſis, cadence, or a graceful elocution.

Others will impute it to affectation; or a deſign to work upon their paſſions; which will immediately defeat the deſign, if you had it. For if you would effectually move the paſſions, you muſt carefully conceal your intention ſo to do: for as ſoon as the mind perceives you have ſuch a deſign upon it, it will be upon its guard. However, none but the moſt low, weak, and mechanical minds will be affected with mere dint of ſound and noiſe. And the paſſions ſo raiſed leave no laſting or valuable effects upon the mind, and anſwer no good purpoſe or end; becauſe the underſtanding hath nothing to do with ſuch impreſſions, and the memory no handle by which to retain or recall them. Not to ſay, it often anſwers a bad end; affects the mind in a wrong place, and gives it a falſe bias. However this may be thought to become the ſtage or the bar, it leaſt of all befits the pulpit; where all ought to be ſolemn, ſerious, rational, and grave as the ſubjects there treated of.

It is falſe oratory then to ſeek to perſuade or affect by mere vehemence of voice: a thing that hath been often attempted by men of mean furniture, low genius, or bad taſte, among the ancients as well as the moderns. A practice which formerly gave the judicious Quintilian great offence: who calls it not only clamouring, but furious bellowing; not vehemence, but downright violence.

Beſides, an overſtrained voice is very inconvenient to the ſpeaker, as well as diſguſtful to judicious hearers. It exhauſts his ſpirits to no purpoſe; and takes from him the proper *management* and modulation of his voice according to the ſenſe

of his ſubject: and, what is worſt of all, it naturally leads him into a tone.

Every man's voice indeed ſhould fill the place where he ſpeaks; but if it exceed its natural key, it will be neither ſweet, nor ſoft, nor agreeable, becauſe he will not be able to give every word its proper and diſtinguiſhing ſound.

2. Another fault in pronunciation is when the voice is too low. This is not ſo inconvenient to the ſpeaker, but is as diſagreeable to the hearer, as the other extreme. And indeed to the generality of hearers a too low voice is much more diſpleaſing than a too loud one; eſpecially to thoſe who are troubled with an impediment in hearing, and thoſe who are beſt pleaſed with a lively and pathetic addreſs, as moſt are. It is always offenſive to an audience to obſerve any thing in the reader or ſpeaker that looks like indolence or inattention. The hearer will never be affected whilſt he ſees the ſpeaker indifferent.

The art of governing the voice conſiſts a good deal in dexterouſly avoiding theſe two extremes: at leaſt, this ought to be firſt minded. And for a general rule to direct you herein, I know of none better than this—carefully to preſerve the key, that is, the command of your voice; and at the ſame time, to adapt the elevation and ſtrength of it to the condition and number of the perſons you ſpeak to, and the nature of the place you ſpeak in.—It would be altogether as ridiculous in a general who is haranguing an army to ſpeak in a low and languid voice, as in a perſon who reads a chapter in a family, to ſpeak in a loud and eager one.

3. Another fault of pronunciation is a thick, haſty, cluttering voice.

This is, when a perſon mumbles, or clips, or ſwallows his words, that is, leaves out ſome ſyllables in the long words, and never pronounces ſome of the ſhort ones at all; but hurries on without any care to be heard diſtinctly, or to give his words their full ſound, or his hearers the full ſenſe of them.

This is often owing to a defect in the organs of ſpeech, or a too great flutter of the animal ſpirits; but oftener to a bad habit uncorrected.

Demoſthenes, the greateſt orator Greece ever produced, had, it is ſaid, nevertheleſs, three natural impediments in pronunciation; all which he conquered by invincible labour and perſeverance. One was a weakneſs of voice: which he cured by frequently declaiming on the ſea-ſhore, amidſt the noiſe of

the waves. Another was a ſhortneſs of breath; which he mended by repeating his orations as he walked up a hill. And the other was the fault I am ſpeaking of; a thick mumbling way of ſpeaking; which he broke himſelf of by declaiming with pebbles in his mouth.

4. Another fault in pronunciation is when perſons ſpeak too quick.

There is ſcarce any fault more common than this, eſpecially among young perſons, who imagine they can read very well, and are not afraid of being ſtopped in their career by the unexpected intervention of any hard word. And ſcarce any bad habit of the voice is conquered with more difficulty; though one would imagine nothing is more eaſy.

This manner of reading may do well enough when we are examining leaſes; peruſing indentures; or reciting acts of parliament, where there is always a great ſuperfluity of words; or in reading a newſpaper, where there is but little matter that deſerves our attention; but is very improper in reading books of devotion and inſtruction, and eſpecially the ſacred ſcriptures, where the ſolemnity of the ſubject or the weight of the ſenſe demands a particular regard. But it is moſt of all inexcuſable to read forms of prayer in this manner as acts of devotion.

The great diſadvantage which attends this manner of pronunciation, is, that the hearer loſes the benefit of more than half the good things he hears, and would fain remember, but cannot. And a ſpeaker ſhould always have a regard to the memory, as well as the underſtanding, of his hearers.

5. It is alſo a fault to ſpeak too ſlow.

Some are apt to read in a heavy, droning, ſleepy way; and through mere careleſsneſs make pauſes at improper places. This is very diſagreeable. But to hem, hauk, ſneeze, yawn, or cough, between the periods, is vaſtly more ſo.

A too ſlow elocution is moſt faulty in reading trifles that do not require attention. It then becomes tedious. A perſon that is addicted to this ſlow way of ſpeaking ſhould always take care to reward the hearer's patience with important ſentiments, and compenſate the want of words by a weight of thoughts; and give his diſcourſe its proper quantity of ſolid ſenſe, that, as we ſay, what it wants in length, it may make out in breadth.

But a too ſlow elocution is a fault very rarely to be found, unleſs in aged people, and thoſe who naturally ſpeak ſo in common converſation. And in theſe, if the pronunciation be in all other reſpects juſt, decent, and proper, and eſpecially if *the ſubject be weighty* or intricate, it is very excuſable.

6. An irregular or uneven voice, is a great fault in reading. That is, when the voice riſes and falls by fits and ſtarts, or when it is elevated and depreſſed unnaturally or unſeaſonably, without regard to ſenſe or ſtops; or always beginning a ſentence with a high voice, and concluding it with a low one, or *vice verſa;* or always beginning and concluding it with the ſame key. Oppoſite to this is

7. A flat, dull, uniform tone of voice, without emphaſis or cadence, or any regard to the ſenſe or ſubject of what is read.

This is a habit, which children who have been uſed to read their leſſons by way of taſk, are very apt to fall into, and retain as they grow up; ſuch a monotony as attorneys' clerks read in, when they examine an engroſſed deed. This is a great infelicity when it becomes habitual; becauſe it deprives the hearer of the greateſt part of the benefit or advantage he might receive by a cloſe attention to the moſt weighty and intereſting parts of the ſubject, which ſhould always be diſtinguiſhed or pointed out by the pronunciation—For a juſt pronunciation is a good commentary.

Laſtly, the greateſt and moſt common fault of all is reading with a tone.

No habit is more eaſy to be contracted than this, or more hard to be conquered. This unnatural tone in reading and ſpeaking is very various; but whatever it be, it is always diſguſtful to perſons of delicacy and judgment.

Some have a womaniſh ſqueaking tone; which, perſons whoſe voices are ſhrill and weak, and over-ſtrained, are very apt to fall into.

Some have a ſinging or canting tone, which enthuſiaſtic ſpeakers generally much affect, and by which their hearers are often much affected. Others affect a high, ſwelling, theatrical tone; who being ambitious of the fame of fine orators, lay too much emphaſis on every ſentence, and thereby tranſgreſs the rules of true oratory.

Others affect an awful and ſtriking tone, attended with ſolemn grimace, as if they would move you with every word, whether the weight of the ſubject bear them out or not. This is what perſons of a gloomy or melancholy caſt of mind are moſt apt to give into.

Some have a ſet uniform tone of voice; which I have already taken notice of.—Others, an odd, whimſical, whining tone, peculiar to themſelves, and not to be deſcribed—only that it is laying the emphaſis on words which do not require or deſerve it.

It muſt be acknowledged, there are ſome kinds of tone which, though unnatural, yet, as managed by the ſpeakers, are not very diſagreeable—and the mind muſt be much on its guard that can remain unmoved thereby.

When I have been affected with hearing orators deliver common or obſcure ſentiments in ſuch a ſtriking tone, I have endeavoured carefully to examine into the true reaſon of that emotion, or what it was that excited that affection in my mind; and have found that it could not ariſe from the mere tone of the ſpeaker—which of itſelf was unnatural and diſagreeable—nor from the weight of the ſubject—which was no more than common—but from the earneſtneſs, life, and ſolemnity with which he ſpake, and his appearing himſelf to be much affected with what he delivered; which two things will never fail to move an audience. And why they may not be as well obſerved and practiſed without a tone as with one, I cannot conceive. And without theſe a tone itſelf would have no power to move; as it hath no other ſubſerviency to raiſe the paſſions than as it ſolemnizes the ſubject, and ſeems to ſhew the ſpeaker's heart engaged. Pity that thoſe two ends ſhould not be anſwered by a better means! and that a bad habit in the ſpeaker, indulging a falſe taſte in the hearers, ſhould ſecure one great end of oratory by that which is the greateſt abuſe of it!

Our next enquiry is

How to avoid a bad Pronunciation.

To this end the few following rules may be of ſervice.

1. If you would not read in too loud or too low a voice, conſider whether your voice be naturally too low or loud; and correct it accordingly in your ordinary converſation: by which means you will be better able to correct it in reading. If it be too low, converſe with thoſe that are deaf; if too loud, with thoſe whoſe voices are low. Begin your periods with an even moderate voice, that you may have the command of it, to raiſe or fall it as the ſubject requires.

2. To cure a thick, confuſed, cluttering voice, accuſtom yourſelf, both in converſation and reading, to pronounce every word diſtinct and clear. Obſerve with what deliberation ſome converſe and read, and how full a ſound they give to every word; and imitate them. Do not affect to contract your words, as ſome do, or run two into one. This may do very well in converſation, or in reading familiar dialogues, but is not ſo decent in grave and ſolemn ſubjects; eſpecially in *reading* the ſacred ſcriptures.

It appears from Demoſthenes' caſe, that this fault of pronunciation cannot be cured without much difficulty, nor will you find his remedy effectual without pains and perſeverance.

3. To break a habit of reading too faſt, attend diligently to the ſenſe, weight, propriety of every ſentence you read, and of every emphatical word in it. This will not only be an advantage to yourſelf, but a double one to your hearers; for it will at once give them time to do the ſame, and excite their attention when they ſee yours is fixed. A ſolemn pauſe after a weighty thought, is very beautiful and ſtriking. A well timed ſtop gives as much grace to ſpeech as it does to muſic. Imagine that you are ſpeaking to perſons of ſlow and unready conceptions; and meaſure not your hearer's apprehenſion by your own. If you do, you may poſſibly out-run it. And as in reading you are not at liberty to repeat your words and ſentences, this ſhould engage you to be very deliberate in pronouncing them, that their ſenſe may not be loſt. The eaſe and advantage that will ariſe both to the ſpeaker and hearer, by a free, full, and deliberate pronunciation, is hardly to be imagined.

I need lay down no rules to avoid a too ſlow pronunciation; that being a fault which few are guilty of.

4. To cure an uneven, deſultory voice, take care that you do not begin your periods either in too high or too low a key; for that will neceſſarily lead you to an unnatural and improper variation of it. Have a careful regard to the nature and quantity of your points, and the length of your periods; and keep your mind intent on the ſenſe, ſubject, and ſpirit of your author.

The ſame directions are neceſſary to avoid a monotony in pronunciation, or a dull, ſet, uniform tone of voice. For if your mind be but attentive to the ſenſe of your ſubject, you will naturally manage and modulate your voice according to the nature and importance of it.

Laſtly, To avoid all kinds of unnatural and diſagreeable tones, the only rule is to endeavour to ſpeak with the ſame eaſe and freedom as you would do on the ſame ſubject in private converſation. You hear nobody converſe in a tone; unleſs they have the uncouth accent of ſome other country, or have got into a habit of altering the natural key of their voice when they are talking of ſome ſerious ſubject in religion. But I can ſee no reaſon in the world, that when in common converſation we ſpeak in a natural voice with proper accent and

emphaſis, yet as ſoon as we begin to read, or talk of religion, or ſpeak in public, we ſhould immediately aſſume a ſtiff, aukward, unnatural tone. If we are indeed deeply affected with the ſubject we read or talk of, the voice will naturally vary according to the paſſion excited; but if we vary it unnaturally, only to ſeem affected, or only with a deſign to affect others, it then becomes a tone, and is offenſive.

In reading then attend to your ſubject, and deliver it juſt in ſuch a manner as you would do if you were talking of it. This is the great, general and moſt important rule of all; which, if carefully obſerved, will correct not only this but almoſt all the other faults of a bad pronunciation; and give you an eaſy, decent, graceful delivery, agreeable to all the rules of a right elocution. For however apt we are to tranſgreſs them in reading, we follow them naturally and eaſily enough in converſation. And children will tell a ſtory with all the natural graces and beauties of pronunciation, however aukwardly they may read the ſame out of a book.

Of good Pronunciation.

A good pronunciation in reading, is the art of managing and governing the voice ſo as to expreſs the full ſenſe and ſpirit of your author in that juſt, decent, and graceful manner, which will not only inſtruct but affect the hearers; and will not only raiſe in them the ſame ideas he intended to convey, but the ſame paſſions he really felt. This is the great end of reading to others, and this end can only be attained by a proper and juſt pronunciation.

And hence we may learn wherein a good pronunciation in ſpeaking conſiſts; which is nothing but a natural, eaſy, and graceful variation of the voice, ſuitable to the nature and importance of the ſentiments we deliver.

A good pronunciation in both theſe reſpects is more eaſily attained by ſome than others; as ſome can more readily enter into the ſenſe and ſentiments of an author, and more eaſily deliver their own, than others can; and at the ſame time have a more happy facility of expreſſing all the proper variations and modulations of the voice than others have. Thus perſons of a quick apprehenſion, and a briſk flow of animal ſpirits (ſetting aſide all impediments of the organs) have generally a more lively, juſt, and natural elocution than perſons of a ſlow perception and a phlegmatic caſt. However, it may in a good degree be attained by every one that will carefully attend to

and practiſe thoſe rules that are proper to acquire it. Which leads me therefore to conſider

How a good Pronunciation is to be attained.

TO this end the obſervation of the following rules is neceſſary. Have a particular regard to Pauſes, Emphaſis, and Cadence.

Of Pauſes.

WITH reſpect to pauſes, you will in a great meaſure be directed by the common ſtops or points, viz. Comma (,)—Semi-colon (;)—Colon (:)—Period (.)—Interrogation (?)—and Admiration (!).

Theſe points ſerve two purpoſes—to diſtinguiſh the ſenſe of the author, and—to direct the pronunciation of the reader. —A comma ſtops the voice, while we may privately tell one —a ſemi-colon, two—a colon, three—and a period, four.

To break a habit of taking breath too often in reading, accuſtom yourſelf to read long periods, ſuch as the ſixteen firſt lines in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

After ſome weighty and important ſentiment, it will be proper to make a longer pauſe than ordinary; and eſpecially towards the cloſe or application of a diſcourſe:—theſe long pauſes are very proper; as they at once compoſe and affect the mind, and give it time to think. It will alſo be very helpful to the ſpeaker's voice; and give his pronunciation the advantage of variety, which is always pleaſing to the hearers.

Of Emphaſis.

THE next thing to be regarded in reading is the Emphaſis; and to ſee that it be always laid on the emphatical word.

When we diſtinguiſh any particular ſyllable in a word with a ſtrong voice, it is called Accent; when we thus diſtinguiſh any particular word in a ſentence, it is called Emphaſis; and the word ſo diſtinguiſhed, the Emphatical word. And the emphatical words (for there are often more than one) in a ſentence, are thoſe which carry a weight or importance in themſelves, or thoſe on which the ſenſe of the reſt depends; and theſe muſt always be diſtinguiſhed by a fuller and ſtronger ſound of voice, wherever they are found, whether in the beginning, middle, or end of a ſentence. Take for inſtance thoſe words of the ſatiriſt.

Get plàce and weàlth, if poſſible, with gràce,
If not, by àny means get weàlth and plàce.—*Pope.*

In theſe lines, the emphatical words are accented; and which they are, the ſenſe will always diſcover.

Some ſentences are ſo full and comprehenſive, that almoſt every word is emphatical: For inſtance, that pathetic expoſtulation in the prophecy of Ezekiel,

"Why will ye die!"

In this ſhort ſentence, every word is emphatical, and on which ever word you lay the emphaſis, whether the firſt, ſecond, third, or fourth, it ſtrikes out a different ſenſe, and opens a new ſubject of moving expoſtulation.

Some ſentences are equivocal, as well as ſome words; that is, contain in them more ſenſes than one; and which is the ſenſe intended, can only be known by obſerving on what word the emphaſis is laid. For inſtance—"Will you ride to town to-day?"—This queſtion is capable of being taken in four different ſenſes, according to the different words on which you lay the emphaſis. If it be laid on the word *you*,—the anſwer may be—"No, but I intend to ſend my ſervant in my ſtead."—If the emphaſis be laid on the word *ride*—the proper anſwer might be—"No, I intend to walk it."—If you place the emphaſis on the word *town*—it is a different queſtion; and the anſwer may be—"No, for I deſign to ride into the country."—And if the emphaſis be laid upon the word *to-day*—the ſenſe is ſtill ſomething different from all theſe; and the proper anſwer may be—"No, but I ſhall to-morrow"—Of ſuch importance oftentimes is a right emphaſis, in order to determine the proper ſenſe of what we read or ſpeak.

The voice muſt alſo expreſs, as near as may be, the very ſenſe or idea deſigned to be conveyed by the emphatical word; by a ſtrong, rough, and violent, or a ſoft, ſmooth, and tender ſound.

Thus the different paſſions of the mind are to be expreſſed by a different ſound or tone of voice. Love, by a ſoft, ſmooth, languiſhing voice;—Anger, by a ſtrong, vehement, and elevated voice;—Joy, by a quick, ſweet, and clear voice;—Sorrow, by a low, flexible, interrupted voice;—Fear, by a dejected, tremulous, heſitating voice;—Courage hath a full, bold, and loud voice;—and Perplexity, a grave, ſteady, and earneſt one. In Exordiums, the voice ſhould be low;—in Narrations, diſtinct;—in Reaſoning, ſlow;—in Perſuaſion, ſtrong; it ſhould thunder in Anger—ſoften in ſorrow—tremble in Fear—and melt in Love.

The variation of the emphaſis muſt not only diſtinguiſh the various paſſions deſcribed, but the ſeveral forms and figures of ſpeech in which they are expreſſed.

In a Proſopopæia, we muſt change the voice as the perſon introduced would.

In an Antitheſis, one contrary muſt be pronounced louder than the other.

In a Climax, the voice ſhould always raiſe with it.

In Dialogues, it ſhould alter with the parts.

In Repetitions, it ſhould be loudeſt in the ſecond place.

Words of quality and diſtinction, or of praiſe or diſpraiſe, muſt be pronounced with a ſtrong emphaſis.

No emphaſis is better than a wrong or miſplaced one. For that only perplexes; this always miſleads the mind of the hearer.

Of Cadence.

THIS is directly oppoſite to emphaſis. Emphaſis is raiſing the voice, cadence is falling it; and when rightly managed, is very muſical. Beſides cadence of voice, there is cadence of ſtile—That is, when the ſenſe being almoſt expreſſed and perfectly diſcerned by the reader, the remaining words, which are only neceſſary to complete the period, gently fall of themſelves, without any emphatical word among them. If our author's language be pure and elegant, his cadence of ſtile will naturally direct the cadence of voice.

Cadence generally takes place at the end of a ſentence; unleſs it cloſes with an emphatical word.

Every parentheſis is to be pronounced in cadence; that is, with a low voice, and quicker than ordinary; that it may not take off the attention too much from the ſenſe of the period it interrupts. But all apoſtrophes and proſopopæias are to be pronounced in emphaſis.

Obſervations.

IF you would acquire a juſt pronunciation in reading, you muſt not only take in the full ſenſe, but enter into the ſpirit of your author: For you can never convey the force and fulneſs of his ideas to another, till you feel them yourſelf. No man can read an author he does not perfectly underſta d and taſte*.

* The great rule which the maſters of rhetoric ſo much preſs, can never enough be remembered; that to make a man ſpeak well, and pronounce with a right emphaſis, he ought thoroughly to underſtand all that he ſays, be fully perſuaded of it, and bring himſelf to have thoſe affections which he deſires to infuſe into others. He that is inwardly

The ſame rules are to be obſerved in reading poetry and proſe: Neither the rhyme nor the numbers ſhould take off the attention from the ſenſe and ſpirit of the author. It is this only that muſt direct the pronunciation in poetry as well as proſe. When you read verſe, you muſt not at all favor the meaſure or rhyme; *that* often obſcures the ſenſe and ſpoils the pronunciation: For the great end of pronunciation is to elucidate and heighten the ſenſe; that is, to repreſent it not only in a clear, but a ſtrong light. Whatever then obſtructs this is carefully to be avoided, both in verſe and proſe. Nay, this ought to be more carefully obſerved in reading verſe than proſe; becauſe the author, by a conſtant attention to his meaſure and rhyme, and the exaltation of his language, is often very apt to obſcure his ſenſe; which therefore requires the more care in the reader to diſcover and diſtinguiſh it by the pronunciation. And if when you read verſe with proper pauſe, emphaſis, and cadence, and a pronunciation varied and governed by the ſenſe, it be not harmonious and beautiful, the fault is not in the reader but the author. And if the verſe be good, to read it thus will improve its harmony; becauſe it will take off that uniformity of ſound and accent which tires the ear, and makes the numbers heavy and diſagreeable.

Another important rule to be obſerved in elocution is—ſtudy Nature.—By this I mean your own natural diſpoſition, and affections. And thoſe ſubjects that are moſt ſuitable to them, you will eaſily pronounce with a beautiful propriety: and to heighten the pronunciation, the natural warmth of the mind ſhould be permitted to have its courſe under a proper rein and regulation.

Study the natural diſpoſitions and affections of others. For ſome are much more eaſily impreſſed and moved one way, and ſome another. And an orator ſhould be acquainted with all the avenues to the heart.

Study the moſt eaſy and natural way of expreſſing yourſelf both as to the tone of voice and the mode of ſpeech. And this is beſt learned by obſervations on common converſation—where all is free, natural, and eaſy—where we are only intent on making ourſelves underſtood, and conveying our ideas in

a ſtrong, plain, and lively manner, by the moſt natural language, perſuaded of the truth of what he ſays, and that hath a concern about it in his mind, will pronounce with a natural vehemence that is far more lovely than all the ſtrains that art can lead him to. An orator *muſt endeavour* to feel what he ſays, and then he will ſpeak ſo as to *make others feel it.*

pronunciation and action. And the nearer our pronunciation in public comes to the freedom and eaſe of that we uſe i common diſcourſe—provided we keep up the dignity of the ſubject, and preſerve a propriety of expreſſion—the more juſt, natural, and agreeable it will generally be.

Above all things, then, ſtudy nature—avoid affectation—never uſe art, if you have not the art to conceal it. For whatever does not appear natural, can never be agreeable, much leſs perſuaſive.

Endeavor to keep your mind collected and compoſed—Guard againſt that flutter and timidity of ſpirit, which is the common infelicity of young, and eſpecially baſhful perſons, when they firſt begin to ſpeak or read in public. This is a great hindrance both to their pronunciation and invention; and at once gives both themſelves and their hearers an unneceſſary pain. It will by conſtant oppoſition wear off—and the beſt way to give the mind a proper degree of aſſurance and ſelf-command at ſuch a time, is to be entire maſter of the ſubject—and a conſciouſneſs that you deliver to your audience nothing but what is well worth their hearing, will give you a ſtrong degree of courage.

Endeavor to be wholly engaged in your ſubject; and when the mind is intent upon and warmed with it, it will forget that awful deference it before paid to the audience, which was ſo apt to diſconcert it.

If the ſight of your hearers, or any of them diſcompoſe you, keep your eyes from them.

Be ſure to keep up a life, ſpirit, and energy in the expreſſion; and let the voice naturally vary according to the variation of the ſtyle and ſubject.

Whatever be the ſubject, it will never be pleaſing, if the ſtyle be low and flat; nor will the beauty of the ſtyle be diſcovered, if the pronunciation be vulgar.

Cicero obſerves there muſt be a glow in our ſtyle if we would warm our hearers. And who does not obſerve how ridiculous it is to pronounce the *verbum ardens* in a cold lifeleſs tone?—The tranſition of the voice muſt always correſpond with that of the ſubject, and the paſſions it was intended to excite.

To attain a juſt and graceful pronunciation, you ſhould accuſtom yourſelf frequently to hear thoſe who excel in it, whether at the bar or in the pulpit—where you will ſee all the fore-mentioned rules exemplified, and be able to account for

all thoſe graces and beauties of pronunciation which always pleaſed you, but you did not know why.

Indeed, the Art of Pronunciation, like all others, is better learned by imitation than rule: But to be firſt acquainted with the rules of it, will make the imitation more eaſy. You will obſerve a certain agreeableneſs of manner in ſome orators, that is natural to them, not to be reduced to any rule, and to be learnt by imitation only; nor by that, unleſs it be in ſome degree natural to you.

You ſhould frequently exerciſe yourſelf to read aloud according to the foregoing rules.—It is practice only that muſt give you the faculty of an elegant pronunciation. This, like other habits, is only to be attained by often repeated acts.

Orators, as well as poets, muſt be born ſo, or they will never excel in their reſpective arts: But that part of oratory which conſiſts in a decent and graceful pronunciation, provided there be no defect in the organs of ſpeech, may be attained by rule, imitation, and practice; and, when attained, will give a beauty to ſpeech, a force to thoughts, and a pleaſure to the hearers, not to be expreſſed; and which all will admire, but none can imitate, unleſs they are firſt prepared for it by art and nature—In ſhort, the great advantage of a juſt pronunciation is, that it will pleaſe all, whether they have no taſte, a bad taſte, or a good taſte.

Of Action.

THE action ſhould be as eaſy and as natural as the elocution; and, like that, muſt be varied and directed by the paſſions.

An affected violence of motion is as diſguſtful as an affected vehemence of voice; and *no* action, as bad as *no* emphaſis—which two faults commonly go together, as do the other two, juſt before mentioned.

Thoſe parts of the body that are to be principally employed in oratorical action, are the head, the face, the eyes, the hands, and the upper parts of the whole body.

The Head.

THIS generally ſhould be in an erect poſture; turning ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, that the voice may be heard by the whole audience, and a regard paid to the ſeveral parts of it.

It ſhould always be on the ſame ſide with the action of the hands and body, except when we expreſs an abhorrence, or a

refuſal of any thing, which is done by rejecting it with the right-hand, and turning away the head to the left.

The Countenance.

IN this is the ſeat of the ſoul and the very life of action. Every paſſion, whilſt uttered with the tongue, ſhould be painted in the face. There is often more eloquence in a look than any words can expreſs. By this we are awed, charmed, incenſed, ſoftened, grieved, rejoiced, raiſed, or dejected, according as we catch the fire of the ſpeaker's paſſion from his face.—There is no end in recounting the force and effects of this dumb oratory; which nature only teaches, and which perſons of low paſſions loſe all the advantage of. Look well upon a good piece of painting where the paſſions are ſtrongly expreſſed, and you will conceive the power of it.

The Eyes.

THESE ſhould be carried from one part of the audience to another, with a modeſt and decent reſpect; which will tend to recall and fix their attention, and animate your own ſpirit by obſerving their attention fixed. But if their affections be ſtrongly moved, and the obſerving it be a means of raiſing your own too high, it will be neceſſary then to keep the eye from off them—For though an orator ſhould always be animated, he ſhould never be overcome by his paſſions.

In all appeals to heaven, and ſometimes at the ſolemn mention of the name of the great God, the eyes and the head ſhould be turned upwards.

In adoration, the hands and eyes ſhould be lifted up, and the head and body bowing down.

In ſolemn vows, exclamations and appeals to heaven, the hands, head, and eyes ſhould all be lifted up; but in humiliation and confeſſion, caſt down.

The language of the eye is inexpreſſible. It is the window of the ſoul—from which ſometimes the whole heart looks out at once, and ſpeaks more feelingly than all the warmeſt ſtrains of oratory; and comes effectually in aid of it, when the paſſion is too ſtrong to be uttered.

The Hands.

THE left hand ſhould never be uſed alone, unleſs it be to attend the motion of the head and eyes in an addreſs to the audience on the left ſide.

The right hand may be often uſed alone.

When you ſpeak of the body, you may point to it with the middle finger of the right hand.

When you ſpeak of the ſoul or conſcience, you may lay the right hand gently on the breaſt.—It ſhould be often diſplayed with an eaſy motion to favour an emphaſis; but ſeldom or never be quite extended.—All its motions ſhould be from the left to the right.

Both the hands diſplayed, and the arms extended, is violent action, and never juſt or decent unleſs the audience be noiſy, and part of them at a diſtance from the ſpeaker, and he is labouring to be heard; and then they ſhould never be extended higher than the head, unleſs pointing at ſomething above the audience*.

The motion of the hand ſhould always correſpond with thoſe of the head and eyes; as *they* ſhould with the paſſions expreſſed.

In deliberate proof or argumentation, no action is more proper or natural than gently to lay the firſt finger of the right hand on the palm of the left.

Of what great uſe the proper motion of the hand is in aſſiſting pronunciation, and how many paſſions may be ſtrongly indicated thereby, when attended with that of the head and eyes, is not eaſy to be deſcribed, but is ſoon obſerved in common converſation.

The Poſture of the Body.

THIS ſhould be uſually erect; not continually changing, nor always motionleſs; declining, in acts of humiliation; in acts of praiſe and thankſgiving, raiſed.

It ſhould always accompany the motion of the hands, head, and eyes, when they are directed to any particular part of the audience; but never ſo far as to let the back be turned to any part of it.

But let it ſuffice juſt to hint at theſe things. Thoſe who deſire to ſee them more largely treated of, may conſult Quintilian.

But after all, with regard to action, the great rule is the ſame as in pronunciation—to follow nature, and avoid affectation.—The action of the body, and the ſeveral parts of it, muſt correſpond with the ſtyle, and the ſtyle with the ſubject. A perfect harmony of all theſe completes the orator.

* See Raphael's cartoon, repreſenting St. Paul preaching at Athens.

Leſſons in Elocution.

AMBITION.

——————AMBITION is at a diſtance,
A goodly proſpect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, becauſe 'tis nigh to heaven:
But we ne'er think how ſandy's the foundation,
What ſtorms will batter, and what tempeſts ſhake it.—*Otway.*

——————AMBITION! deadly tyrant!
Inexorable maſter! what alarms,
What anxious hours, what agonies of heart
Are the ſure portion of thy gaudy ſlaves!
Cruel condition! could the toiling hind,
The ſhivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
Wet with the mountain ſhower, and crouching low
Beneath the naked cliff, his only home;
Could he but read the ſtateſman's ſecret breaſt—
But ſee the horrors there, the wounds, the ſtabs
From furious paſſions and avenging guilt,
He would not change his rags and wretchedneſs
For gilded domes and greatneſs!—*Mallet.*

THERE are but few men who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of grandeur and reſpect which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant part of mankind endeavor to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The pooreſt mechanic, the man who lives upon common alms, has his admirers, and delights in that ſuperiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpect beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the ſoul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a perſon's advantage, as it generally does to his uneaſineſs and diſquiet.—*Spectator.*

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavor to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, ſeem highly probable, that ambition runs

through the whole ſpecies, and that every man, in proportion to the vigor of his complexion, is more or leſs actuated by it. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the diſcipline of philoſophy, aſpire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never ſet their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatneſs; who are contented with a competency, and will not moleſt their tranquility to gain an abundance. But it is not therefore to be concluded, that ſuch a man is not ambitious. His deſires may cut out another channel, and determine him to other purſuits; the motive may be, however, ſtill the ſame; and in thoſe caſes, likewiſe, the man may be equally puſhed on with the deſire of diſtinction.

Though the pure conſciouſneſs of worthy actions, abſtracted from the views of popular applauſe, be to a generous mind an ample reward; yet the deſire of diſtinction was doubtleſs implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourſelves in virtuous excellence.

This paſſion, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purpoſes: ſo that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the ſame innate principles; to wit, the deſire of being remarkable. For this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, ſtudy, and converſe, will bring forth ſuitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous companion, or a corrupt mind: it does alſo expreſs itſelf in acts of magnanimity or ſelfiſh cunning, as it meets with a good or weak underſtanding. As it has been employed in embelliſhing the mind, or adorning the outſide, it renders the man eminently praiſe-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition, therefore, is not to be confined only to one paſſion or purſuit; for as the ſame humours in conſtitutions otherwiſe different, affect the body after different manners; ſo the ſame aſpiring principle within us ſometimes breaks forth upon one object, ſometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a deſire of glory in a ring of wreſtlers or cudgel players, as in any other more refined competitors for ſuperiority. No man, that could avoid it, would ever ſuffer his head to be broken, but out of a principle of honour.—*Ibid.*

AMBITION raiſes a ſecret tumult in the ſoul. It inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not the

power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other things we long for, can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt: but fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our nature, that we have no faculty in the ſoul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to reliſh it; an object of deſire placed out of the poſſibility of fruition.—*Ibid.*

THERE is ſcarce a man living, who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honeſt mind and great abilities, it does infinite ſervice to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature.—*Ibid.*

THE great are deceived if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themſelves. Theſe noble qualities flouriſh as notably in a country church, or church-yard, as in the drawing-room, or in the cloſet.—Schemes have been laid in a veſtry, which would hardly diſgrace a conclave.—Here is a miniſtry, and here is an oppoſition—here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to thoſe which are to be found in courts.—*Fielding.*

AGE.

SOME few, by temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow
To diſtant fate, by eaſy journies go:
Gently they lay them down, as ev'ning ſhe[illegible]
On their own woolly fleeces ſoftly ſlee[illegible]
So, noiſeleſs, would I live, ſuch death
Like timely fruit, not ſhaken by the wi[illegible]
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs bough;
And, dying, nothing to myſelf would owe:
Thus daily changing, with a duller taſte
Of leſs'ning joys, I by degrees would waſte:
Still quitting ground by unperceiv'd decay,
And ſteal myſelf from life, and melt away.—*Dryden.*

AGE, which leſſens the enjoyment of life, increaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers, which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increaſing as our years increaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.—*Goldſmith.*

OF all the impertinent wiſhes which we hear expreſſed in converſation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman, or

a man of liberal education, than that of wiſhing one's ſelf to be younger. It is a certain ſign of a fooliſh or a diſſolute mind, if we want our youth again only for the ſtrength of bones and ſinews which we once were maſters of. It is as abſurd in an old man to wiſh for the ſtrength of a youth, as it would be in a young man to wiſh for the ſtrength of a bull or a horſe. Theſe wiſhes are both equally out of nature, which ſhould direct in all things that are not contradictory to juſtice, law, and reaſon.

Age in a virtuous perſon of either ſex, carries in it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleaſures of youth. If to be ſaluted, attended, and conſulted with deference, are inſtances of pleaſure, they are ſuch as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are ſo near in their condition, that methinks it ſhould be incredible we ſee ſo little commerce of kindneſs between them.

If we conſider youth and age with Cicero, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be nearer it than age; what youth can ſay, more than an old man, "I ſhall live till night?" Youth catches diſtempers more eaſily, its ſickneſs is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth, indeed, hopes for many more days; ſo cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill grounded; for what is more fooliſh than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room ſo much as for hope; he is ſtill happier than the youth; he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: one wiſhes to live long, the other has lived long. But, alas, is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing, which muſt end, that ought to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years, paſs away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applauſe of a good actor is due to him, at whatever ſcene of the play he makes his *Exit*. It is thus in the life of a man of ſenſe; a ſhort life is ſufficient to manifeſt himſelf a man of honour and virtue; when he ceaſes to be ſuch, he has lived too long; and, while he is ſuch, it is of no conſequence to him how long he ſhall be ſo, provided he is ſo to his life's end.—*Spectator.*

AN old age, unſupported with matter for diſcourſe and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No ſtate can be more *deſtitute*, than that of him, who, when the delights of ſenſe *forſake him*, has no pleaſures of the mind.—Johnſon.

AGE and YOUTH.

HE, who would paſs the latter part of his life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is *young*, conſider that he ſhall one day be *old;* and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young.—Johnſon.*

THE notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite.

In youth, it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to loſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth, we have warm hopes, which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence; and great deſigns, which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them: we are able to plan ſchemes and regulate meaſures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion. *—Ibid.*

ACTIONS.

OUR actions are our own; their conſequence
Belongs to Heaven. The ſecret conſciouſneſs
Of duty well perform'd—the public voice
Of praiſe that honours virtue and rewards it,
All theſe are yours.———*Francis.*

WE ſhould caſt all our actions under the diviſion of ſuch as are in themſelves good, bad, or indifferent; and direct them in ſuch a manner, that every thing we do, may turn to account at that great day when every thing we have done will be ſet before us.

A good intention, joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in ſome caſes may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it into a virtue, and makes it meritorious, as far as human actions can be ſo.

In the next place, to conſider in the ſame manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the beſt of actions, and makes them, in reality, what the fathers have termed the virtues of the heathen world, ſo many *ſhining ſins.* It deſtroys the innocence of an indifferent action; and gives an evil action all poſſible blackneſs and horror, or, in the emphatical language of holy writ, makes *ſin exceeding ſinful.*

It is then of unſpeakable advantage to poſſeſs our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at ſome laudable end, whether it be the glory of our maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own ſouls.—*Spectator.*

ADVICE.

WHEN things go ill, each fool preſumes to adviſe,
And, if more happy, thinks himſelf more wiſe.
All wretchedly deplore the preſent ſtate;
And that advice ſeems beſt, which comes too late.—*Sedley.*

THE chief rule to be obſerved in the exerciſe of this dangerous office of giving ADVICE, is to preſerve it pure from all mixture of *intereſt* or *vanity;* to forbear admonition or reproof, when our conſciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride, by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain, that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment by which they are detected. But he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs: if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend; and if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.—*Rambler.*

ADVICE, as it always gives a temporary appearance of ſuperiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is moſt neceſſary, or moſt judicious; but, for the ſame reaſon, every one is eager to inſtruct his neighbours. To be wiſe or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price: but when nothing is neceſſary to elevation, but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is ſo inſenſible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.—*Ibid.*

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us, as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or idiots. There is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making advice agreeable: the pens of the ancients and moderns have been exerciſed upon this occaſion. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable! Some convey their inſtruction to us in the beſt

choſen words; others in the moſt harmonious numbers; ſome in points of wit, and others in ſhort proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counſel, that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is *fable:* it excels all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and, therefore, the moſt delicate. This will appear, if we reflect, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we adviſe ourſelves. We peruſe the author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions than his inſtructions. This is confirmed by the examples of the wiſe men of old, who choſe to give council to their princes in this method; an inſtance of which we have in a *Turkiſh* tale, which informs us, that the Sultan *Mahamoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the *Perſian* empire. The Viſier to this cruel Sultan pretended to have learned of a certain Derviſe, to underſtand the language of birds; ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Viſier knew what it ſaid. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree, which grew near an old wall, out of a heap of rubbiſh. *I would fain know*, ſays the Sultan, *what theſe two owls are ſaying to one another; liſten to their diſcourſe, and give me an account of it.* The Viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, *Sir*, ſays he, *I have heard part of their converſation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer; but forced him to repeat, word for word, every thing the owls had ſaid. *You muſt know, then*, ſaid the Viſier, *that one of theſe owls has a ſon, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the ſon ſaid to the father of the daughter, in my hearing: Brother, I conſent to this marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied; inſtead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan* Mahamoud; *whilſt he reigns, we ſhall never want ruined villages.*

The ſtory ſays, the Sultan was ſo touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and, from that time forward, conſulted the good of his people.—*Spectator.*

AFFECTION.

FATHERS alone a father's heart can know,
What ſecret tides of ſtill enjoyment flow,
When brothers love. But if their hate ſucceeds,
They wage the war; but 'tis the father bleeds.—*Young.*

ANATOMY.

THOSE who were ſkilled in anatomy among the ancients, concluded, from the outward and inward make of a human body, that it was the work of a being tranſcendently wiſe and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their diſcoveries gave them freſh opportunities of admiring the conduct of providence in the formation of a human body. *Galen* was converted by his diſſections; and could not but own a Supreme Being, upon a ſurvey of this his handy-work. There were, indeed, many parts, of which the old anatomiſts did not know the certain uſe: but as they ſaw that the moſt of thoſe which they examined, were adapted, with an admirable art, to their ſeveral functions, they did not queſtion but thoſe, whoſe uſes they could not determine, were contrived with the ſame wiſdom for their reſpective ends and purpoſes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great diſcoveries have been made by our modern anatomiſts, we ſee new wonders in the human frame; and diſcern ſeveral important uſes for thoſe parts which the ancients knew nothing of. In ſhort, the body of man is ſuch a ſubject, as ſtands the utmoſt teſt of examination. Though it appears formed with the niceſt wiſdom, upon the moſt ſuperficial ſurvey of it, it ſtill mends upon the ſearch, and produces our ſurpriſe and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here ſaid of a human body, may be applied to the body of every animal, which has been the ſubject of anatomical obſervations.—*Spectator.*

ASTONISHMENT.

I COULD a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.—*Shakeſpeare.*

AUTHORITY.

——————AUTHORITY!
Thy worſhip'd ſymbols round a villain's trunk
Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.—*Jephſon.*

ANIMALS.

IT is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent to the young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for leaving a poſterity. Some creatures caſt their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as inſects and ſeveral kinds of fiſh. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depoſit them in, and there leave them; as the ſerpent, the crocodile, and oſtrich. Others hatch their eggs, and tend the birth till it is able to ſhift for itſelf.

What can we call the principle which directs every kind of bird to obſerve a particular plan in the ſtructure of its neſt, and directs all, of the ſame ſpecies, to work after the ſame model? It cannot be *imitation;* for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it ſee any of the works of its own kind, the neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a ſtick, with all other neſts of the ſame ſpecies. It cannot be *reaſon;* for were animals endued with it, to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propoſe to themſelves. —*Spectator.*

AUTHOR.

THE wickedneſs of a looſe or profane author, in his writings, is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken raviſher; not only becauſe it extends its effects wider (as a peſtilence, which taints the air, is more deſtructive than poiſon infuſed in a draught) but becauſe it is committed with cool deliberation. By the inſtantaneous violence of deſire, a good man may ſometimes be ſurpriſed, before reflection can come to his reſcue: when the appetites have ſtrengthened their influence by habit, they are not eaſily reſiſted or ſubdued. But for the frigid villainy of ſtudious lewdneſs, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What puniſhment can be adequate to the crime of [illegible] for the refinement of debauchery; [illegible] and ſtabs his memory, only that [illegible] than he found it; that

he may intercept the hopes of the riſing generation, and ſpread ſnares for the ſoul with more dexterity?—*Rambler.*

ANGER.

MEN of a *paſſionate* temper are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue; and are therefore not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke. They have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly; and are conſidered, by their companions, as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language—as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes. They are therefore pitied rather than cenſured: and their ſallies are paſſed over, as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found, of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches, who are proud to obtain *the privilege of madmen*, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience and boaſting their clemency.—*Rambler.*

NOTHING is more deſpicable, or more miſerable, than the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigor of youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with frequent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks, by decay of ſtrength, into peeviſhneſs; that peeviſhneſs, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him; and he is left, as Homer expreſſes it, to *devour his own heart*, in ſolitude and contempt.—*Ibid.*

OUR natures are ſo perverſe and corrupt, that it is very hard for us to give a looſe to any angry paſſion againſt men, without running into ſome ſentiments of malice or revenge, and thereby ſinning againſt God. Our anger is very apt to kindle about trifles, or upon mere ſuſpicion, without juſt cauſe; or ſometimes riſes too high, where the cauſe may be juſt; or it continues too long, and turns into hatred: and in either of theſe three caſes, it becomes ſinful.

It is therefore with the utmoſt caution that this paſſion ſhould ever be ſuffered to ariſe; and unleſs we quickly ſuppreſs it again, we ſhall be in great danger of bringing guilt upon our ſouls. The bleſſed apoſtle therefore connects the permiſſion, the caution, and reſtraint together, *Eph.* iv. 26. "Be angry,

"and ſin not: let not the ſun go down upon your wrath."—*Watts.*

ÆTNA.

MOUNT Ætna thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoaky flames that cloud the ſky.
By turns, a pitchy cloud ſhe rolls on high;
By turns, hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mounting flames that lick the ſky.
Oft from her bowels maſſy rocks are thrown,
And, ſhiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down:
Oft liquid lakes, of burning ſulphur, flow,
Fed from the fiery ſprings that boil below.
Enceladus, they ſay, tranſix'd by *Jove*,
With blaſted wings came tumbling from above;
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw;
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid iſle, and ſmoke the heavens hides.—*Dryden.*

ASTRONOMY.

IN fair weather when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre: and the ſable hemiſphere, ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety, to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe *phænomena* that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to providence, of the ſame kind, (I hope it is not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable machines, whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurpriſe!

How many are to be found, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are ſeveral other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! Ay, but ſays ſome illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about it; that is, you enjoy it as a brute: but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man, who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature; while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur.—*Guardian.*

APPEARANCES.

IN the condition of men, it frequently happens, that grief and anxiety lie hidden under the golden robes of proſperity; and the gloom of calamity is cheered by ſecret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature, the bog is ſometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.—*Rambler.*

AVARICE and LUXURY.

WHEN a government flouriſhes in conqueſts, and is ſecure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleaſures of luxury: and as theſe pleaſures are very expenſive, they put thoſe who are addicted to them upon raiſing freſh ſupplies of *money, by all* the methods of rapaciouſneſs and corruption.

ſo that avarice and luxury often become one complicated principle of action, in thoſe whoſe hearts are wholly ſet upon eaſe, magnificence, and pleaſure. The moſt elegant and correct of all the *Latin* hiſtorians obſerves, that in his time, when the moſt formidable ſtates in the world were ſubdued by the *Romans*, the republic ſunk into thoſe two vices, of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice; and he accordingly deſcribes *Catiline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the ſame time that he ſquandered away his own. This obſervation on the commonwealth, when it was in the height of power and riches, holds good in all governments that are ſettled in a ſtate of eaſe and proſperity. At ſuch times, men naturally endeavour to outſhine one another in pomp and ſplendor; and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themſelves in the enjoyment of all they can get in their poſſeſſion; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate purſuit after wealth and riches.—*Spectator.*

AVERNUS.

DEEP was the cave; and, downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent.
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends,
And there th' unnavigable lake extends,
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light;
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight:
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur that infects the ſkies.
From hence the *Grecian* bards their legends make,
And give the name *Avernus* to the lake.—*Dryden.*

APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples. Meagre were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy ſhop, a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of pack-thread; and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhew.—*Shakeſpeare.*

ATTACHMENT.

OUR attachment to every object around us, increaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not chooſe, ſays a French philoſopher, to ſee an old poſt pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them; viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.—*Goldſmith.*

ARRANGEMENT of IDEAS.

AS a trader, who never places his goods in his ſhop or warehouſe in a regular order, nor keeps the accounts of his buying and ſelling, paying and receiving, in a juſt method, is in the utmoſt danger of plunging all his affairs into confuſion and ruin; ſo a ſtudent, who is in ſearch of truth, or an author or teacher, who communicates knowledge to others, will very much obſtruct his deſign, and confound his own mind, or the minds of his hearers, unleſs he range his ideas in juſt order. If we would, therefore, become ſucceſsful learners or teachers, we muſt not conceive things in a confuſed heap, but diſpoſe our ideas in ſome certain method, which may be moſt eaſy and uſeful both for the underſtanding and memory.—*Watts.*

ABSTINENCE.

THE beſt preſervative of health is temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means to attain it, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himſelf without interruption to buſineſs, expenſe of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe throw off all the ſuperfluities, temperance prevents them: if exerciſe clear the veſſels, temperance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them: if exerciſe raiſe proper ferments in the humours, and promote the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her force and vigour: if exerciſe diſſipate a growing diſtemper, temperance ſtarves it.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet: every *animal but* man keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this

ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of the third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry or a muſhroom, can eſcape him. I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. *Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh; if you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong till you have finiſhed your meal: At the ſame time, abſtain from all ſauces, at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple.* And in the article of drinking, obſerve Sir *William Temple's* method, *viz. The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my friend, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.*

It is obſerved by two or three ancient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during the great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe throughout all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands, notwithſtanding he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, never caught the leaſt infection; which theſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always obſerved.—*Spectator.*

ADULATION.

THE man who is conſtantly ſerved up with adulation, muſt be a firſt-rate philoſopher, if he can liſten without contracting new affections. The opinion we form of ourſelves, is generally meaſured by what we hear from others; and when they conſpire to deceive, we too readily concur in the deluſion. Among the number of much applauded men in the circle of our own friends, we can recollect but few that have heads quite ſtrong enough to bear a loud acclamation of public praiſe in their favor; among the whole liſt, we ſhall ſcarce find one that has not thus been made, on ſome ſide of his character, a coxcomb.—*Goldſmith.*

ARISTOCRACY and DESPOTISM.

IT is now found, by abundant experience, that an ariſtocracy and a deſpotiſm differ but in name; and that a people, who are in general excluded from any ſhare of the legiſlative, are, to all intents and purpoſes, as much ſlaves, when twenty, independent of them, govern, as when but one domineers. The tyranny is even more felt; as every individual of the nobles has the haughtineſs of a ſultan; the people are more miſerable, as they ſeem on the verge of liberty, from which they are forever debarred. This fallacious idea of liberty,

whilſt it preſents a vain ſhadow of happineſs to the ſubject, binds faſter the chains of his ſubjection. What is left undone, by the natural avarice and pride of thoſe who are raiſed above the others, is completed by their ſuſpicions, and their dread of loſing an authority, which has no ſupport in the common utility of the nation.—*Burke.*

ADVERSITY.

PLATO lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a juſt man, whether poverty, ſickneſs, or any of thoſe things which ſeem to be evils, ſhall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will obſerve how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. *Seneca* has written a diſcourſe purpoſely on this ſubject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the *Stoics*, to ſhew, that adverſity is not in itſelf an evil; and mentions a noble ſaying of *Demetrius*, that *nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.* He compares proſperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which proves its ruin; but the affection of the divine Being, to that of a wiſe father who would have his ſons exerciſed with hard labour, diſappointment, and pain, that they may gather ſtrength, and improve their fortitude. On this occaſion, the philoſopher riſes into that celebrated ſentiment, that there is not on earth a ſpectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man ſuperior to his ſufferings; to which he adds, that it muſt be a pleaſure to the Deity himſelf, to look down from heaven, and ſee *Cato* amidſt the ruins of his country preſerving his integrity.—*Spectator.*

HE that can heroically endure adverſity, will bear proſperity with equal greatneſs of ſoul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former, is not likely to be tranſported with the latter.—*Fielding.*

THERE are two conſiderations, which, by properly fixing our thoughts upon them, will greatly ſupport us under all adverſities. The one is the brevity of life, which, even at its longeſt duration, the wiſeſt of men hath compared to the ſhort dimenſion of a ſpan; and the ſecond, the uncertainty of it. Could the moſt worldly men ſee this in the light in which they examine all other matters, they would ſoon feel and acknowledge the force of this way of reaſoning. For which of them would give any price for an eſtate, from which they

are liable to be immediately ejected; or would they not laugh at him as a madman, who accounted himself rich from such an uncertain poſſeſſion?—*Ibid.*

TRIBUTE of AFFECTION.

MY heart ſtops me to pay thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs. Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pouring forth the warmeſt ſentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's boſom.——Peace and comfort reſt for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedſt no man's comforts, inſultedſt no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedſt no man's character,—devouredſt no man's bread. Gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didſt thou amble round the little circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no creature in the way. For each one's ſorrows thou hadſt a tear,—for each man's need thou hadſt a ſhilling. Whilſt I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—the path from thy door to the bowling-green ſhall never be grown up. Whilſt there is a rod and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, ſhall never be demoliſhed.—*Sterne.*

AFFECTATION.

THE great misfortune of affectation is, that men not only loſe a good quality, but alſo contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were deſigned, but they aſſign themſelves to what they are unfit for; and, inſtead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would have been ſatisfied with her natural complexion, ſhe might ſtill have been celebrated by the name of the Olive-Beauty: but *Semanthe* has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now diſtinguiſhed by the character of the lady that paints well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, *follow nature*, which the oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero*, when he conſulted what courſe of ſtudies he ſhould purſue, we ſhould ſee almoſt every man as eminent in his proper ſphere, as *Tully* was in his; and ſhould, in a very ſhort time, find impertinence and affectation baniſhed from among the women, and coxcombs and falſe characters from among the men. For my part, I could never conſider this monſtrous repugnancy to nature any otherwiſe, than not only as the greateſt folly, but alſo one of the moſt heinous

crimes, ſince it is a direct oppoſition to the diſpenſation of providence, and (as *Tully* expreſſes it) like the ſin of the giants, an actual rebellion againſt heaven.—*Spectator.*

AFFECTATION proceeds from one of theſe two cauſes —*vanity* or *hypocriſy;* for as vanity puts us on affecting falſe characters, in order to purchaſe applauſe; ſo hypocriſy ſets us on an endeavor to avoid cenſure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their oppoſite virtues.—*Fielding.*

ADMIRATION.

HE who propoſes the ſatisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others, and will not lower himſelf to thoſe who cannot riſe to him, will never gain his point equal to him who accommodates his talents to times and occaſions. In the company of the former, every one is rendered uneaſy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull aſſembly. With the latter, all are pleaſed and contented with themſelves, in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the conſideration of a man of ſenſe. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it, as the ſweet fruit of good-will. The former is ſhunned, the latter courted by all.—*Fielding.*

ATTENTION.

A ſtudent ſhould labour, by all proper methods, to acquire a ſteady fixation of thought. Attention is a very neceſſary thing in order to improve our minds. The evidence of truth does not always appear immediately, nor ſtrike the ſoul at firſt ſight. 'Tis by long attention and inſpection, that we arrive at evidence: and it is for want of it we judge falſely of many things. We make haſte to judge and determine upon a ſlight and ſudden view; we confirm our gueſſes which ariſe from a glance; we paſs a judgment while we have but a confuſed or obſcure perception, and thus plunge ourſelves into miſtakes. This is like a man, who, walking in a miſt, or being at a great diſtance from any viſible object, (ſuppoſe a tree, a man, a horſe, or a church) judges much amiſs of the figure and ſituation and colours of it, and ſometimes takes one for the other; whereas, if he would but withhold his judgment, till he come nearer to it, or ſtay till clearer light come, and then would fix his eyes longer upon it, he would ſecure himſelf from *thoſe miſtakes.—Watts.*

MATHEMATICAL ſtudies have a ſtrong influence towards fixing the attention of the mind, and giving a ſteadineſs to a wandering diſpoſition, becauſe they deal much in lines, figures, and numbers, which affect and pleaſe the ſenſe and imagination. Hiſtories have a ſtrong tendency the ſame way; for they engage the ſoul by a variety of ſenſible occurrences; when it has begun, it knows not how to leave off; it longs to know the final event, through a natural curioſity that belongs to mankind. Voyages and travels, and accounts of ſtrange countries and ſtrange appearances will aſſiſt in this work. This ſort of ſtudy detains the mind by the perpetual occurrence and expectation of ſomething new, and that which may gratefully ſtrike the imagination.—*Ibid.*

AGREEABLE MAN.

THE deſire of pleaſing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to thoſe with whom he converſes, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleaſing others ariſe from innate benevolence, it never fails of ſucceſs; if from a vanity to excel, its diſappointment is no leſs certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things, from a delight he takes in them merely as ſuch: and the affectation of that character is what conſtitutes a fop. Under theſe leaders one may draw up all thoſe who make any manner of figure, except in dumb ſhow. A rational and ſelect converſation is compoſed of perſons who have the talent of pleaſing with delicacy of ſentiments, flowing from habitual chaſtity of thought. Now and then, you meet with a man ſo exactly formed for pleaſing, as to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but muſt be attended with happy circumſtances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour that diſtinguiſhes him whom we call the agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and eſteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the vigor of his age, and the gaiety of his life; but has paſſed through very conſpicuous ſcenes in it: though no ſoldier, he has ſhared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generoſity, in a deciſive day of battle. To have thoſe qualities which only make other men conſpicuous in the world, as it were ſupernumerary to him, is a circumſtance which gives weight to his moſt indifferent actions: for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader; ſo is acknowledged merit immediate diſtinc-

tion, and ſerves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in mirth, important in buſineſs, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence.—*Spectator.*

AGREEABLE in COMPANY.

THE true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no ſuch thing as art in it) is to appear well pleaſed with thoſe you are engaged with, and rather to ſeem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus diſpoſed, is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but eſſentially is ſuch, and in all parts of his converſation has ſomething friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the higheſt ſallies of wit or ſtarts of humour can poſſibly do. The feebleneſs of age, in a man of this turn, has ſomething which ſhould be treated with reſpect, even in a man no otherwiſe venerable. The forwardneſs of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not inſolence, has alſo its allowances. The companion who is formed for ſuch by nature, gives to every character in life its due regard, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accompliſhments, as if they were his own. It muſt appear that you receive law from, and not give it to, your company, to make you agreeable.—*Spectator.*

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me. I thought, by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead on the road, which had occaſioned *La Fleur's* miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind *Sancho's* lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting on a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them—and ſhook his head. He then took the cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—look'd wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* among the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

He ſaid he had come laſt from *Spain*, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of *Franconia;* and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeemed deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed heaven, he ſaid to bleſs him with three ſons; the fineſt lads in all *Germany;* but having in one week loſt two of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take *him* from him alſo, he would go in gratitude to *St. Jago*, in *Spain*.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had ſet out from his cottage, with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—*La Fleur* offered him money—the mourner ſaid he did not want it—it was not the value of the aſs—but the loſs of him.—The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him,—and upon this, told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the *Pyrenean* mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days: during which time the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and they had ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

"Thou haſt one comfort, friend," ſaid I, "at leaſt in "the loſs of the poor beaſt; I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful "maſter to him."—"Alas!" ſaid the mourner, "I thought "ſo when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think other-"wiſe.—I fear the weight of myſelf and my afflictions together "have been too much for him—they have ſhortened the poor "creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for."—Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf—Did we love each other but as this poor ſoul lov'd his aſs—'twould be ſomething.—*Sterne.*

APPREHENSIONS, (Rules for Moderating.)

FIRST, What we fear may not come to paſs. No human ſcheme can be ſo accurately projected, but ſome little circum-

ſtance intervening may ſpoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleaſure, and underſtands the thoughts long before, may, by ten thouſand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own ſervants.

In the next place, we ſhould conſider, though the evil we imagine, ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous ſtate of life without its calamities, ſo there is no adverſity without its benefits. Aſk the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not taſted the ſweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the miſconſtructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for ſome time accuſtomed to theſe preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret flowings of comfort, the preſent reward of a pious reſignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a diſtance; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful ſpots and refreſhing ſprings, mixed with the harſhneſs and deformities of nature.

In the laſt place, we may comfort ourſelves with this conſideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, ſo we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted beyond our ſtrength, is often pleaſed, in his tender ſeverity, to ſeparate the ſoul from its body and miſeries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we ſhall never be in danger of falling down thoſe precipices, which our imagination is apt to create. Like thoſe who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may ſtep forward ſecurely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either ſide will infallibly deſtroy us.—*Spectator.*

BEGGAR.

ART thou a man, and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practice ſuch a ſervile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er ſo mean,
Having thy limbs, a thouſand fairer courſes
Offer themſelves to thy election.
Either the wars might ſtill ſupply thy wants;
Or ſervice of ſome virtuous gentleman,
Or honeſt labour: nay, what can I name,

But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on ſloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung ſhe breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the ruſt of idleneſs.
Now, after me; whate'er he be, that ſhould
Relieve a perſon of thy quality,
While thou inſiſt in this looſe deſp'rate courſe,
I would eſteem the ſin, not thine, but his.—*Ben. Johnſon.*

BIRDS.

THUS when the big impending clouds appear,
And ſtruggling winds proclaim ſome tempeſt near,
The trembling birds the coming danger fly,
And ſeek for ſhelter from the low'ring ſky,
In wild confuſion and affright divide,
The mournful mate is ſever'd from his bride;
But when the gloom is clear'd, the ſtorm o'er paſt,
Each ſeeks his conſort, with impatient haſte;
Grieves till ſhe's found; when found, the joyful pair,
With warbling tranſports, charm the liſt'ning air.—*Buckingham.*

BENEVOLENCE.

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation, than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himſelf moſt acceptable to his Creator, by doing moſt good to his creatures.—*Fielding.*

BENEFICENCE.

IT ſeems rather extraordinary, that pride, which is conſtantly ſtruggling, and often impoſing on itſelf, to gain ſome little pre-eminence, ſhould ſo ſeldom hint to us the only certain, as well as laudable way, of ſetting ourſelves above another man, and that is, by becoming his benefactor.—*Fielding.*

A tender hearted and compaſſionate diſpoſition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own ſake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and miſery, is of all tempers of mind the moſt amiable; and though it ſeldom receives much honor, is worthy of the higheſt.—*Ibid.*

BEES and BUTTERFLIES.

THE bees are a nation of chymiſts! to whom nature has communicated the rare and valuable ſecret of enriching them-

ſelves without impoveriſhing others; who extract the moſt delicious ſyrup from every fragrant herb, without wounding its ſubſtance, or diminiſhing its odours.—I take the more notice of theſe ingenious operators, becauſe I would willingly make them my pattern. While the gay butterfly flutters her painted wings, and ſips a little fantaſtic delight, only for the preſent moment; while the gloomy ſpider, worſe than idly buſied, is preparing his inſidious nets for deſtruction, or ſucking venom, even from the moſt wholeſome plant; this frugal community are wiſely employed in providing for futurity, and collecting a copious ſtock of the moſt balmy treaſures.—*Hervey.*

BEES.

WHAT various wonders may obſervers ſee
In a ſmall inſect, the ſagacious bee!
Mark how the little untaught builders ſquare
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear;
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied ſtrive,
And fill, with curious labyrinths, the hive.
See what bright ſtrokes of architecture ſhine
Thro' the whole frame! what beauty, what deſign!
Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tow'r,
The yellow pillage of the rifled flow'r,
Has twice three ſides, the only figure fit
To which the lab'rers may their ſtores commit,
Without the loſs of matter, or of room,
In all the wond'rous ſtructure of the comb.
Next view, ſpectator, with admiring eyes,
In what juſt order all th' apartments riſe!
So regular their equal ſides cohere,
Th' adapted angles ſo each other bear,
That by mechanic rules, refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this ſkill e'en vie with reaſon's reach?
Can *Euclid* more, can more *Palladio* teach?
Each verdant hill th' induſtrious chymiſts climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme;
And, provident of winter, long before
They ſtock their caves, and hoard their flow'ry ſtore.
In peace they rule their ſtate with prudent care,
Wiſely defend, or wage offenſive war.
Maro, theſe wonders offer'd to his thought,
Felt his known ardor, and the rapture caught;

Glows a repentant bluſh —Our greateſt heroes,
Who've been, on earth, the friends of human-kind,
Whoſe great examples I would ſet before thee,
Were once unknown like thee.—*Whitehead.*

WHO firſt the catalogue ſhall grace?
To quality belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;
He ſtands for fame on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or diſcreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three deſcents leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould not go forward in fame's glorious chaſe:
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none preſer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, paſs for high or baſe,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honeſt men, and wiſe;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
Thoſe who on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their debt, inſtead of their diſcharge.
*****, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary ſhine.—*Young.*

BLIND BOY.

O ſay, what is that thing, call'd light,
Which I muſt ne'er enjoy?
What are the bleſſings of the ſight?
O tell your poor blind boy!
You talk of wond'rous things you ſee;
You ſay, the ſun ſhines bright:
I feel him warm: but how can he
Or make it day or night?
My day or night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I ſleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.
With heavy ſighs I often hear
You mourn my hapleſs woe;

But ſure with patience I can bear
A loſs I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind deſtroy;
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.—*Colley Cibber.*

BUILDING.

THE man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home, from which to run away.
What elſe, I pray, is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?—*Young.*

CLOWN.

A clowniſh mein, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground;
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on wit's deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
And deeper ſunk by flound'ring in the mud.
His corn and cattle were his only care;
And his ſupreme delight a country fair.
A quarter-ſtaff, which he ne'er could forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled, as he went, for want of thought.—*Dryden.*

CAMP.

I have been led by ſolitary care
To yon dark branches, ſpreading o'er the brook,
Which murmurs thro' the camp; this mighty camp,
Where once two hundred thouſand ſons of war
With reſtleſs dins awak'd the midnight hour.
Now horrid ſtillneſs, in the vacant tents,
Sits undiſturb'd: and theſe inceſſant rills,
Whoſe pebbled channel breaks their ſhallow ſtream,
Fill with their melancholy ſounds my ears,
As if I wander'd like a lonely hind,
O'er ſome dead fallow, far from all reſort:
Unleſs that, ever and anon, a groan
Burſts from a ſoldier, pillow'd on his ſhield
In torment, or expiring with his wounds,
And turns my fix'd attention into horror.—*Glover.*

CATO.

———TURN up thy eyes to Cato,
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a god-like height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf:
Renouncing ſleep, and food, and reſt, and eaſe;
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.—*Addiſon.*

CLEANLINESS

IS a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an Engliſh beauty, to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, has won many a heart from a pretty ſlattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure, than on a new veſſel which is cankered with ruſt.

I might obſerve farther, that, as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflections I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.—*Spectator.*

CHARACTER.

WE ſhould not be too haſty in beſtowing either our praiſe or *cenſure on mankind*, ſince we ſhall often find ſuch a mixture

of good and evil in the ſame character, that it may require a very accurate judgment, and a very elaborate enquiry, to determine on which ſide the balance turns.—*Fielding.*

THE firſt impreſſions which mankind receive of us, will be ever after difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, muſt it be, to fix our *characters* in life, before we can poſſibly know the value, or weigh the conſequences of thoſe actions which are to eſtabliſh our future reputation.—*Ibid.*

CUSTOM.

CUSTOM is commonly too ſtrong for the moſt reſolute reſolver, though furniſhed for the aſſault with all the weapons of philoſophy. "He that endeavors to free himſelf from an ill habit (ſays Bacon) muſt not change too much at a time, leſt he ſhould be diſcouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but ſlow advances."—*Idler.*

SUPPOSE we have freed ourſelves from the younger prejudices of our education, yet we are in danger of having our mind turned aſide from truth by the influence of general cuſtom. Our opinion of meats and drinks, of garments and forms of ſalutation, are influenced more by cuſtom, than by the eye, the ear, or the taſte. Cuſtom prevails even over ſenſe itſelf; and therefore no wonder if it prevail over reaſon too. What is it, but cuſtom, that renders many of the mixtures of food and ſauces elegant in Britain, which would be aukward and nauſeous to the inhabitants of China, and indeed were nauſeous to us when we firſt taſted them? What but cuſtom could make thoſe ſalutations polite in Muſcovy, which are ridiculous in France and England? We call ourſelves indeed the politer nations: but it is *we* who judge thus of ourſelves; and that fancied politeneſs is oftentimes more owing to cuſtom than reaſon. Why are the forms of our preſent garments counted beautiful, and thoſe faſhions of our anceſtors the matter of ſcoff and contempt, which in their days, were all decent and genteel? It is cuſtom that forms our opinion of dreſs, and reconciles us by degrees to thoſe habits which at firſt ſeemed very odd and monſtrous. It muſt be granted, there are ſome garments and habits which have a natural congruity or incongruity, modeſty or immodeſty, gaudineſs or gravity; though, for the moſt part, there is but little reaſon in theſe affairs: but what little there is of reaſon, or natural decency, cuſtom triumphs over it all. It is almoſt impoſſible to perſuade a young lady that any thing can be decent which is out of *faſhion.*—*Watts.*

CUSTOM may lead a man into many errors; but it juſtifies none.—*Fielding.*

COMPLAINT.

WHAT cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

The uſual fortune of complaint, is to excite contempt more than pity —*Johnſon.*

TO hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendſhip: and though it muſt be allowed, that he ſuffers moſt like a hero, who hides his grief in ſilence, yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains, acts like a man—like a ſocial being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures.—*Idem.*

THE CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT a number of hillocks of death appear all round us! What are the tomb-ſtones, but memorials of the inhabitants of that town, to inform us of the period of all their lives, and to point out the day when it was ſaid to each of them, "Your "time ſhall be no longer." O, may I readily learn this important leſſon, that my turn is haſtening too; ſuch a little hillock ſhall ſhortly ariſe for me in ſome unknown ſpot of ground: it ſhall cover this fleſh and theſe bones of mine in darkneſs, and ſhall hide them from the light of the ſun, and from the ſight of man, till the heavens be no more.—*Watts.*

PERHAPS in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.
Some village Hampden, who with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt:
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.—*Gray.*

COUNTRY-LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough!
Like the firſt golden mortals, happy he,
From buſ'neſs and the cares of money free!—
No human ſtorms break off at land his ſleep,
No loud alarms of nature on the deep:
From all the cheats of law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous marriageable vine
He to the luſty bridegroom elm does join:
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound:
Sometimes he ſhears his flock; and ſometimes he
Stores up the golden treaſures of the bee.
He ſees the lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.
And when the ſeaſon, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does diſplay,
How is he pleas'd, th' increaſing uſe to ſee
Of his well-truſted labours bend the tree!
Of which large ſtores, on the glad ſacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
With how much joy does he, beneath ſome ſhade,
By aged trees' rev'rend embraces made,
His careleſs head on the freſh green recline,
His head uncharg'd with fear, or with deſign!—*Cowley.*

GOD made the country: and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make ſweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, ſhould moſt abound,
And leaſt be threatened, in the fields and groves?
Poſſeſs ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and ſedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleneſs, and taſte no ſcenes
But ſuch as art contrives—poſſeſs ye ſtill
Your element: there only can ye ſhine:
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to conſole at noon
The penſive wand'rer in their ſhades. At eve,
The hoon-beam ſliding ſoftly in between
The ſleeping leaves, is all the light they wiſh;
Birds warb'ling all the muſic. We can ſpare

The ſplendor of your lamps: they but eclipſe
Our ſofter ſatellite. Your ſongs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thruſh departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public miſchief in your mirth:
It plagues your country. Folly ſuch as your's,
Grac'd with a ſword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, ſtedfaſt but for you,
A mutilated ſtructure, ſoon to fall.—*Cowper.*

COUNTRY-MAIDEN.

How happy is the harmleſs country-maid,
Who, rich by nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Whoſe modeſt clothes no wanton eyes invite
But, like her ſoul, preſerve the native white:
Whoſe little ſtore her well-taught mind does pleaſe;
Not pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe:
Who, free from ſtorms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all.
No care, but love, can diſcompoſe her breaſt,
Love, of all cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt!—*Roſcommon.*

CONTEMPT.

CONTEMPT of others is the trueſt ſymptom of a baſe and bad heart. While it ſuggeſts itſelf to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occaſion, it never enters the great and good mind, but on the ſtrongeſt motives: nor is it then a welcome gueſt; affording only an uneaſy ſenſation, and bringing always with it a mixture of concern and compaſſion.—*Fielding.*

CONTEMPT is a kind of gangrene, which, if it ſeizes one part of a character, corrupts all the reſt by degrees.—*Johnſon.*

THERE is not in human nature a more odious diſpoſition than a proneneſs to contempt, which is a mixture of pride and ill nature. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this ſenſation. That which conſtitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other paſſions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in ſuch a perſon, wickedneſs and vice muſt raiſe hatred and abhorrence; and weakneſs and folly will be ſure to excite compaſſion; ſo

that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.—*Fielding.*

THE baſeſt and meaneſt of all human beings, are generally the moſt forward to deſpiſe others. So that the moſt contemptible are generally the moſt contemptuous.—*Idem.*

CONGRESS of 1774. (A viſion.)

HIGH on the foremoſt ſeat, in living light,
Majeſtic Randolph caught the hero's ſight:
Fair on his head the civic crown was plac'd,
And the firſt dignity his ſceptre grac'd.
He opes the cauſe, and points in proſpect far,
Thro' all the toils that wait th' impending war—
But, hapleſs ſage, thy reign muſt ſoon be o'er,
To lend thy luſtre, and to ſhine no more.
So the bright morning ſtar, from ſhades of ev'n,
Leads up the dawn, and lights the front of heav'n,
Points to the waking world the ſun's broad way,
Then veils his own, and ſhines above the day.
And ſee great Waſhington behind thee riſe,
Thy following ſun, to gild our morning ſkies;
O'er ſhadowy climes to pour the enliv'ning flame,
The charms of freedom, and the fire of fame.
Th' aſcending chief adorn'd his ſplendid ſeat,
Like Randolph, enſign'd with a crown of ſtate;
Where the green patriot bay beheld, with pride,
The hero's laurel ſpringing by its ſide.
His ſword hung uſeleſs on his graceful thigh,
On Britain ſtill he caſt a filial eye;
But ſov'reign fortitude his viſage bore,
To meet their legions on th' invaded ſhore.
Sage Franklin next aroſe, in awful mein;
And ſmil'd, unruffl'd, o'er th' approaching ſcene.
High, on his locks of age, a wreath was brac'd,
Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal grac'd;
Beneath him lies the ſceptre, kings have borne,
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.
Naſh, Rutledge, Jefferſon, in council great,
And Jay and Laurens op'd the rolls of fate,
The Livingſtons, fair Freedom's gen'rous band,
The Lees, the Houſtons, fathers of the land,
O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,
Bade all the oppreſs'd to ſpeedy vengeance riſe;

All pow'rs of ſtate, in their extended plan,
Riſe from conſent to ſhield the rights of man.
Bold Wolcott urg'd the all-important cauſe;
With ſteady hand the ſolemn ſcene he draws;
Undaunted firmneſs with his wiſdom join'd,
Nor kings nor worlds could warp his ſtedfaſt mind.
Now, graceful riſing from his purple throne,
In radiant robes, immortal Hoſmer ſhone;
Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound,
The ſtateſman's wreath, the poet's garland crown'd:
Morals and laws expand his liberal ſoul,
Beam from his eyes, and in his accents roll.
But lo! an unſeen hand the curtain drew,
And ſnatch'd the patriot from the hero's view;
Wrapp'd in the ſhroud of death, he ſees deſcend
The guide of nations and the muſes' friend.
Columbus dropp'd a tear. The angel's eye
Trac'd the freed ſpirit mounting thro' the ſky.
Adams, enrag'd, a broken charter bore,
And lawleſs acts of miniſterial pow'r;
Some injur'd right in each looſe leaf appears,
A king in terrors, and a land in tears;
From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,
With eye retortive look'd creation through;
Op'd the wide range of nature's boundleſs plan,
Trac'd all the ſteps of liberty and man;
Crowds roſe to vengeance, while his accents rung,
And Independence thunder'd from his tongue.—*Barlow.*

CARE.

What, in this life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail:
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the doe, out-fly the wind.
If then thy ſoul rejoice to-day
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
In calm content let all be drown'd;
No perfect good is to be found —*Otway.*

CENSORIOUSNESS.

O that the too-cenſorious world would learn
This wholeſome rule, and with each other bear!
But man, as if a foe to his own ſpecies,
Takes pleaſure to report his neighbour's faults,
Judging with rigor every ſmall offence,
And prides himſelf in ſcandal. Few there are
Who, injur'd, take the part of the tranſgreſſor,
And plead his pardon, ere he deigns to aſk it.—*E. Haywood.*

CONVERSATION.

THE converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and diſcretion.

If you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him, are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good will of thoſe he converſes with; becauſe nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

We ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtic affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company, how many horſes you keep in your ſtables? Or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

Before you tell a ſtory, it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it; the beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation. The reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

It is certain that age itſelf makes many things paſs well enough, which would have been at laughed from one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty, formal man, who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

Whenever you commend, add your reaſons for ſo doing: it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe, from the flattery of ſycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would, leaſt of all, be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.—*Guardian.*

OBSERVE this rule in general: whenſoever it lies in your power to lead the converſation, let it be directed to ſome profitable point of knowledge or practice, ſo far as may be done with decency: and let not the diſcourſe and the hours be ſuffered to run looſe without aim or deſign; and when a ſubject is ſtarted, paſs not haſtily to another, before you have brought the preſent theme of diſcourſe to ſome tolerable iſſue, or a joint conſent to drop it.—*Watts.*

CLEMENCY.

———YET no attribute
So well befits th' exalted ſeat ſupreme,
And power's diſpoſing hand, as clemency.
Each crime muſt from its quality be judg'd;
And pity *there* ſhould interpoſe, where malice
Is not the aggreſſor.——*Jones.*

COMPASSION.

WHEN moſt my heart was lifted with delight,
If I withheld the morſel from the hungry,
Forgot the widow's want and orphan's cry,
If I have known a good they have not ſhar'd,
Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me;
Let my reproachful enemies ſtand forth, and now
Deny the ſuccour which I gave not then.—*Rowe.*

HOW few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of ſoft humanity!
Like thee, reſerve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread, to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with thoſe that weep!—*Idem.*

COMPASSION proper to mankind appears,
Which nature witneſs'd, when ſhe lent us tears.
Of tender ſentiments we only give
Thoſe proofs; to weep is our prerogative;
To ſhew by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a ſuffering friend we ſympathize.
Who can all ſenſe of others' ills eſcape,
Is but a brute at beſt in human ſhape.—*Tate.*

CURIOSITY.

RESTRAIN your needleſs curioſity, and all ſolicitous enquiries into things which were better unknown. How many plentiful ſprings of fear, ſorrow, anger, and hatred, have been found out and broken up, by this laborious digging? Have a care of an over-curious ſearch into ſuch things as might have ſafely remained for ever ſecret, and the ignorance of them had prevented many fooliſh and hurtful paſſions. A fond ſolicitude to know all that our friends or foes ſay of us, is often recompenſed with vexing diſquietude and anguiſh of ſoul.—*Watts.*

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteriſtics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new proſpects, and produces new incitements to further progreſs.—*Rambler.*

CRUELTY.

CHILDREN ſhould never be allowed to practice thoſe diverſions that carry an idea of barbarity and cruelty in them, though it be but to brute creatures. They ſhould not ſet up cocks to be tormented with cudgels thrown at them about Shrovetide; nor delight in giving a tedious, lingering death to a young litter of dogs or cats, that may be appointed to be drowned, leſt they multiply too much in a houſe: nor ſhould they take pleaſure in pricking, cutting, or mangling young birds which they have caught, nor in uſing any ſavage and bloody practices towards any creatures whatſoever; leſt their hearts grow hard and unrelenting, and they learn in time to practice theſe cruelties on their own kind, and to murder and torture their fellow-mortals; or at leaſt to be indifferent to their pain and diſtreſs, ſo as to occaſion it without remorſe.—*Watts.*

CONSCIENCE.

IN vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And ſongs of pleaſure warble from the tongue,

When fear and anguiſh labor in the breaſt,
And all within is darkneſs and confuſion.
Thus on deceitful Ætna's flow'ry ſide
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While ſecret flames, with unextinguiſhed rage,
Inſatiate on her waſted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruins.—*Johnſon.*

THE good or evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourſelves; for as men of a benign diſpoſition enjoy their own acts of beneficence equally with thoſe to whom they are done; ſo there are ſcarce any natures ſo entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries without paying themſelves ſome pangs for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.—*Fielding.*

CONTENT.

CONTENT is wealth, the riches of the mind!
And happy he who can that treaſure find!
But the baſe miſer ſtarves amidſt his ſtore,
Broods on his gold; and, griping ſtill at more,
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he's poor.—*Dryden.*

CONTENT alone can all our wrongs redreſs,
Content, that other name for happineſs.
'Tis equal if our fortunes ſhould augment,
And ſtretch themſelves to the ſame vaſt extent
With our deſires; or thoſe deſires abate,
Shrink and contract themſelves to fit our ſtate.
Th' unhappy man, ſlave to his wild deſire,
By feeding it, foments the raging fire:
His gains augment his unextinguiſh'd thirſt,
With plenty poor, and with abundance curſt.—*Blackmore.*

THERE is ſcarce any lot ſo low, but there is ſomething in it to ſatisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having ſo ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter ſoever, there are ſome cordial drops—ſome good circumſtances, which, if wiſely extracted, are ſufficient for the purpoſe he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and, if not happy, at leaſt reſigned.—*Sterne.*

THERE are thouſands ſo extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it muſt conſiſt in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wiſh—that they are to ſit down in happineſs, and feel themſelves ſo at eaſe at all points, as to deſire nothing better and nothing more. I own,

there are inſtances of ſome, who ſeem to paſs through the world as if all their paths had been ſtrewed with roſe-buds of delight;——but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon.—We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilſt we live in this world we ſhall have it, though with intermiſſions—that is, in whatever ſtate we are, we ſhall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore, the true way to contentment is to know how to receive theſe certain viciſſitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, ſo as neither to be exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourſelves towards every thing which happens with ſuch eaſe and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wiſe man would wiſh to live.—*Idem.*

THE foundation of content muſt ſpring up in a man's own mind: and he who has ſo little knowledge of human nature as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing but his own diſpoſition, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.—*Rambler.*

ENQUIRIES after happineſs, and rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind, as the arts of conſolation, and of ſupporting one's ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this world, is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but grief and diſappointment. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours at making himſelf eaſy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happineſs that is diſperſed through the whole race of mankind in this world, were drawn together, and put into the poſſeſſion of any ſingle man, it would not make a very happy being: though, on the contrary, if the miſeries of the whole ſpecies were fixed in a ſingle perſon, they would make a very miſerable one.—*Spectator.*

A man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the reply which *Ariſtippus* made to one who condoled him upon the loſs of a farm: *Why*, ſaid he, *I have three farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.* On the contrary, fooliſh men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs; and to fix their eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater difficulties. All the real treaſures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compaſs;

but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour.—*Idem.*

I envy not the mighty great,
Thoſe powerful rulers of the ſtate,
Who ſettle nations as they pleaſe,
And govern at th' expence of eaſe.
Far happier the ſhepherd ſwain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly, in ſome humble ſhed,
On ruſhy pillows lays his head.
No curs'd ambition breaks his reſt,
No factious wars divide his breaſt;
His flock, his pipe, and artleſs fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.—*Hildebrand Jacob.*

CONTINENCE of SCIPIO.

——————WHAT with admiration
Struck every heart, was this.—A noble virgin
Conſpicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept and bluſh'd,
Young, freſh, and bloomy like the morn. An eye
As when the blue ſky trembles through a cloud
Of pureſt white. A ſecret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through them.
Her ſhape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which ſeem'd on purpoſe,
By nature laviſh'd on her, that mankind
Might ſee the virtue of a hero try'd
Almoſt beyond the ſtretch of human force.
Soft as ſhe paſs'd along, with downcaſt eyes,
Where gentle ſorrow ſwell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modeſt cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languiſh'd, and hard War
Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himſelf
As on his high tribunal rais'd, he ſat,
Turn'd from the dangerous ſight; and, chiding, aſk'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.
* * * * * * * * * * *
She, queſtion'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and bluſhes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally deſcended,

Of her old captive parents the ſole joy;
And that a hapleſs Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His loſt dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender ſoul; ſudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, god-like Roman
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wiſhing youth ſtood check'd, his tempting power
Reſtrain'd by kind humanity.——At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various ſcene imagine; how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant:
While ſtretch'd below the trembling ſuppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thouſand mingling paſſions, fear,
Hope, jealouſy, diſdain, ſubmiſſion, grief,
Anxiety and love in every ſhape.
To theſe ſo different ſentiments ſucceed
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread ſilence to the lover broke.
"We both are young; both charm'd. The right of war
"Has put thy beauteous miſtreſs in my power;
"With whom I could, in the moſt ſacred ties,
"Live out a happy life: but know, that Romans
"Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
"Then take her to thy ſoul; and with her take
"Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
"I aſk but this: when you behold theſe eyes,
"Theſe charms, with tranſport; be a friend to Rome."
—*Thomſon.*

COURAGE.

TRUE courage but from oppoſition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thouſand ſlaves
Match'd to the ſinew of a ſingle arm
That ſtrikes for liberty!—*Brooke.*

This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm reſolve
Of virtue and of reaſon. He who thinks
Without their aid to ſhine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a ſandy baſis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him.—*Whitehead.*

COURT.

Would you be happy, leave this fatal place;
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood,
Where innocence is ſhunn'd, and bluſhing modeſty
Is made the ſcorner's jeſt; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the maſk of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with ſhews of pleaſure.—*Rowe.*

——————THE nobleſt proof of love
That Athelwold can give, is ſtill to guard
Your tender beauties from the blaſting taint
Of courtly gales. The delicate ſoft tints
Of ſnowy innocence, the crimſon glow
Of bluſhing modeſty, there all fly off,
And leave the faded face no nobler boaſt
Then well-rang'd, lifeleſs features. Ah, Elfrida;
Should you be doom'd, which happier fate forbid!
To drag your hours thro' all that nauſeous ſcene
Of pageantry and vice; your purer breaſt,
True to its virtuous reliſh, ſoon would heave
A fervent ſigh for innocence and Harewood.—*Maſon.*

LET us compare what the hiſtorians of all ages have ſaid concerning the courts of monarchs; let us recollect the converſation and ſentiments of people of all countries, in reſpect to the wretched character of courtiers; and we ſhall find, that theſe are not mere airy ſpeculations, but things confirmed by a ſad and melancholy experience.

Ambition joined to idleneſs, and buſineſs to pride; a deſire of obtaining riches without labor, and an averſion to truth; flattery, treachery, perfidy, violation of engagements, contempt of civil duties, fear of the prince's virtues, hope from his weakneſs; but, above all, a perpetual ridicule caſt upon virtue, are, I think, the characteriſtics by which moſt courtiers, in all ages and countries, have been conſtantly diſtinguiſhed.—*Monteſquieu.*

ALL the proſtitutes who ſet themſelves to ſale, all the locuſts who devour the land, with crowds of ſpies, paraſites, and ſycophants, and whole ſwarms of little, noiſome, nameleſs inſects, will hum and buz in every corner of the court—— a ſort of men too low to be much regarded, and too high to be quite neglected, the lumber of every adminiſtration, the furniture of every court. Theſe gilt carved things are ſeldom anſwerable for more than the men on a cheſs board, who are moved about at will; and on whom the conduct of the game

is not to be charged. Some of theſe every prince muſt have about him. The pageantry of a court requires that he ſhould. —*Bolingbroke.*

I HAVE known courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant. Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured. Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale bearing. Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe, whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſ-ſervice.—*Swift.*

GOD help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer more
Than any ſlave that labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſe,
By ſmooth-tongu'd flattery, that curſt *court diſeaſe*;
Supple to every wayward mood, ſtrike ſail,
And ſhift with ſhifting humour's peeviſh gale.
To nature dead, he muſt adopt vile art,
And wear a ſmile with anguiſh in his heart.
A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And conſcience ne'er muſt ſpeak, unleſs in dreams.—*Churchill.*

COWARD.

COWARDS die many times before their death:
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that man ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come when it will come.—*Shakeſpeare.*

COWARDS have courage when they ſee not death;
And fearful hares that ſkulk in forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble quarrels by the moon-light;
——————————But valiant men
Still love the ſun ſhould witneſs what they do.—*Dryden.*

AS cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the game;
So cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.—*Hudibras.*

CROISADE.

* * * * SURE I am, 'tis madneſs,
Inhuman madneſs, thus, from half the world
To drain its blood and treaſure, to neglect
Each art of peace, each care of government;
And all for what? By ſpreading deſolation,
Rapine and ſlaughter o'er the other half,
To gain a conqueſt we can never hold.
I venerate this land. Thoſe ſacred hills,
Thoſe vales, thoſe cities, trod by ſaints and prophets,
By God himſelf, the ſcenes of heav'nly wonders,
Inſpire me with a certain awful joy.
But the ſame God, my friend, pervades, ſuſtains,
Surrounds and fills this univerſal frame;
And every land, where ſpreads his vital preſence,
His all-enliv'ning breath, to me is holy.
Excuſe me, Theald, if I go too far:
I meant alone to ſay, I think theſe wars
A kind of perſecution. And whene'er
That moſt abſurd and cruel of all vices,
Is once begun, where ſhall it find an end?
Each in his turn, or has, or claims a right
To wield its dagger, to return its furies;
And firſt or laſt they fall upon ourſelves.—*Thomſon.*

CROWN.

O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide,
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now:
But not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety.—*Shakeſpeare.*

CREDULITY.

THE credulous man is ready to receive every thing for truth, that has but the ſhadow of evidence. Every new book that he reads, and every ingenious man with whom he converſes, has power enough to draw him into the ſentiments of the ſpeaker or writer. He has ſo much complaiſance in him, or weakneſs of ſoul, that he is ready to reſign his own opinion

to the firſt objection which he hears, and to receive any ſentiments of another that are aſſerted with a poſitive air and much aſſurance. Thus he is under a kind of neceſſity, through the indulgence of this credulous humour, either to be often changing his opinions, or to believe inconſiſtencies.

The man of contradiction ſtands ready to oppoſe every thing that is ſaid. He gives but a ſlight attention to the reaſons of other men, from an inward ſcornful preſumption, that they have no ſtrength in them. When he reads or hears a diſcourſe different from his own ſentiments; he does not give himſelf leave to conſider, whether that diſcourſe may be true or not, but employs all his powers immediately to confute it. Your great diſputers, and your men of controverſy, are in continual danger of this ſort of prejudice. They contend often for victory, and will maintain whatſoever they have aſſerted, while truth is loſt in the noiſe and tumult of reciprocal contradictions: and it frequently happens, that a debate about opinions is turned into mutual reproach of perſons.—*Watts.*

THE prejudice of credulity may in ſome meaſure be cured, by learning to ſet a high value upon truth, and by taking more pains to attain it; remembering that truth often lies dark and deep, and requires us to dig for it as hidden treaſure; and that falſehood often aſſumes a fair diſguiſe, and therefore we ſhould not yield up our judgment to every plauſible appearance. It is no part of civility or good breeding to part with truth, but to maintain it with decency and candor.

A ſpirit of contradiction is ſo pedantic and hateful, that a man ſhould take much pains with himſelf to watch againſt every inſtance of it: he ſhould learn ſo much good-humour, at leaſt, as never to oppoſe any thing without juſt and ſolid reaſon for it: he ſhould abate ſome degrees of pride and moroſeneſs, which are never-failing ingredients in this ſort of temper, and ſhould ſeek after ſo much honeſty and conſcience, as never to contend for conqueſt or triumph; but to review his own reaſons, and to read the arguments of his opponents, if poſſible, with an equal indifferency, be glad to ſpy a truth, and to ſubmit to it, though it appear on the oppoſite ſide.—*Idem.*

OF all kinds of credulity, the moſt obſtinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men who being numbered, they know not how, or why, in any of the parties that divide a ſtate, reſign the uſe of their own eyes and ears, and reſolve to believe nothing that does not favour thoſe whom they profeſs to follow.—*Idler.*

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

LET us take a ſurvey of the world, and ſee what a mixture there is of amiable and hateful qualities among the children of men. There is beauty and comelineſs; there is vigour and vivacity; there is good humour and compaſſion; there is wit, and judgment, and induſtry, even among thoſe that are profligate and abandoned to many vices. There is ſobriety, and love, and honeſty, and juſtice, and decency amongſt men that "know not God," and believe not the goſpel of our "Lord Jeſus." There are very few of the ſons and daughters of Adam, but are poſſeſſed of ſomething good and agreeable, either by nature or acquirement; therefore, when there is a neceſſary occaſion to mention the vices of any man, we ſhould not ſpeak evil of him in the groſs, nor heap repoaches on him by wholeſale. It is very diſingenuous to talk ſcandal in ſuperlatives, as though every man who was a ſinner, was a perfect villain, the very worſt of men, all over hateful and abominable.—*Watts.*

CHARITY.

THOUGH the goodneſs of a man's heart did not incline him to acts of *charity*, one would think the deſire of *honour*, ſhould. For as building fine houſes, purchaſing fine clothes, pictures and other ſuch like articles of expenſe, ſhows nothing more than an ambition to be reſpected above other people: would not one great act of charity, one inſtance of redeeming a poor family from all the miſeries of poverty, or reſtoring an unfortunate tradeſman to the means of procuring a livelihood by his induſtry, acquire more real reſpect and more laſting honour? The former are the works of other people's hands—the latter the *acts of his own heart.—Fielding.*

THOUGH we may ſometimes unintentionally beſtow our beneficence on the unworthy, it does not take from the merit of the act: for charity doth not adopt the vices of its objects. —*Idem.*

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, ſays an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expreſſions, not the eſſence of this virtue. A man may beſtow great ſums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to beſtow any thing. Charity therefore is a habit of good-will or benevolence in the ſoul, which diſpoſes us to the love, aſſiſtance, and relief of mankind, eſpecially of thoſe who ſtand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no leſs entitled to

the reward of this virtue, than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way: I never ſaw an indigent perſon in my life, without reaching out to him ſome of this imaginary relief. I cannot but ſympathiſe with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wiſhes, there ſhould be neither pain nor poverty in the world.—*Guardian.*

CONFIDENCE.

SELF-confidence is the firſt requiſite to great undertakings; yet he who forms his opinion of himſelf, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error.—*Johnſon.*

THERE would be few enterprizes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them. —*Rambler.*

NOTHING is more fatal to happineſs or virtue than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and by aſſuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard.—*Idler.*

CENSURE.

A GOOD conſcience is to the ſoul, what health is to the body; it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befall us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, beſides this ſingle one of our being conſcious to ourſelves that we do not deſerve them.—*Spectator.*

COMPLAISANCE.

THERE are many arts of graciouſneſs and concilation which are to be practiſed without expence, and by which thoſe may be made our friends who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanneſs, it is ſurely reaſonable to learn; for who would want that love which is ſo eaſily to be gained?—*Rambler.*

THE univerſal axiom in which all complaiſance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in civilized nations, is, "That no man ſhould give any preference to himſelf;" a rule ſo comprehenſive and *certain, that perhaps it is not eaſy for the mind to imagine an incivility without ſuppoſing it to be broken.*—Idem.

WISDOM and virtue are by no means ſufficient, without the ſupplemental laws of good breeding, to ſecure freedom from degenerating into rudeneſs, or ſelf-eſteem from ſwelling into inſolence. A thouſand incivilities may be committed, and a thouſand offices neglected, without any remorſe of conſcience, or reproach from reaſon.—*Ibid.*

COMPLAISANCE renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It ſmooths diſtinction, ſweetens converſation, and makes every one in company pleaſed with himſelf. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, ſoothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and diſtinguiſhes the ſociety of civilized perſons from a confuſion of ſavages. In a word, complaiſance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourſe of words and actions, and is ſuited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to conſider, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the ſecret anguiſh and affliction of every man's heart, we ſhould often find, that more of it ariſes from little imaginary diſtreſs, ſuch as checks, frowns, contradictions, expreſſions of contempt, and (what *Shakeſpeare* reckons among other evils under the Sun)

——*The proud man's contumely,*
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove theſe imaginary diſtreſſes as much as poſſible out of human life, would be the univerſal practice of ſuch an ingenuous complaiſance as I have been here deſcribing, which may be defined to be, *a conſtant endeavour to pleaſe thoſe whom we converſe with, ſo far as we may do it innocently.*—*Guardian.*

CONSOLATION.

NO one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which there are no means propoſed of alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which neceſſarily give pain, whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unreaſonable compaſſion.—*Rambler.*

NOTHING is more offenſive to a mind convinced that its diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than thoſe petty and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſneſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter.—*Johnſon.*

CRITICISM.

HE who is taught by a critic to diſlike that which pleaſed him in its natural ſtate, has the ſame reaſon to complain of his inſtructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himſelf maſter of *Peru*, phyſicked him to poverty. —*Idler.*

CHEERFULNESS.

IF we conſider cheerfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befall him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the cheerfulneſs of his companion. It is like a ſudden ſunſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this cheerful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to providence under all its diſpenſations It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.—*Spectator.*

CUNNING.

CUNNING differs from wiſdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the ſun-ſhine, goes boldly forward by the *neareſt way*; he ſees that when the path is ſtrait and even, he

may proceed in ſecurity, and when it is rough and crooked, he eaſily complies with the turns, and avoids the obſtructions. But the traveller in the duſk fears more, as he ſees leſs; he knows there may be danger, and therefore ſuſpects that he is never ſafe, tries every ſtep before he fixes his foot, and ſhrinks at every noiſe, leſt violence ſhould approach him. Cunning diſcovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of ſtratagems, and ſuperfluity of ſuſpicion. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are ſometimes able to riſe by the miſcarriages of bravery and the openneſs of integrity; and by watching failures, and ſnatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.—*Idler.*

CAUSES of WAR.

SOMETIMES a war between two princes is to decide which of them ſhall diſpoſſeſs a third of his dominions, whereto neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarreleth with another, for fear the other ſhould quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, becauſe the enemy is too ſtrong; and ſometimes, becauſe he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is conſidered a very juſtifiable cauſe of war, to invade a country after the people have been waſted by famine, deſtroyed by peſtilence, or embroiled by factions among themſelves. It is juſtifiable to enter into a war againſt our neareſt ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince ſends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make ſlaves of the reſt, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living.

It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince deſires the aſſiſtance of another, to ſecure him againſt an invaſion, that the aſſiſtant, when he hath driven out the invader, ſhould ſeize on the dominions himſelf, and kill, impriſon, or baniſh the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cauſe of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their diſpoſition to quarrel. There is likewiſe a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themſelves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for ſo much a day to

each man, of which they keep three fourths to themſelves, and it is the beſt part of their maintenance.—*Swift.*

A GENEALOGIST ſets forth to a prince that he is deſcended in a direct line from a count, whoſe kindred, three or four hundred years ago, had made a family compact with a houſe, the memory of which is extinguiſhed. That houſe had ſome diſtant claim to a province, the laſt proprietor of which died of an apoplexy. The prince and his council inſtantly reſolve that this province belongs to him of divine right. The province, which is ſome hundred leagues from him, proteſts that it does not ſo much as know him; that it is not diſpoſed to be governed by him; that before preſcribing laws to them, their conſent at leaſt was neceſſary: theſe allegations do not ſo much as reach the prince's ears; it is inſiſted on, that his right is inconteſtible. He inſtantly picks up a multitude, who have nothing to do and nothing to loſe; clothes them with coarſe blue cloth; puts on them hats bound with coarſe white worſted; makes them turn to the right and left; and thus marches away with them to glory.

Other princes, on this armament, take part in it to the beſt of their ability, and ſoon cover a ſmall extent of country with more hireling murderers, than Gengis Kan, Tamerlane, and Bajazet, had at their heels.

People at no ſmall diſtance, on hearing that fighting is going forward, and that if they would make one, there are five or ſix *ſous* a day for them, immediately divide into two bands, like reapers, and go and ſell their ſervices to the beſt bidder.

Theſe multitudes furiouſly butcher one another, not only without having any concern in the quarrel, but without ſo much as knowing what it is about.

Sometimes five or ſix powers are engaged, three againſt three, two againſt four, ſometimes even one againſt five, all equally deteſting one another, and friends and foes by turns, agreeing only in one thing, to do all the miſchief poſſible.—*Voltaire.*

PERPLEX'D with trifles through the vale of life,
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a cauſe for ſtrife;
Armies embattled meet, and thouſands bleed,
For ſome vile ſpot where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend; and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
What odds!—to us 'tis all the ſelf ſame thing,
A nut, a world, a ſquirrel, and a king.—Churchill.

CONQUEST.

THEY err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide; to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies
But rob, and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable nations? neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe'er they rove;
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy;
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worſhipp'd with temple, prieſt, and ſacrifice:
One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other,
'Till conqueror death diſcovers them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh ſin.————
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.—*Milton.*

STRIPT of her gaudy plumes and vain diſguiſe,
See where Ambition, mean and loathſome, lies;
Reflection with relentleſs hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and raviſh'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like theſe, but ill with mankind ſuit,
And ſink the conqueror beneath the brute.—*Churchill.*

CONQUERORS. (A viſion.)

OPPRESSED with gloomy melancholy, I threw myſelf on my bed, in order to forget what I had ſeen, and ſtill more what I had read. Sleep ſoon invaded my ſenſes. Eternal Juſtice appeared in the ſky to judge the ſons of men. The ſkeleton of Alexander the Macedonian, and that of a robber and murderer, were ſummoned to appear.—"Look, Alexander," ſaid Juſtice, "Look upon thy competitor;—this robber "wanted only power and ſtrength to equal thee, and he would "have made uſe of the ſame means as thou, to ravage the "world. His courage was as great as thine; but being "conſtrained by obſtacles, he was obliged to murder his "fellow-creatures by night. Thoſe who attend to ſee my "laws put in execution, were fortunately able to bring him "to the ſcaffold; there he confeſſed his crimes, and acknow-"ledged he deſerved the moſt ſhameful puniſhment.

"Wretch! where is the difference between this robber and "thee? It is a pity the chaſtiſement did not fall on thy head. "Power ſupported thy iron arm, which cruſhed mankind; "thou deſtroyedſt my laws by firing of towns; thou didſt "oblige terrified mortals to erect altars to thee; thou didſt "ſtab the boſom of friendſhip; the ſcandal of thy victories "has led kings aſtray, who, taking example by thee, have "been unjuſt. Approach, cruel Cæſar, thou who wept before "the ſtatue of this murderer, ambitious of deſerving ſuch "another. Nothing could ſtop thy career, neither the genius "of Rome, nor the tears of thy country. Armed with a "poniard, thou ſtabbedſt her, whilſt ſhe invited thee to her "arms. Thou deſtroyedſt the wiſdom of ſix ages of glory, "in order to eſtabliſh on their ruins horrible deſpotiſm. Get "thee gone! thy name begins to be as deteſtable as thoſe of "Tamerlane, Attila, Charles the XIIth, and Gengiſkan. "Wiſe men have proſcribed their odious and deſtructive "genius. It is only the blind multitude who are ſtill ſeduced, "and who, in their low ideas, cannot diſcriminate between "the powerful criminal who eſcapes puniſhment, and the "obſcure guilty who ſuffers juſtly.

"Princes, conquerors, generals, warriors, whatever pom- "pous titles you bear, vile ambitious wretches, bloody men, "ſhudder!—You have accuſtomed mankind to deſtroy each "other! you have made war an habitual ſcourge, and an "ever growing trade! you have dared to embelliſh murder "with the pompous name of glory! it is you, undoubtedly, "will be anſwerable for the crimes you have made them "commit;——but whoever comes to offer you the hand "ſtained with blood, he that could put a ſtop to cruelty, or "avoid being an accomplice in it, or has been a volunteer to "ſerve your wrathful purpoſes for baſe intereſt; he, I ſay, "will be as guilty as yourſelves. By what authority dare a "mortal inflict death? Does not his exiſtence belong to God, "who created him? Deſtruction is an outrage againſt the Divine "Being. Shudder, cruel murderers, in my preſence! nothing "can excuſe you: the blood of your brethren cries aloud for "vengeance. Even he who is ſtained with only one bloody "ſpot, ſhall be tormented ſeveral ages by the devouring fire "of repentance. You will ſtill even ſob with ſorrow, when "the clemency of a merciful God will vouchſafe to abſolve "you; for I muſt tell you that the ſtain is indelible.

"Your motive was, to merit the admiration of future ages. "*Well,* you are condemned to ſuffer until that happy period,

"when an enlightened people will execrate war, and thoſe "who light the horrible torch. Alexander! thy name muſt "be held in deteſtation over all that country where thou wouldſt "be deified; all thoſe who followed thy example, muſt be "ranked among the profligate villains, before thou canſt expect "any forgiveneſs.—May this time not be ſo diſtant as the "reparation of thy crimes would require!—Suffer patiently; "you already begin to be deteſtable; thy exploits already "begin to be looked upon as barbarous and unjuſt; wiſe men "have ſtampt with diſgrace thy impious imitators."—*Mercier.*

CLERGYMAN.

WOULD I deſcribe a preacher, ſuch as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,
Paul ſhould himſelf direct me. I would trace
His maſter ſtrokes, and draw from his deſign.
I would expreſs him ſimple, grave, ſincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, ſolemn, chaſte,
And natural in jeſture. Much impreſs'd
Himſelf, as conſcious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in addreſs, as well becomes
A meſſenger of grace to guilty men.—*Cowper.*

COURTS of JUSTICE.

IT is eſſential to the preſervation of the rights of every individual, his life, liberty, property, and character, that there be an impartial interpretation of the laws and adminiſtration of juſtice. It is the right of every citizen to be tried by judges as impartial as the lot of humanity will admit. It is therefore not only the beſt policy, but for the ſecurity of the rights of the people, that the judges of the Supreme Judicial Court ſhould hold their offices ſo long as they behave well; ſubject, however, to ſuch limitations on account of age, as may be provided by the conſtitution of the ſtate; and that they ſhould have honourable ſalaries aſcertained and eſtabliſhed by ſtanding laws.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

CRIMES and PUNISHMENTS.

IN criminal proſecutions, the trial of facts, in the vicinity where they happen, is ſo eſſential to the ſecurity of the life,

liberty, and eſtate of the citizen, that no crime or offence ought to be tried in any other county than that in which it is committed: except in caſes of general inſurrection in any particular county, when it ſhall appear to the judges of the ſuperior court, that an impartial trial cannot be had in the county where the offence may be committed; and upon their report, the legiſlature ſhall think proper to direct the trial in the neareſt county in which an impartial trial can be obtained.

All penalties ought to be proportioned to the nature of the offence. No wiſe legiſlature will affix the ſame puniſhment to the crimes of theft, forgery, and the like, which they do to thoſe of murder and treaſon. Where the ſame undiſtinguiſhing ſeverity is exerted againſt all offences, the people are led to forget the real diſtinction in the crimes themſelves, and to commit the moſt flagrant with as little compunction as they do the lighteſt offences: for the ſame reaſon, a multitude of ſanguinary laws is both impolitic and unjuſt; the true deſign of all puniſhments being to reform, not to exterminate mankind. —*Idem.*

DEATH.

REFLECT, that life and death, affecting ſounds!
Are only varied modes of endleſs being:
Reflect, that life, like ev'ry other bleſſing,
Derives its value from its uſe alone.
Not for itſelf,—but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue!
When inconſiſtent with a greater good,
Reaſon commands to caſt the leſs away:
Thus life, with loſs of wealth, is well preſerv'd,
And virtue cheaply ſav'd with loſs of life.—*Irene.*

IT was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyranniſing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance, as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world.—*Rambler.*

TO neglect, at any time, preparation for death, is to ſleep on our poſt at a ſiege: but to omit it in old age, is to ſleep at an attack.—*Idem.*

NOTHING more certain than to die, but when
Is moſt uncertain: if ſo, every hour
We ſhould prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I muſt ſubmit
To the divine decree, not argue it.—*Beaumont.*

NOW death draws near, a ſtrange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die.
Courage uncertain dangers may abate;
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
The wiſeſt and the beſt ſome fear may ſhow,
And wiſh to ſtay, tho' they reſolve to go.
As ſome faint pilgrim ſtanding on the ſhore,
Firſt views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
Then dipping in his ſtaff, does trial make
How deep it is, and ſighing pulls it back;
Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his leap, and then
Runs to the bank, but there ſtops ſhort again:
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown way.—*Dryden.*

THIS vaſt, this ſolid earth, that blazing ſun,
Thoſe ſkies thro' which it rolls, muſt all have end:
What then is man, the ſmalleſt part of nothing?
Day buries day, month month, and year the year;
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;
Can then death's ſelf be fear'd? our life much rather:
Life is the deſart, life the ſolitude;
Death joins us to the majority;
'Tis to be born to Platos and Timoleons,
'Tis to be great for ever!
'Tis pleaſure, 'tis ambition then to die.—*Young.*

DEFAMATION.

DOES humanity clothe and educate the unknown orphan?——Poverty, thou haſt no genealogies:—See! is he not the father of the child? Thus do we rob heroes of the beſt part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in it;—wreſt it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy:—undo it all—I beſeech you—give him back his honor,—reſtore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world—

It is too late.—*Sterne.*

GOOD name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh. 'Tis ſomething, nothing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—*Shakeſpeare.*

DEPENDENCE.

THERE is no ſtate more contrary to the dignity of wiſdom, than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the underſtanding lies uſeleſs, and every motion is received from external impulſe. Reaſon is the great diſtinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to ſome degree of aſſociation with celeſtial intelligences. But as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reaſon, and to have it uſeleſs and unemployed, are nearly the ſame.—*Rambler.*

DOGMATISM.

MAINTAIN a conſtant watch at all times againſt a dogmatical ſpirit: fix not your aſſent to any propoſition in a firm and unalterable manner, till you have ſome firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at ſome clear and ſure evidence; till you have turned the propoſition on all ſides, and ſearched the matter through and through, ſo that you cannot be miſtaken. And even where you think you have full ground of aſſurance, be not too early, nor too frequent, in expreſſing this aſſurance in too peremptory and poſitive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to miſtake in this corrupt and feeble ſtate.—*Watts.*

DIFFIDENCE.

DIFFIDENCE may check reſolution, and obſtruct performance, but compenſates its embarraſſments by more important advantages. It conciliates the proud, and ſoftens the ſevere; averts envy from excellence, and cenſure from miſcarriage.—*Rambler.*

DESPOTISM.

I AM not of your opinion, with regard to deſpotiſm and deſpots. It appears to me horrible and abſurd to the laſt degree, that a whole people ſhould blindly ſubject themſelves to the caprice of one man, even if he were an angel. For my own part, I would not live under him a ſingle day. This angel *may* become in a moment a monſter thirſting after blood.

Deſpotiſm is to me the moſt abominable and diſguſtful of all bad governments; man is perpetually cruſhed, debaſed, and degraded by it. Look into hiſtory, ancient and modern, and ſee if ever there was one upon earth that was not an inſult on mankind, and the diſgrace of human nature.—*Monteſquieu.*

THE moſt formidable enemy of the public welfare is not riot or ſedition, but deſpotiſm: it changes the character of a nation, and always for the worſe: it produces nothing but vices. Whatever might be the power of an Indian ſultan, he could never form magnanimous ſubjects; he would never find among his ſlaves the virtues of free-men. Chemiſtry can extract no more gold from a mixed body than is included in it; and the moſt arbitrary power can draw nothing from a ſlave but the baſeneſs he contains.—

What is arbitrary power? The ſeed of calamities, that, ſown in the boſom of a ſtate, ſpring up to bear the fruit of miſery and deva ſtation.—*Helvetius.*

THEN all the elders of Iſrael gathered themſelves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah,

And ſaid unto him, Behold, thou art old, and thy ſons walk not in thy ways: now make unto us a king to judge us like all the nations.

But the thing diſpleaſed Samuel, when they ſaid, Give us a king to judge us; and Samuel prayed unto the Lord.

And the Lord ſaid unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all they ſay unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I ſhould not reign over them.

Now therefore hearken to their voice: howbeit, yet ſolemnly proteſt unto them, and ſhow them the manner of the king that ſhall reign over them.

And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that aſked of him a king.

And he ſaid, this ſhall be the manner of the king that ſhall reign over you. He will take your ſons, and appoint them for himſelf, for his chariots, and to be his horſemen; and ſome ſhall run before his chariot.

And he will take your daughters to be confectioners, and to be cooks, and to be bakers.

And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive-yards, even the beſt of them, and give them to his ſervants.

And he will take the tenth of your ſeed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers and to his ſervants.

And he will take your men ſervants and your maid ſervants, and your goodlieſt young men, and your aſſes, and put them to his work.

He will take the tenth of your ſheep; and ye ſhall be his ſervants.

And ye ſhall cry out in that day, becauſe of your king; and the Lord will not hear you in that day.—

Samuel, b. i. chap. viii.

—LORD ſupreme o'er all this formal race,
The cedar claims pre-eminence of place.
Like ſome great eaſtern king, it ſtands alone,
Nor lets th' ignoble croud approach its throne;
Spreads out its haughty boughs, that ſcorn to bend,
And bids its ſhade o'er ſpacious fields extend;
While in the compaſs of its wide domain,
Heaven ſheds its ſoft prolific ſhow'rs in vain:
Secure and ſhelter'd every ſubject lies;
But robb'd of moiſture, ſickens, droops, and dies.
O image apt of man's deſpotic power,
Which guards and ſhelters, only to devour;
Lifts high in air the ſplendors of its head,
And bids its radiance o'er the nations ſpread;
While round its feet in ſilent anguiſh lie
Hunger, deſpair, and meagre miſery!—*R. P. Knight.*

THE lives and labours of millions are devoted to the ſervice of a deſpotic prince, whoſe laws are blindly obeyed, and whoſe wiſhes are inſtantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the ſplendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reaſon, there are few among us, who would obſtinately refuſe a trial of the comforts and cares of royalty. It may therefore be of ſome uſe to borrow the experience of Abdal Rahman, whoſe magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to tranſcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the cloſet of the deceaſed caliph. "I have now "reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by "my ſubjects, dreaded by my enemies, and reſpected by my "allies. Riches and honors, power and pleaſure, have waited "on my call, nor does any earthly bleſſing appear to have "been wanting to my felicity. In this ſituation I have "diligently number'd the days of pure and genuine happineſs, "which have fallen to my lot: they amount to *fourteen.*"—*Gibbon.*

SUCH dupes are men to cuſtom, and ſo prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A courſe of long obſervance for its uſe,
That even ſervitude, the worſt of ills,
Becauſe deliver'd down from ſire to ſon,
Is kept and guarded as a ſacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the ſhock
Of rational diſcuſſion, that a man
Compounded and made up, like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom luſt
And folly in as ample meaſure meet,
As in the boſoms of the ſlaves he rules,
Should be a deſpot abſolute, and boaſt
Himſelf the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleaſes, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any, or with no pretence
Of provocation giv'n, or wrong ſuſtain'd,
And force the beggarly laſt doit, by means
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of poverty, that thus he may procure
His thouſands, weary of penurious life,
A ſplendid opportunity to die?
Say ye, who (with leſs prudence than of old,
Jotham aſcrib'd to his aſſembled trees
In politic convention) put your truſt
I' th' ſhadow of a bramble, and reclin'd
In fancy'd peace beneath his dang'rous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his ſway,
Where find ye paſſive fortitude? Whence ſprings
Your ſelf denying zeal, that holds it good
To ſtroke the prickly grievance and to hang
His thorns with ſtreamers of continual praiſe?—*Cowper.*

DESPOTISM delights in war. It is its element. As the bull knows, by inſtinct, that his ſtrength is in his horns, and the eagle truſts in his talons; ſo the deſpot feels his puiſſance moſt, when ſurrounded by his ſoldiery arrayed for battle. With the ſword in his hand, and his artillery around him, he rejoices in his might, and glories in his greatneſs. Blood muſt mark his path; and his triumph is incomplete, till death and deſtruction ſtalk over the land, the harbingers of his triumphant cavalcade.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

WHAT are the chief conſiderations with deſpots, previouſl to going to war, and at its concluſion? Evidently the expenc

of *money*. Little is ſaid or thought of the lives loſt, or devoted to be loſt, except as matters of pecuniary value. Humanity, indeed, weeps in ſilence and ſolitude, in the ſequeſtered ſhade of private life; but is a ſingle tear ſhed in courts, or camps, or cabinets? When men high in command, men of fortune and family, fall, their deeds are blazoned, and they figure in hiſtory: but who, ſave the poor widow and the orphan, enquire after the very names of the rank and file? There they lie, a maſs of human fleſh, not ſo much regretted by the deſpots as the horſes they rode, or the arms they bore. While ſhips often go down to the bottom, ſtruck by the iron thunderbolts of war, and not a life is ſaved; the national loſs is eſtimated by the deſpot, according to the weight of metal waſted, and the magnitude and expence of the wooden caſtle. —*Idem.*

DESPOTISM! I would laugh at all thy extravagancies, thy ſolemn mummery, thy baby baubles, thy airs of inſolence, thy finery and frippery, thy impotent inſults over virtue, genius, and all perſonal merit, thy ſtrutting, ſelf-pleaſing mien and language! I would conſider them all with the eye of a Democritus, as affording a conſtant farce, an inexhauſtible fund of merriment, did they not lead to the malevolent paſſions, which, in their effects, forge chains for men born free, plunder the poor of their property, and ſhed the blood of innocence.—*Idem.*

WHERE God cauſed the ſun to ſhine gaily, and ſcattered plenty over the land, deſpots diffuſed famine and ſolitude. The valley which laughed with ſcorn, they watered with the tear of artificial hunger and diſtreſs; the plain that was bright with verdure, and gay with flowrets, they dyed red with gore. They operated on the world as the blaſt of an eaſt wind, as a peſtilence, as a deluge, as a conflagration. And have they yet ceaſed from the earth? Caſt your eyes over the plains of Ruſſia, Poland, a great part of Europe, the wilds of Africa, and the gardens of Aſia; European deſpotiſm has united with oriental, to unparadiſe the provinces of India.—*Idem.*

DESPOTISM is the grand ſource of human misfortune, the Pandora's box out of which every curſe has iſſued, and ſcarcely left even hope behind. Deſpotiſm, in its extreme, is fatal to human happineſs, and, in all its degrees and modifications, injurious. The ſpirit of it ought therefore to be ſuppreſſed on the firſt and ſlighteſt appearance. It ſhould be *the endeavor* of every good man, as far as his beſt abilities

will extend, to extirpate all arbitrary government from the globe. It ſhould be ſwept from the earth, or trampled under foot, from China to Peru.—*Idem.*

DULNESS.

DULNESS or deformity are not culpable in themſelves, but may be very juſtly reproached when they pretend to the honour of *wit* or the influence of *beauty*.—*Life of Pope.*

DOG.

OF all the beaſts that graze the lawn, or hunt the foreſt, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendſhip of man. To man he looks, in all his neceſſities, with a ſpeaking eye, for aſſiſtance; exerts for him all the little ſervice in his power, with chearfulneſs and pleaſure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and reſignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity; no diſtreſs induce him to forſake his benefactor. Studious to pleaſe and fearing to offend, he is ſtill an humble, ſtedfaſt dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the foreſt to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the truſty animal for all its ſervices!—*Goldſmith.*

DUTY.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whoſe laws our actions are governed, and who will ſuffer none to be finally puniſhed for obedience. But when, in proſpect of ſome good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules preſcribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of ſuperior wiſdom, and take all the conſequences upon ourſelves. —*Prince of Abyſſinia.*

DUTY and HAPPINESS.

IT is an undoubted truth, that our duty is inſeparably connected with our happineſs. And why ſhould we deſpair of convincing every member of ſociety of a truth ſo important for him to know? Should any perſon object, by ſaying, that nothing like this, has ever yet been done; I anſwer, that nothing like this has ever yet been tried. Society has hitherto been curſt with governments, whoſe exiſtence depended on the extinction of truth. Every moral light has been ſmothered under the buſhel of perpetual impoſition; from whence it emits

but faint and glimmering rays, always insufficient to form any luminous system on any of the civil concerns of men. But these covers are crumbling to the dust, with the governments which they support: and the probability becomes more apparent, the more it is considered, that society is capable of curing all the evils to which it has given birth.—*Barlow.*

DELAY.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and, though often vanquished, never destroyed.—*Rambler.*

DRUNKENNESS.

NOTHING is more erroneous than the common observation, that men, who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy persons when they are sober; for drink in reality doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men which did not exist in them before.—*Fielding.*

THERE is not perhaps a more excellent institution than that of *Pittacus*, mentioned by *Aristotle* in his politics, by which a blow given by a *drunken man* was more severely punished, than if it had been given by one that was sober; for *Pittacus* (says *Aristotle*) considered the utility of the public, (as drunken men are more apt to strike) and not the excuse which might otherwise be allowed to their drunkenness.—*Idem.*

DECEPTION.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.—*Rambler.*

DESPAIR.

CONSIDERING the unforeseen events of this world, we should be taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair.—*Fielding.*

UNHAPPY man! with storms of passion tost,
When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,

On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow boſom rung;
Then up he ſtarted, and with fix'd ſurpriſe,
Upon her picture threw his frantic eyes,
While thus he cry'd, "In her my life was bound,
"Warm in each feature is her mother found;
"Perhaps deſpair has been her fatal guide,
"And now ſhe floats upon the weeping tide;
"Or, on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
"All pale and cold ſhe wavers in the wind.
"Did I not force her hence by harſh commands?
"Did not her ſoul abhor the nuptial bands?"
Teach not, ye ſires, your daughters to rebel;
By council rein their wills, but ne'er compel.—*Gay.*

DISHONESTY.

DISHONEST minds, juſt like the jaundic'd ſight,
See honeſt deeds in a diſhoneſt light;
Thro' clouds of guilt, the innocent they view,
And ſtain each virtue with ſome vicious hue.
The juſt and good look with a different eye,
By generous hearts they generous actions try;
Govern'd by honor, honor they revere,
And think each virtue, like their own, ſincere.—*Beller.*

DISTRESS.

HAS pity loſt its mighty power to move,
That all my mournful ſorrows can't incline you,
To weigh my ſufferings with my real deſerts?
Can you then ſee me with a broken heart,
Wretched, wand'ring, and forſook by all,
Except th' inſulting rabble at my heels?
And as pinching need, or thirſt, or hunger,
Shall make me ſeek relief from door to door,
Perhaps receive harſh language and reproach,
Inſtead of ſuccour to ſupply my wants.
Then after all the mis'ries of the day,
Soon as th' unwholeſome night brings on its dews,
Under ſome dropping eve, or leafleſs hedge,
Shiv'ring and almoſt ſtarv'd with piercing cold,
Repoſe my weary limbs, with toil fatigu'd.—*Wandesford.*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

DOMESTIC happineſs, thou only bliſs
Of Paradiſe that has ſurviv'd the fall!
Though few now taſte thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, taſting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
Or too incautious to preſerve thy ſweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper ſheds into thy cryſtal cup.
Thou art the nurſe of virtue. In thine arms,
She ſmiles, appearing, as in truth ſhe is,
Heav'n born, and deſtin'd to the ſkies again.
Thou art not known where Pleaſure is ador'd,
That reeling goddeſs, with the zoneleſs waiſt,
And wand'ring eyes, ſtill leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail ſupport;
For thou art meek and conſtant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love,
Joys that her ſtormy raptures never yield.—*Cowper.*

THE great end of prudence is to give chearfulneſs to thoſe hours which ſplendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilirate. Thoſe ſoft intervals of unbended amuſement, in which a man ſhrinks to his natural dimenſions, and throws aſide the ornaments of diſguiſes, which he feels, in privacy, to be uſeleſs incumbrances, and to loſe all effect when they become familiar. *To be happy at home* is the ultimate reſult of all ambition; the end to which every enterpriſe and labor tends, and of which every deſire prompts the proſecution. It is indeed *at home* that every man muſt be known, by thoſe who would make a juſt eſtimate either of his virtue or felicity; for ſmiles and embroidery are alike occaſional; and the mind is often dreſſed for ſhow in painted honor, and fictitious benevolence.—*Rambler.*

THE higheſt panegyric that domeſtic virtue can receive, is the praiſe of ſervants; for however vanity or inſolence may look down with contempt on the ſuffrage of men undignified with wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very ſeldom happens that they commend or blame without juſtice.—*Idem.*

DISSENTIONS.

IN all diſputes between the people and their rulers, the preſumption is at leaſt upon a par in favor of the people. Experience may perhaps juſtify me in going farther. Where

popular diſcontents have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed and ſupported, that there has been generally ſomething found amiſs in the conſtitution or in the conduct of government. The people have no intereſt in diſorder. When they do wrong, it is their error, and not their crime. But with the governing party of the ſtate, it is far otherwiſe. They certainly may act ill by deſign as well as by miſtake. "The revolutions which "occur in great ſtates, are not the effect of chance or the "caprice of the people. Nothing diſguſts the grandees of a "kingdom ſo much as a weak or deranged government. But "the people never revolt through a thirſt of innovation, but "through impatience of ſuffering." Theſe are the words of a great man; of a miniſter of ſtate [Sully] and a zealous aſſerter of monarchy. What he ſays of revolutions is equally true of all great diſturbances.—*Burke.*

EQUALITY of MANKIND.

ALL men are created equal.—*Declaration of Independence.*

ALL men are born equally free and independent; therefore all government of right originates from the people, is founded in conſent, and inſtituted for the general good.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

ALL men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, eſſential, and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, poſſeſſing, and protecting property; in fine, that of ſeeking and obtaining their ſafety and happineſs. —*Conſtitution of Maſſachuſetts.*

ALL men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent, and unalienable rights; amongſt which are, the enjoying and defending life and liberty—acquiring, poſſeſſing, and protecting property—and purſuing and obtaining happineſs and ſafety.—*Conſtitution of Vermont.*

WHAT is the race of mankind but one family, widely ſcattered upon the face of the earth? all men by nature are brothers.—*Fenelon.*

———SEARCH we the ſecret ſprings,
And backwards trace the principles of things;
There ſhall we find, that when the world began,
One common maſs compos'd the mould of man;
One paſte of fleſh on all degrees beſtow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moiſt'ning blood.

The ſame almighty power inſpir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the ſouls the ſame.
The faculties of intellect and will,
Diſpens'd with equal hand, diſpos'd with equal ſkill,
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill.
Thus, born alike, from virtue firſt began
The diff'rence that diſtinguiſh'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from deſcent of blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good.—*Dryden.*

THERE is no more inward value in the greateſt emperor than in the meaneſt of his ſubjects. His body is compoſed of the ſame ſubſtance, the ſame parts, and with the ſame or greater infirmities: his education is generally worſe, by flattery, idleneſs, and luxury, and thoſe evil diſpoſitions that early power is apt to give. It is therefore againſt common ſenſe, that his private perſonal intereſt, or pleaſure, ſhould be put in the balance with the ſafety of millions, every one of which is his equal by nature.—*Swift.*

MEN are not naturally opulent, courtiers, nobles, or kings. We come into the world naked and poor: we are all ſubject to the miſeries of life.

The rich have not better appetites than the poor, nor quicker digeſtion: the maſter has not longer arms or ſtronger than the ſervant; a great man is no taller than the meaneſt artizan —*Rouſſeau.*

EMPIRE.

EXTENDED empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendor.—*Johnſon.*

EXERCISE.

SUCH is the conſtitution of man, that *indolence* may be ſtyled *its own reward:* nor will any eternal incitements be requiſite, if it be conſidered how much happineſs is gained, and how much miſery eſcaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.—*Rambler.*

EXERCISE cannot ſecure us from that diſſolution to which we are decreed; but, while the ſoul and body continue united, it can make the aſſociation pleaſing, and give probable hopes that they ſhall be diſjoined by an eaſy ſeparation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diſeaſes were from heaven, and chronic, from ourſelves: the dart of death, indeed, falls from heaven; but we poiſon it by our own miſconduct.—*Idler.*

EDUCATION.

CHILDREN, like tender Oziers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by ſecond nature prone.—*Dryden.*

PHYSICAL knowledge is of ſuch rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to eſtimate his ſkill in hydroſtatics or aſtronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Theſe are laws, therefore, are to be read at ſchool, that ſimply moral maxims of prudence, moſt principles of moral truth, and moſt models for converſation; and theſe purpoſes are beſt ſerved by poets, orators, and hiſtorians.—*Life of Milton.*

IT ought always to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.—*Rambler.*

I CONSIDER an human ſoul without education, like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties, till the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without ſuch helps, are never able to make their appearance.—*Spectator.*

ERROR.

IT is incumbent on every man who conſults his own dignity to retract his error as ſoon as he diſcovers it, without fearing any cenſure ſo much as that of his own mind. As juſtice requires that all injuries ſhould be repaired, it is the duty of him who has ſeduced others by bad practices, or falſe notions, to endeavour that ſuch as have adopted his errors ſhould know his retraction, and that thoſe who have learned vice by his example, ſhould, by his example, be taught amendment.—*Rambler.*

FREEDOM.

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COUNTRIES are generally peopled in proportion as they are free, and are certainly happy in that proportion; and upon the ſame tract of land that would maintain a hundred thouſand

freemen in plenty, five thouſand ſlaves would ſtarve. Liberty naturally draws new people to it, as well as increaſes the old ſtock; and men as naturally run, when they dare, from ſlavery and wretchedneſs. Hence great cities, loſing their liberties, become deſarts; and little towns by liberty grow great cities. —*Gordon.*

CIVIL freedom is not, as many have endeavoured to perſuade us, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abſtruſe ſcience. It is a bleſſing and a benefit, not an abſtract ſpeculation; and all the juſt reaſoning that can be upon it, is of ſo coarſe a texture, as perfectly to ſuit the ordinary capacities of thoſe who are to enjoy, and of thoſe who are to defend it. Far from any reſemblance to thoſe propoſitions in geometry and metaphyſics, which admit no medium, but muſt be true or falſe in all their latitude; ſocial and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variouſly mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and ſhaped into an infinite diverſity of forms, according to the temper and circumſtances of every community. The *extreme* of liberty (which is its abſtract perfection, but its real fault) obtains no where, nor ought to obtain any where. Becauſe extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates either to our duties or ſatisfactions in life, are deſtructive both to virtue and enjoyment. Liberty too muſt be limited in order to be poſſeſſed. The degree of reſtraint it is impoſſible in any caſe to ſettle preciſely. But it ought to be the conſtant aim of every wiſe public council, to find out by cautious experiments, and rational, cool endeavors, with how little, not how much of this reſtraint, the community can ſubſiſt.—*Burke.*

WHOSE freedom is by ſuff'rance, and at will
Of a ſuperior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Expos'd to manacles, deſerves them well.
The ſtate that ſtrives for liberty, though foil'd,
And forc'd t' abandon what ſhe bravely fought,
Deſerves at leaſt applauſe for her attempt,
And pity for her loſs. But that's a cauſe
Not often unſucceſsful; power uſurp'd,
Is weakneſs when oppos'd; conſcious of wrong,
'Tis puſillanimous, and prone to flight.
But ſlaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itſelf poſſeſs
All that the conteſt calls for; ſpirit, ſtrength,

The ſcorn of danger, and united hearts,
The ſureſt preſage of the good they ſeek.—*Cowper.*

TEMPT me no more. My ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlaveries of a court;
I've an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vaſſal-ſouls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate;
Then run in troops before him to compoſe his ſtate:
Move, as he moves; and, when he loiters, ſtand;
You're but the ſhadows of a man.
Bend when he ſpeaks; and kiſs the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of ſound:
Adore the follies of the great:
Wait till he ſmiles: but lo, the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.
Thus baſe-born minds. But as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain, or ſome ſtately tree,
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand, and as I go,
It keeps my body ſo;
No, I can never part with my creation-right.
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it free.—*Watts.*

WHEN God from chaos gave the world to be,
Man then he form'd, and form'd him to be free,
In his own image ſtampt the favorite race—
How dar'ſt thou, tyrant, the fair ſtamp deface!
When on mankind you fix your abject chains,
No more the image of that God remains;
O'er a dark ſcene a darker ſhade is drawn,
His work diſhonour'd, and our glory gone!—*Frenegu.*

ONE truth is clear from nature, conſtant ſtill,
Kings hold not worlds or empires at their will:—
Nor *rebels* they, who native *freedom* claim,
Conqueſt alone can ratify the name—
But great the taſk, reſiſtance to controul
When genuine *virtue* fires the ſtubborn ſoul.
The warlike beaſt, in Lybian deſarts plac'd
To reign the maſter of the ſun-burnt waſte,

Not tamely yields to wear a ſervile chain;
Force may attempt it, and attempt in vain——
Nervous and bold, by native valour led:
His proweſs ſtrikes the proud invader dead,
By force nor fraud from freedom's charms beguil'd,
He reigns ſecure the monarch of the wild.—*Idem.*

FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirſty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldſt thou ſip, and ſip it up.
Make the moſt of life you may,
Life is ſhort, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Haſt'ning quick to their decline:
Thine's a ſummer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threeſcore:
Threeſcore ſummers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one.

FASTING.

THE miſer faſts, becauſe he will not eat;
The poor man faſts, becauſe he has no meat;
The rich man faſts, with greedy mind to ſpare;
The glutton faſts, to eat the greater ſhare,
The hypocrite, he faſts, to ſeem more holy;
The righteous man, to puniſh ſin and folly.

FRAILTY.

THE beſt of men appear ſometimes to be ſtrange compounds of contradictory qualities: and, were the accidental overſights and folly of the wiſeſt man,—the failings and imperfections of a religious man,—the haſty acts and paſſionate words of a meek man; were they to riſe up in judgment againſt them,—and an ill-natured judge be ſuffered to mark, in this manner, what has been done amiſs—what character ſo unexceptionable as to be able to ſtand before him?—*Sterne.*

FREEMAN.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are ſlaves beſide. There's not a chain
That helliſh foes confed'rate for his harm

Can wind around him, but he caſts it off
With as much eaſe as Samſon his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd
With thoſe whoſe manſions glitter in his ſight,
Calls the delightful ſcenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the reſplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inſpir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpreſumptuous eye,
And ſmiling ſay—My father made them all.
Are they not his by a peculiar right;
And by an emphaſis of int'reſt his,
Whoſe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whoſe heart with praiſe, and whoſe exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and ſtill upholds a world,
So cloth'd, with beauty, for rebellious man?—*Cowper.*

FIRST PAIR.

THE wide earth finiſh'd, from his weſtern throne,
In ſplendid beauty look'd the gladſome ſun;
Calm were the ſkies; the fields with luſtre crown'd,
And nature's incenſe fill'd th' etherial round.
Enſhrin'd in ſacred light, the Maker ſtood,
Complacent ſmil'd, and own'd the work was good.
Then from his hand, in ſilent glory, came
A nobler form, and man his deſtin'd name;
Erect, and tall, in ſolemn pomp he ſtood,
And living virtue in his viſage glow'd.
Then, too, a fairer being ſhow'd her charms;
Young beauty wanton'd in her ſnowy arms;
The heav'ns around her bade their graces fly,
And love ſat blooming in her gentle eye.
O pair divine! ſuperior to your kind;
To virtue faſhion'd, and for bliſs deſign'd!
He, born to rule, with calm uplifted brow,
Look'd down majeſtic on the world below;
To heav'n, his manſion, turn'd his thoughts ſublime,
Or rov'd far onward thro' the ſcenes of time;
O'er nature's kingdom caſt a ſearching eye,
And dar'd to trace the ſecrets of the ſky;

On fancy's pinions ſcann'd the bright abode,
And claim'd his friend, an angel, or a God.
Her he endu'd with nature more refin'd,
A lovelier image, and a ſofter mind.
To her he gave to kindle ſweet deſire,
To rouſe great thoughts, and fan th' heroic fire;
At pity's gentle call to bend his ear;
To prompt for woe the unaffected tear;
In ſcenes refin'd his ſoft'ning ſoul improve,
And tune his wiſhes with the hand of love.
To her he gave with ſweetneſs to obey,
Inſpire the friend and charm the lord away;
Each bleeding grief with balmy hand to heal,
And teach his rending ſinews not to feel;
Each joy t' improve, the pious wiſh to raiſe,
And add new raptures to his languid praiſe.
To this lov'd pair a bleſs'd retreat was given,
A ſeat for angels, and an humbler heaven;
Fair Eden nam'd: in ſwift ſucceſſion, there
Glad ſcenes of rapture led the vernal year;
Round the green garden, living beauty play'd;
In gay profuſion earth her treaſures ſpread;
The air breath'd fragrance: ſtreams harmonious rung,
And love, and tranſport, tun'd the aerial ſong.—*Dwight.*

FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the ſiſter of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor; and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almoſt always produce a paſſive compliance with the wickedneſs of others: and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practiſe thoſe crimes which they ceaſe to cenſure.—*Rambler.*

THOUGH in every age there are ſome who, by bold adventures or by favourable accidents, riſe ſuddenly into riches, the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expence muſt be reſolutely reduced.—*Idem.*

FAVOUR.

BESTOWING *one* favour on ſome men they think is giving them a right to aſk a ſecond. The firſt they look upon as a gift—the reſt are payments.—*Fielding.*

FORGIVENESS.

THE brave only know how to forgive;—it is the moſt refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions,—cowards have even fought, nay ſometimes, even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature;—the power of doing it flows only from a ſtrength and greatneſs of ſoul, conſcious of its own force and ſecurity, and above the little temptations of reſenting every fruitleſs attempt to interrupt its happineſs.—*Sterne.*

WHOEVER conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others, will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident. We may think the blow violent, only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are, on every ſide, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.—*Rambler.*

FAME.

THE evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.—*Shakeſpeare.*

ILL ſhall we judge, if from the mouth of fame
We mark the characters of vice and virtue,
Here pageants riſe, made by tradition heroes,
Form'd by the poet or the looſe hiſtorian;
There you behold imaginary gods,
Rais'd by the venal breath of ſlaves to heav'n,
Swoln with the praiſe of fools, ignobly great,
By luſt, ambition, tyranny or rapine;
While the good prince, whoſe ſoft indulgent nature
Delights in peace, and bleſſes all with plenty
Who ſmile beneath him, is revil'd and cenſur'd,
As an inactive, uſeleſs, idle drone.—*C. Johnſon.*

FATE.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.—*Shakeſpeare.*

MAN makes his fate according to his mind:
The weak low ſpirit fortune makes her ſlave,
But ſhe's a drudge when hector'd by the brave.
If fate weave common thread, he'll change the doom,
And with new purple ſpread a nobler loom.—*Dryden.*

HEAV'N has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes its bent;
But if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind;
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before her as ſhe flies.—*Idem.*

FIGHTING. (for native Country.)

——TO fight *Æmilius*,
In a juſt cauſe, and for our country's ſafety,
Is the beſt office of the beſt of men;
And to decline it when theſe motives urge,
Is infamy beneath a coward's cafeneſs.—*Havard.*

FLATTERY.

OF all wild beaſts, preſerve me from a tyrant,
And of all tame, a flatterer.—*Johnſon.*

——CEASE, ceaſe this flatt'ry!
'Tis a mean, vicious habit thoſe contract,
Who hide the ſettl'd purpoſe of their ſouls
Under its ſmooth and glitt'ring ornaments,
As they diſdain'd the honeſt company
Of plain and native truth.—*Marſh.*

HE that is much flattered, ſoon learns to flatter himſelf. We are commonly taught our duty by fear or ſhame; and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praiſes?—*Life of Swift.*

NEITHER our virtues or vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little inſolence. Pride

cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandiſhment, or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch who would ſhrink and crouch before one who ſhould dart his eyes upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he ſees himſelf approached with a downcaſt look, and hears the ſoft addreſſes of awe and ſervility. To thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favor by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtineſs that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmneſs and integrity.—*Rambler.*

FORTITUDE.

———\———IN ſtruggling with misfortunes
Lies the true proof of virtue. On ſmooth ſeas
How many bauble boats dare ſet their ſails,
And make an equal way with firmer veſſels:
But let the tempeſt once enrage the ſea,
And then behold the ſtrong ribb'd argoſie
Bounding between the ocean and the air,
Like Perſeus mounted on his Pegaſus;
Then where are thoſe weak rivals of the main?
Or, to avoid the tempeſt, fled to port,
Or made a prey to Neptune. E'en thus
Do empty ſhew and true-priz'd worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune.—*Shakeſpeare.*

LET fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a ſoul, that, like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's:
Souls know no conquerors.—*Dryden.*

WITH ſuch unſhaken temper of the ſoul
To bear the ſwelling tide of proſperous fortune,
Is to deſerve that fortune. In adverſity
The mind grows rough by buffeting the tempeſt;
But in ſucceſs diſſolving, ſinks to eaſe,
And loſes all her firmneſs.—*Rowe.*

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
When preſs'd by dangers, and beſet with foes,
The heav'ns their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeſeen expedients bring relief.—*A. Philips.*

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE ſometimes aſſumes a rugged brow,
But to endear her ſmiles, and make the turn
More welcome to us, as 'tis unexpected——
How ſweet is reſt after a toilſome day!
How pleaſant light after a length of darkneſs!
How reliſhing good fortune after ill!—*Havard.*

FORTUNE! Made up of toys and impudence,
Thou common jade, that haſt not common ſenſe!
But, fond of bus'neſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, and ſpoil the world's affairs.
She flutt'ring up and down, her favours throws
On the next met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom ſhe helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves but fools or knaves.
Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to woo her;
While ſhe ſtays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if ſhe offer once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things;
And arm'd with virtue, will more glorious ſtand,
Than if the wanton bow'd at my command.—*Buckingham.*

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron?
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſ-haps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For tho' Dame *Fortune* ſeem'd to ſmile,
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his honours a dog-trick.
For *Hudibras*, who thought he'd won
The field aſcertain as a gun;
And, having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop:
Found in few minutes to his coſt,
He did but count without his hoſt;
And that a turn-ſtile is more certain,
Than, in events of war, Dame *Fortune.*—*Hudibras.*

EXAMPLES need not be ſought at any great diſtance, to prove that ſuperiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride ſeldom fails to exert itſelf in contempt *and inſult.* This is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and *of honours* only enjoyed by the merit of others.—*Johnſon.*

FACTION.

FROM faction and violence in the cauſe of liberty, which diſgrace the cauſe itſelf, and give advantage to the favorers of arbitrary power, I *moſt anxiouſly diſſuade* all who love mankind and their country. Faction and violence are deſpotic in the extreme. They bring all the evils of tyranny, without any conſolation, but that they are uſually tranſient; whereas tyranny is durable. They deſtroy themſelves, or are deſtroyed by force in the hands of a ſuperior power. In either caſe, much is *loſt* to the cauſe of liberty; becauſe the perſons who have been betrayed by their paſſions into exceſſes, were probably *ſincere*; and if they had been alſo *diſcreet* and moderate, would have been effectual as well as zealous promoters of the public good. It is certain, that very honeſt men are very apt to be betrayed into violence by their warmth of temper. They mean good, and do ill. They become the inſtruments of diſpaſſionate knaves; and are often led into extravagances by the very party againſt whom they act, in order that they may be expoſed, and become obnoxious to cenſure.

Wiſdom is gentle, deliberate, cautious. Nothing violent is durable. I hope the lovers of liberty will ſhew the ſincerity of their attachment by the wiſdom of their conduct. Tumultuary proceedings always exhibit ſome appearance of inſanity. A blow ſtruck with blind violence may inflict a wound or a bruiſe, but it may fall in the wrong place; it may even injure the hand that gives it, by its own ill-directed force.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

FRIEND.

AS fire and water are of common uſes,
And in their kinds eſſential for ſupport:
So is a friend, juſt ſuch a friend as you;
The joys of life are heighten'd by a friend;
The woes of life are leſſen'd by a friend;
In all the cares of life, we by a friend
Aſſiſtance find—Who'd be without a friend?—*Windſor.*

THOU think'ſt me, ſure, that abject ſlave thou art,
A ſtranger to the ſacred laws of friendſhip,
Whom generous ſentiments could never warm.
Shall I, becauſe the waves begin to ſwell,
And gathering clouds portend the riſing ſtorm,
Deſert my friend, and poorly fly to ſhore?
Let them come on, and rattle o'er my head:

To the full tempeſt's rage expos'd together,
Safe in the bark of innocence we'll ride,
Outbrave the billows, and deride their tumult.—*Frowde.*

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP's dear ties for gen'rous ſouls were made,
When they relax, black woes our peace invade:
Friendſhip from every ill can life defend;
Our guardian angel's but a faithful friend.—*Savage.*

FRIENDSHIP, thou greateſt happineſs below!
The world would be a deſart, but for thee;
And man himſelf, a nobler ſort of brute;
Wherefore did Heav'n our god-like reaſon give?
To make the charms of converſation ſweet;
To open and unboſom all our woes;
For life's ſure medicine is a faithful friend.—*Tracy.*

THE two firm rocks on which all friendſhips ſtand,
Are love of freedom, and our country's glory;
Piety, valour, and paternal love
Form the ariſing pile: the other virtues
Candour, beneficence, and moral truſt,
Are ſuperſtructures, and adorn the dome.—*Havard.*

A TREACHEROUS friend is the moſt dangerous enemy; and both religion and virtue have received more real diſcredit from hypocrites, than the wittieſt profligates or infidels could ever caſt upon them. Nay, farther, as theſe two in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil ſociety, and are indeed the greateſt of bleſſings; ſo, when poiſoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worſt of civil curſes, and have enabled men to perpetrate the moſt cruel miſchiefs to their own ſpecies.—*Fielding.*

THE firmneſs and conſtancy of a true friend is a circumſtance ſo extremely delightful to perſons in any kind of diſtreſs, that the diſtreſs itſelf, (if it be only temporary, and admit of relief) is more than compenſated, by bringing this comfort with it.—*Idem.*

SO many qualities are neceſſary to the poſſibility of friendſhip, and ſo many accidents muſt concur to its riſe and its continuance, that the greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, and ſupply its place as they can with intereſt and dependence.—*Rambler.*

MANY have talked in very exalted language of the perpetuity of friendſhip; of invincible conſtancy and unalienable

kindneſs: and ſome examples have been ſeen of men who have continued faithful to their earlieſt choice, and whoſe affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But theſe inſtances are memorable, becauſe they are rare. The friendſhip which is to be practiſed or expected by common mortals, muſt take its riſe from mutual pleaſure, and muſt end when the power ceaſes of delighting each other.—*Idler.*

THE moſt fatal diſeaſe of friendſhip is gradual decay, or diſlike, hourly increaſed by cauſes too ſlender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Thoſe who are angry may be reconciled: thoſe who have been injured may receive a recompenſe; but when the deſire of pleaſing, and willingneſs to be pleaſed, is ſilently diminiſhed, the renovation of friendſhip is hopeleſs; as when the vital powers ſink into languor, there is no longer any uſe of the phyſician.—*Idem.*

THERE are few ſubjects which have been more written upon, and leſs underſtood, than that of friendſhip. To follow the dictates of ſome, this virtue, inſtead of being the aſſuager of pain, becomes the ſource of every inconvenience. Such ſpeculatiſts, by expecting too much from friendſhip, diſſolve the connexion, and, by drawing the bands too cloſely, at length break them. Almoſt all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind; they perſuade us to friendſhips, which we find impoſſible to ſuſtain to the laſt: ſo that this ſweetner of life, under proper regulations, is by their means, rendered inacceſſible or uneaſy. It is certain, the beſt method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in ſome meaſure, make itſelf: a ſimilitude of minds or ſtudies, and even ſometimes a diverſity of purſuits, will produce all the pleaſures that ariſe from it. The current of tenderneſs widens, as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at firſt only in purſuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendſhip is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loſes its real name, and aſſumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that thoſe who regularly undertake to cultivate friendſhip, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependence gathers round us, is almoſt ever unfriendly; they ſecretly wiſh the terms of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the moſt virtue, are prepared to reſerve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his

decline. Increaſing the obligations which are laid upon ſuch minds, only increaſes their burden: they feel themſelves unable to repay the immenſity of their debt: and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent reſentment at the hand that is ſtretched out with offers of ſervice and relief.—*Goldſmith.*

FILIAL PIETY.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father!
Can I forget thy cares, from helpleſs years
Thy tenderneſs for me? An eye ſtill beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harſh word thy tongue? Shall I for theſe
Repay thy ſtooping venerable age
With ſhame, diſquiet, anguiſh, and diſhonour?
It muſt not be!—Thou firſt of angels, come,
Sweet Filial Piety, and firm my breaſt!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate ſubmit,
Be nobly wretched, but her father happy.—*Thomſon.*

—PR'YTHEE, *Trim*, quoth my father,—What doſt thou mean, by "*honouring thy father and thy mother?*"

Allowing them, an't pleaſe your honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay when they grow old.—And didſt thou do that, *Trim?* ſaid *Yorick.*—He did, indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*—Then, *Trim*, ſaid *Yorick*, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the beſt commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue*; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the *Talmud* itſelf.—*Sterne.*

FASHION.

THERE are few enterpriſes ſo hopeleſs as conteſts with the *faſhion*, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and ſtrong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagoniſt, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean converſation, and narrow fortune; who envies the elevations which he cannot reach; who would gladly embitter the happineſs which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake; and who has no other end in his advice, than to revenge his own mortification, by hindering thoſe, whom their birth and taſte have ſet above him, from the enjoyment of their ſuperiority, and bringing them down to a level with himſelf.—*Rambler.*

NOTHING exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in faſhion, but a fool that's out;

His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply. More ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavor to be wiſe.—*Young.*

BE not the firſt by whom the new is tried;
Be not the laſt, to lay the old aſide.

FAIR of AMERICA.

YE blooming daughters of the weſtern world,
Whoſe graceful locks by artleſs hands are curl'd,
Whoſe limbs of ſymmetry, and ſnowy breaſt,
Allure to love, in ſimple neatneſs dreſt;
Beneath the veil of modeſty, who hide
The boaſt of nature and of virgin pride—
(For beauty needs no meretricious art
To find a paſſage to the op'ning heart)
Oh make your charms ev'n in my ſong admir'd,
My ſong immortal by your charms inſpir'd.

Though laviſh nature ſheds each various grace,
That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
Though health, with innocence, and glee, the while
Dance in their eye, and wanton in their ſmile—
Tho' mid the lilly's white, unfolds the roſe,
As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows,
Spontaneous bloſſom of the tranſient bluſh,
Which glows and reddens to a ſcarlet bluſh,
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
Firſt feels of love the palpitating ſtarts,
Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
Her boſom heaving with the bounding tide—
Though ſweet their lips, their features more than fair—
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms;
Yet ſomething ſtill beyond th' exterior form,
With goodneis fraught, with animation warm,
Inſpires their actions; dignifies their mien;
Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each ſcene.
'Tis thoſe perfections of ſuperior kind,
The moral beauties which adorn the mind:

'Tis thoſe enchanting ſounds, mellifluous, hung
In words of truth and kindneſs on their tongue—
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
And calls the lovelineſs of beauty forth;
'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
Like vernal ſun-beams, round cœrulian ſkies;
Bright emanations of the ſpotleſs ſoul,
Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole.—*Humphreys.*

FALSE ALARMS.

THE proud ſupporters of tyranny, in which they hope to partake, have always uſed falſe alarms, falſe plots, cunningly-contrived nicknames, and watchwords, to ſet the unthinking people againſt thoſe who were promoting their greateſt good.

When Chriſt began to preach, we read, in the ſeventh chapter of St. Luke, that the multitude and the publicans heard him; but the ſcribes and the phariſees *rejected* the counſel of God towards them. They, like all perſons of ſimilar temper and rank, flouriſhing by abuſes, could not bear *innovation.*

The moſt powerful argument they uſed againſt him was this queſtion:——*Have any of the rulers and the phariſees believed in him?* In modern times, the queſtion would have been, have any perſons of faſhion and diſtinction given countenance to him? Does my lord—or my lady—or Sir Harry go to hear him preach?—Or is he ſomebody whom nobody knows?—Such is the language of the ſpirit of deſpotiſm, in all times and countries.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

GENTLENESS of ADDRESS.

THE ſofteſt and gentleſt addreſs to the erroneous, is the beſt way to convince them of their miſtake. Sometimes 'tis neceſſary to repreſent to your opponent, that he is not far off from the truth, and that you would fain draw him a little nearer to it; commend and eſtabliſh whatever he ſays that is juſt and true, as our bleſſed Saviour treated the young ſcribe, when he anſwered well concerning the two great commandments; "Thou art not far," ſays our Lord, "from the "kingdom of heaven," *Mark* xii. 34. Imitate the mildneſs and conduct of the bleſſed Jeſus.

Come as near to your opponent as you can in all your propoſitions, and yield to him as much as you dare, in a conſiſtence with truth and juſtice.

'Tis a very great and fatal miſtake in perſons who attempt to convince or reconcile others to their party, when they make

the difference appear as wide as poſſible. This is ſhocking to any perſon who is to be convinced. He will chooſe rather to keep and maintain his own opinions, if he cannot come into yours without renouncing and abandoning every thing that he believed before. Human nature muſt be flattered a little, as well as reaſoned with, that ſo the argument may be able to come at his underſtanding, which otherwiſe will be thruſt off at a diſtance. If you charge a man with nonſenſe and abſurdities, with hereſy and ſelf-contradiction, you take a very wrong ſtep towards convincing him.

Remember, that error is not to be rooted out of the mind of man by reproachings and railings, by flaſhes of wit and biting jeſts, by loud exclamations or ſharp ridicule. Long declamations and triumphs over our neighbour's miſtake, will not prove the way to convince him; theſe are ſigns either of a bad cauſe, or of want of arguments or capacity for the defence of a good one.—*Watts.*

GALLANTRY.

GALLANTRY, though a faſhionable crime, is a very deteſtable one; and the wretch who pilfers from us in the hour of diſtreſs, is an innocent character compared to the plunderer who wantonly robs us of happineſs and reputation. —*Kelly.*

GENTLEMAN.

NOR ſtand ſo much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's duſt and bones: and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.—*B. Johnſon.*

GLORY.

——————THERE's not a homely peaſant,
If grac'd with innocence, tho' nurs'd in toil,
But boaſts more glory than a tainted grandeur.—*Savage.*

——————————REAL glory
Springs from the ſilent conqueſt of ourſelves;
And, without that, the conqueror is nought
But the firſt ſlave.—*Thomſon.*

GOOD BREEDING

IS not confined to externals, much leſs to any particular dreſs or attitude of the body; it is the art of pleaſing, or

contributing as much as poſſible to the eaſe and happineſs of thoſe with whom we converſe.—*Fielding.*

PERHAPS the ſummary of good breeding may be reduced to this rule, "behave unto all men, as you would they ſhould behave unto you."—This will moſt certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmoſt civility and reſpect, there being nothing which we deſire more, than to be treated ſo by them. The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all loſt in the character of the well bred man; or if nature ſhould now and then venture to peep forth, ſhe withdraws in an inſtant, and doth not ſhew enough of herſelf to become ridiculous.—*Idem.*

GOD.

IT is not ſo with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhews:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n we count the act of men.—*Shakeſpeare.*

THO' all the doors are ſure, and all our ſervants
As ſure bound with their ſleeps, yet there is one
That wakes above, whoſe eye no ſleep can bind.
He ſees thro' doors, and darkneſs, and our thoughts;
And therefore as we ſhould avoid with fear,
To think amiſs ourſelves before his ſearch,
So ſhould we be as cautious to ſhun
All cauſe, that others think not ill of us.—*Chapman.*

THAT mind muſt ſurely err, whoſe narrow ſcope
Confines religion to a place or clime;
A power unknown, that actuates the world,
Whoſe eye is juſt, whoſe ev'ry thought is wiſdom,
Regards alone the tribute of the heart;
Pride in his awful ſight thinks back appall'd;
Humility is eldeſt born of Virtue,
And claims her birth-right at the throne of Heav'n.—*Murphy.*

THOU didſt. O mighty God! exiſt
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of ſpace:
Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd;
Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The ſtreaks of light appear'd;

Before the high celeſtial arch
On ſtarry poles was rear'd:
Before the loud melodious ſpheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the ſhining roads of heav'n
Were meaſur'd by the ſun;
Ere thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the ſons of light
Ecſtatic anthems ſung:
Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliſs, O ſacred Spring of life,
Thy glory was the ſame.
And when the pillars of the world
With ſudden ruin break,
And all this vaſt and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;
When from her orb the moon ſhall ſtart,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſun roll back,
And all the trembling ſtarry lamps
Their ancient courſe forſake;
For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlaſting years,
Shall thy exiſtence be.—*Mrs. Rowe.*

SHOULD fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where He vital ſpreads, there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing! I cannot go
Where univerſal love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſuns:
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion.—But I loſe

Myſelf in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe his praiſe.—*Thomſon.*

GAMING.

THE votaries to gaming ſhould be ſuch as want helps for converſation; and none ſhould always have cards in their hands, but thoſe who have nothing but the weather in their mouths; thus gaming would be of ſervice to the republic of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonſenſe.—*Fielding.*

GAMING is a vice the more dangerous as it is deceitful; and, contrary to every other ſpecies of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increaſing their wealth; ſo that avarice itſelf is ſo far from ſecuring us againſt its temptations, that it often betrays the more thoughtleſs and giddy part of mankind into them, promiſing riches without bounds, and thoſe to be acquired by the moſt ſudden, as well as eaſy, and indeed pleaſant means.—*Idem.*

GRATITUDE.

THE wretch whom gratitude once fails to bind,
To truth or honor let him lay no claim;
But ſtand confeſs'd the brute diſguis'd in man.
And when we would, with utmoſt deteſtation,
Single ſome monſter from the traitor herd,
'Tis but to ſay, ingratitude's his crime.—*Frowde.*

WHEN gratitude o'erflows the ſwelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praiſe
For benefits receiv'd; propitious heaven
Takes ſuch acknowledgment as fragrant incenſe,
And doubles all its bleſſings.—*Lyllo.*

GOOD NATURE.

GOOD-NATURE is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind, which diſpoſes us to feel the misfortunes, and enjoy the happineſs of others; and conſequently puſhes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former, and that without abſtract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion.—*Fielding.*

GOVERNMENT.

TO hinder inſurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no ſubjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To ſoften the obdurate,

to convince the miſtaken, to mollify the reſentful, are worthy of a ſtateſman; but it affords a legiſlator little ſelf-applauſe, to conſider, that where there was formerly an inſurrection, there is now a wilderneſs.—*Johnſon.*

THE general ſtory of mankind will evince, that lawful and ſettled authority is very ſeldom reſiſted when it is well employed. Groſs corruption, or evident imbecility, is neceſſary to the ſuppreſſion of that reverence, with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, or thoſe whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendor, and fortified by power.—*Rambler.*

ALL government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromiſe and barter. We balance inconveniencies; we give and take; we remit ſome rights, that we may enjoy others; and, we chuſe rather to be happy citizens, than ſubtle diſputants. As we muſt give away ſome natural liberty, to enjoy civil advantages; ſo we muſt ſacrifice ſome civil liberties, for the advantages to be derived from the communion and fellowſhip of a great empire. But in all fair dealing, the thing bought, muſt bear ſome proportion to the purchaſe paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of his ſoul.—*Burke.*

TO meliorate the condition of human nature, can be the only rational end of government. It cannot be deſigned to favor one deſcription of men, a *minority*, at the expenſe of all others; who, having received life from him who alone can give it, received, at the ſame time, a right to enjoy it in liberty and ſecurity. This was the charter of God and nature; which no mortal, however elevated by conqueſt or inheritance, can annul or violate without impiety. All government, which makes not the advancement of human happineſs, and the comfort of the individuals who are ſubject to its control, the *prime* purpoſe of its operations, partakes of deſpotiſm.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

THE majority of men are poor and obſcure. To them all party attachments to names and families, little known as public benefactors, muſt appear at once abſurd and injurious. They are the perſons who ſtand in moſt need of protection and aſſiſtance from the powerful. The rich, under all governments, have a thouſand means of procuring either comfort or defence. It is the maſs, the poor and middling ranks, unknown to, and unknowing courts or kings, who require all the alleviation which men enlightened by knowledge, furniſhed with opulence, elevated by rank can afford to leſſen the natural evils of life,

aggravated by the moral and artificial. Government poſſeſſes the power of alleviating, and ſometimes of removing, that moral and phyſical evil which embitters exiſtence. How deplorable, when government becomes ſo perverted, as to increaſe the evil it was deſigned to cure. Yet this has been, and is now the caſe on a great part of the globe; inſomuch that the learned and judicious Dr. Prideaux, whoſe integrity is as well known as his ability, uſed to ſay, "that it was a doubt with him, whether the beneſit which the world receives from government, was ſufficient to make amends for the calamities which it ſuffers from the follies, miſtakes, and mal-adminiſtration of thoſe who manage it."—*Idem.*

FEW and evil are our days, even when they proceed to their natural extent, and are attended with the common portion of health and proſperity. Yet, as if a *ſuperfluity* of years and happineſs were laviſhed on men, the chief buſineſs of the greateſt part of the governments on the whole earth has been to abbreviate life, to poiſon and embitter its ſweeteſt pleaſures, and add new pungency to its anguiſh. Yet ſee the falſe *glitter* of happineſs, the pomp and parade which ſuch governments aſſume; obſerve the gravity and inſolence of ſuperiority which their miniſters, their ſtateſmen, aad their warriors, aſſume, and you would imagine them a commiſſioned regency, lord lieutenants ſent by heaven to rule this lower world, and to rectify all diſorders which had eſcaped the vigilance of the Deity. The time has been when they have actually claimed the title of God's vicegerents, and have been literally worſhipped as gods by the ſervile crew of courtiers—men gradually bowed down by deſpotiſm from the erect port of native dignity, and driven by fear to crouch under the moſt degrading of all ſuperſtition, the political idolatry of a baſe fellow-creature.—*Idem.*

I LAY it down as an incontrovertible axiom, that all who are born into the world have a right to be as happy in it as the unavoidable evils of nature, and their own diſordered paſſions, will allow. The grand object of all good government, of all government that is not an uſurpation, muſt be to promote this happineſs, to aſſiſt every individual in its attainment and ſecurity. A government chiefly anxious about the emoluments of office, chiefly employed in augmenting its own power and aggrandizing its obſequious inſtruments, while it neglects the comfort and ſafety of individuals in middle or low life, is deſpotic and a nuiſance. It is founded on folly as well as

wickedneſs; and, like the freaks of inſanity, deals miſchief and miſery around, without being able to aſcertain or limit its extent and duration. If it ſhould not be puniſhed as criminal, let it be coerced as dangerous. Let the ſtraight waiſtcoat be applied; but let *men*, judging fellow men, *always* ſpare the axe.

For what rational purpoſe could we enter into life? To vex, torment, and ſlay each other with the ſword? To be and to make miſerable? No; I firmly believe, that the great King of kings intended every ſon and daughter of Adam to be as happy as the eternal laws of nature, under his control, permit them to be in this ſublunary ſtate. Execrated and exploded be all thoſe politics, with Machiavel, or the Evil Being, their author, which introduce ſyſtems of government and manners among the great, inconſiſtent with the happineſs of the majority. Muſt real tragedies be forever acting on the ſtage of human life? Muſt men go on forever to be tormentors and executioners of men? Is the world never to profit by the experience of ages? Muſt not even *attempts* be made to improve the happineſs of life, to improve government, though all arts and ſciences are encouraged in their progreſs to perfection? Muſt the grand art, the ſublimeſt ſcience, that of meliorating the condition of human nature, be ſtationary? No; forbid it reaſon, virtue, benevolence, religion! Let the world be made more and more comfortable, to all who are allowed the glorious privilege of ſeeing the ſun, and breathing the liberal air.—*Idem.*

THE principal objects of all rational government, ſuch as is intended to promote human happineſs, are two; to preſerve *peace*, and to diffuſe *plenty*. Such government will ſeldom tax the neceſſaries of life. It will avoid *wars*; and, by ſuch humane and wiſe policy, render taxes on *neceſſaries* totally ſuperfluous. Taxes on *neceſſaries* are uſually cauſed by war. The poor, however, are not eaſily excited to inſurrection. It is a baſe calumny which accuſes them. They are naturally quieſcent; inclined to ſubmiſſion by their habits, and willing to reverence all their ſuperiors who behave to them juſtly and kindly. They deſerve to be uſed well. They deſerve confidence. But oppreſſion and perſecution may teach them to lift their gigantic arm, and then vain will be reſiſtance. Let not wars then be wantonly undertaken, which, beſides their injuſtice and inhumanity, tend, more than any thing elſe, by increaſing taxes, to compel inſurrection. The poor man hears great praiſes beſtowed on the government he lives under, and

perpetual panegyrics on the conſtitution. He knows little of general politics. He judges from the *effects* he *feels.—Idem.*

CARE muſt always be taken to guard againſt all independence in the rulers, on the ſentiments of the people, and to provide, that they ſhall adminiſter, not their own power, but the powers of government.—*Chipman's Principles of Government.*

BY the force of habit, and inveterate national prejudices, abuſes are rendered ſacred; and, not unfrequently, come to be conſidered as rightful privileges: and thoſe inſtitutions, which were the offspring of chance or violence, to be extolled as the moſt perfect productions of reaſon, founded in the original and unalterable principles of nature. Such was the Britiſh government, and ſuch has been the force of habitual prejudice upon the people of that kingdom. That government has, indeed, received many improvements, with the improvements of the age: but they have generally been wreſted by force from the reigning powers, or interpoſed in a revolution of the crown. Many reſpectable characters long conſidered them as ſo many violations of the moſt ſacred rights. The greater part of the nation appear fully perſuaded, that all farther improvements are impracticable, and that becauſe their government was once the beſt, perhaps, which exiſted in the world, it muſt, through all the progreſſive advances in knowledge, in morals, and in manners, continue the beſt, a pattern of unchanging perfection, though, in its principles, it is much too limited for the preſent ſtate of things. It is probable that all improvements in the government, will be oppoſed and prevented by thoſe in power, who are intereſted in the preſent order of things, till the improvements of an enlightened age, ſhall produce a violent concuſſion in the combat with ancient prejudices, and ſtruggle through a ſcene of tumult, outrage, and perhaps civil war, to arrive at ſome inconſiderable amelioration in their conſtitution.—*Idem.*

THE government of the United States of America exhibits a new ſcene in the political hiſtory of the world; a number of integral republics, each claiming and exerciſing all the powers of internal ſovereignty, within the limits of their reſpective juriſdictions, formed into one general government, with powers of legiſlation for all national purpoſes, and the power of executing all their laws, within the ſeveral ſtates, on the individual citizens, and that independently of local authority. This experiment was new; and the ſucceſs has, hitherto,

exceeded the moſt ſanguine expectation of its advocates. A ſituation ſo complicated, ſo different from that of ſimple governments, will have an effect, if not upon the laws of nature, from which the general principles are ultimately derived, yet to give a different modification to thoſe principles, owing to the different combinations and relative circumſtances of the conſtituent parts; and will have an influence on its organization, and the execution of its laws.—*Idem.*

THAT government, that conſtitution of ſociety, the principles of which dictate thoſe laws, and thoſe only, which are adapted to the preſent ſtate of men and manners, and tend to ſocial improvement, which are influenced by a ſenſe of moral obligation, and ſanctioned by the laws of nature, not of ſavage ſolitary nature, but of ſocial nature, in its improved and improveable ſtate, is incontrovertibly good. So far as it deviates, it is clearly faulty. Upon a candid examination, upon a fair compariſon, it will be found, that a democratic republic is alone capable of this pre-eminence of principle.—*Idem.*

GUARANTEE to every man, the full enjoyment of his natural rights. Baniſh all excluſive privileges; all perpetuities of riches and honors. Leave free the acquiſition and diſpoſal of property to ſupply the occaſions of the owner, and to anſwer all claims of right, both of the ſociety, and of individuals. To give a ſtimulus to induſtry, to provide ſolace and aſſiſtance, in the laſt helpleſs ſtages of life, and a reward for the attentions of humanity, confirm to the owner the power of directing who ſhall ſucceed to his right of property, after his death; but let it be without any limitation, or reſtraint upon the future uſe, or diſpoſal. Divert not the conſequences of actions, as to the individual actors, from their proper courſe. Let no preference be given to any one in government, but what his conduct can ſecure, from the ſentiments of his fellow citizens. Of property, left to the diſpoſal of the law, let a deſcent from parents to children, in equal proportions, be held a ſacred principle of the conſtitution. Secure but theſe, and every thing will flow in the channel intended by nature. The operation of the equal laws of nature, tend to exclude, or correct every dangerous exceſs.—*Idem.*

GRAVE.

WHAT will they then avail him in the grave?
His various policies, refin'd devices,
His ſubtle wit, his quick capacious thought?

Will they go with him to the grave? No, no!
Why then ſhould he be proud?—*Martyn.*

GRAVITY.

————I TELL thee what, Antonio,
There is a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a willful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhou'd ſay, I am Sir Oracle;
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
Oh, my Antonio! I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing.—*Shakeſpeare.*

YET ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' ſatire couch them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off nonſenſe with a better grace;
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where pins are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can artifice diſdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain:
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a ſot.
I find the fool, when I behold the ſcreen;
For 'tis the wiſe man's int'reſt to be ſeen.—*Young.*

GREATNESS.

————COULD great men thunder,
As Jove himſelf doth, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder:
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man!
Dreſs'd in a little brief authority,
(Moſt ignorant of what lies moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence), like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heav'n,
As make the angels weep;—*Shakeſpeare.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate you!—*Idem.*

———SINCE by your greatneſs, you
Are nearer heav'n in place, be nearer it
In goodneſs. Rich men ſhould tranſcend the poor
As clouds th' earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The ſun, to water dry and barren grounds.—*Tourneur.*

THEY that are great and worthy to be ſo,
Hide not their rays from meaneſt plants that grow.
Why is the ſun ſet on a throne ſo high,
But to give light to each inferior eye?
His radiant eyes diſtribute lively grace
To all according to their worth and place;
And from the humble ground theſe vapours drain,
Which are ſent down in fruitful drops of rain.—*Sir John Beaumont.*

OH greatneſs! bane of virtue and of honor!
Sure great and good can never meet in one.
Who would not rather wiſh in homely cells,
Or meaneſt cottages to lead his life,
Where dwells content, ineſtimable prize!—*Tracy.*

———WHAT a ſcene
Of ſolemn mockery is all human grandeur!
Thus worſhipp'd, thus exalted by the breath
Of adulation, are my paſſions ſooth'd?
My ſecret pangs aſſwag'd? The peaſant-hird
Who drives his camel o'er the burning waſte,
With heat and hunger ſmote, knows happier days,
And ſounder nights than I.—*Mallet.*

THRICE happy they, who ſleep in humble life,
Beneath the ſtorm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The great ſhould have the fame of happineſs,
The conſolation of a little envy;
'Tis all their pay, for thoſe ſuperior cares,
Thoſe pangs of heart, their vaſſals ne'er can feel —*Young.*

HE that becomes acquainted and is inveſted with authority and influence, will in a ſhort time be convinced, that, in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced.—*Rambler.*

THE awe which great actions or abilities impreſs, will be inevitably diminiſhed by acquaintance, though nothing either mean or criminal ſhould be found; becauſe we do not eaſily conſider him as great whom our own eyes ſhew us to be little; nor labour to keep preſent to our thoughts the latent excellencies of him who ſhares with us all our weakneſſes and many of our follies; who, like us, is delighted with ſlight amuſements, buſied with trifling employments, and diſturbed by little vexations.—*Idler.*

GREAT ONES.

THERE is nothing which I can ſo reluctantly pardon in the great ones of this world, as the little value they entertain for the life of a man. Property, if ſeized or loſt, may be reſtored; and, without property, man may enjoy a thouſand delightful pleaſures of exiſtence. The ſun ſhines as warmly on the poor as on the rich; and the gale of health breathes its balſam into the cottage caſement on the heath. no leſs ſweetly and ſalubriouſly than into the portals of the palace. But can the lords of this world, who are ſo laviſh of the lives of their inferiors, with all their boaſted power, give the cold heart to beat again, or relume the light of the eye once dimmed by the ſhades of death? Accurſed deſpots! ſhew me your authority for taking away that which ye never gave, and cannot give; for undoing the work of God. and extinguiſhing the lamp of life, which was illuminated with a ray from heaven. Where is your charter to privilege murder? You do the work of ſatan, who was a deſtroyer; and your right, if you poſſeſs any, muſt have originated from the father of miſchief and miſery.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

"THE common people," ſays a ſenſible author, "generally think that *great* men have *great* minds, and ſcorn *baſe* actions; which judgment is ſo falſe, that the baſeſt and worſt of actions

have been done by thoſe called *great men.* They have often diſturbed, deceived and pillaged the world: and he, who is capable of the higheſt miſchief, is capable of the meaneſt. He, who plunders a country of a million of money, would, in ſuitable circumſtances, ſteal a ſilver ſpoon; and a conqueror, who ſtands and pillages a kingdom, would, in an humbler ſituation, rifle a portmanteau.' I ſhould not, therefore, chooſe to expoſe my watch or purſe in a crowd, to thoſe men who have plundered Poland, if, inſtead of poſſeſſing a crown of jewels, and the pocket of ſubmiſſive nations, they had been in the circumſtances of a *Barrington* Nor, though men ſhould be called honorable, will it be ſafe to truſt our liberties to their honor, without ſome collateral ſecurity —*Idem.*

GRIEF.

BUT know, young prince, that valor ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction;
Theſe are not ills, elſe they would never fall
On heaven's firſt fav'rites, and the beſt of men.
Heaven in bounty works up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.—*Addiſon.*

LET us not, Lucia, aggravate our ſorrows,
But to kind heav'n permit the event of things:
Our lives diſcolor'd with the preſent woes,
May ſtill grow bright and ſmile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
Of ruſhing torrents, and deſcending rains,
Works itſelf clear; and, as it runs, refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror ſhines;
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair boſom ſhows.—*Idem.*

GUILT.

THE guilty ever are moſt hard to pardon;
Vice makes them ſtubborn, haughty, and remorſeleſs;
And as their views all centre in ſelf-love,
Soon hate what once controuls that darling paſſion.—*E. Haywood.*

AS by degrees from long, tho' gentle rains,
Great floods ariſe, and overflow the plains;

So men from little faults to great proceed,
Guilt grows on guilt, and crimes do crimes ſucceed.—*Wandesford.*

FEAR of detection, what a curſe art thou! O, could the young and artleſs mind but know the agonies that dwell with guilt, it would prefer the humbleſt lot with peace, to all that ſplendid vice can e'er beſtow.—*Griffith.*

GOOD SENSE.

GOOD-SENSE is a ſedate and quieſcent quality, which manages its poſſeſſions well, but does not increaſe them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preſerves ſafety, but never gains ſupremacy.—*Johnſon.*

GOOD HUMOUR.

TRUST not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms;
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt.
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn;
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn:
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.—*Pope.*

GOOD-HUMOUR may be defined, a habit of being pleaſed; a conſtant and perennial ſoftneſs of manner, eaſineſs of approach, and ſuavity of diſpoſition; like that which every one perceives in himſelf, when the firſt tranſports of new felicity have ſubſided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a ſlow ſucceſſion of ſoft impulſes.—*Rambler.*

SURELY nothing can be more unreaſonable than to loſe the will to pleaſe, when we are conſcious of the power, or ſhew more cruelty than to chooſe any kind of influence before that of kindneſs and good-humour. He that regards the welfare of others, ſhould make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that conſiders the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external aſſiſtance, muſt rather wiſh to be ſurrounded by thoſe that love him, than by thoſe that admire his excellencies or ſolicit his favours; For admiration ceaſes with novelty, and intereſt gains its end and retires. A man whoſe great qualities want the ornament of ſuperficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines

of gold, which will be frequented only till the treaſure is exhauſted —*Idem.*

NOTHING can more ſhew the value of *good-humour*, than that it recommends thoſe who are deſtitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendſhip to the worthleſs, and affection to the dull.—*Idem.*

GAIETY.

GAIETY is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak ſpirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety ſeldom fails to give ſome pain; the hearers either ſtrain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy or deſpair. Good-humour boaſts no faculties, which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleaſes principally by not offending.—*Rambler.*

WHOM call we gay? That honor has been long
The boaſt of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay. The lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, ſaturate with dew,
Beneath the roſy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-ſpring overſhoot his humble neſt.
The peaſant, too, a witneſs of his ſong,
Himſelf a ſongſter, is as gay as he.
But ſave me from the gaiety of thoſe
Whoſe head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And ſave me too from theirs, whoſe haggard eyes
Flaſh deſperation, and betray their pangs
For property ſtripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blaſphemy, the heart with woe.—*Cowper.*

GYPSIES.

I SEE a column of ſlow riſing ſmoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that ſkirts the wild.
A vagabond uſeleſs tribe there eat
Their miſerable meal. A kettle ſlung
Between two poles upon a ſtick tranſverſe,
Receives the morſel. fleſh obſcene of dog,
Or vermin, or at beſt, of cock purloin'd
From his accuſtom'd perch. Hard faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, juſt ſaves unquench'd

The ſpark of life. The ſportive wind blows wide
Their flutt'ring rags, and ſhows a tawny ſkin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great ſkill have they in palmiſtry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthleſs droſs into its place.
Loud when they beg—dumb only when they ſteal.
Strange that a creature rational, and caſt
In human mould, ſhould brutalize by choice
His nature, and though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himſelf,
Self baniſh'd from ſociety, prefer
Such ſqualid ſloth to honorable toil.
Yet even theſe, though, feigning ſickneſs, oft
They ſwathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their fleſh with artificial ſores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When ſafe occaſion offers, and with dance
And muſic of the bladder and the bag
Beguile their woes, and make the woods reſound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houſeleſs rovers of thy ſylvan world;
And breathing wholeſome air, and wand'ring much,
Need other phyſic none to heal th' effects
Of loathſome diet, penury, and cold.—*Idem.*

HONESTY.

THE man who pauſes on his honeſty
Wants little of the villain.—*Martyn.*

BE honeſty our riches. Are we mean
And humbly born? the true heart makes us noble.
Theſe hands can toil, can ſow the ground and reap,
For thee and thy ſweet babes. Our daily labor
Is daily wealth. It finds us bread and raiment.
Could Daniſh gold do more?—*Mallet.*

HONOR.

LET none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honor
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare!

How many be commanded, that command:
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honor! How much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vann'd!—*Shakeſpeare.*

MINE honor is my life: both grow in one.
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.—*Idem.*

Q. PRAY what's the height of honor.

A. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the ſecrets of a friend;
Rather to ſuffer than to do a wrong:
To make the heart no ſtranger to the tongue:
Provok'd, not to betray an enemy;
Nor eat his meat, I choak with flattery;
Bluſhleſs to tell wherefore I wear my ſcars,
Or for my conſcience, or for my country's wars:
To aim at juſt things. If we have wildly run
Into offences, wiſh them all undone.
'Tis poor in truth, for a wrong done, to die:
Honor, to dare to live, and ſatisfy.—*Maſſinger.*

——————————HE was a man
That liv'd up to the ſtandard of his honor,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth.
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once;
Tho' kept in darkneſs from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himſelf.—*Otway.*

NOT all the threats or favours of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind
Of him who to ſtrict honor is inclin'd.
Tho' all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Tho' all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-Magicians in their cells deviſe,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence, contemn them all,
And, decently array'd in honor, fall.—*Earl of Halifax.*

HONOR and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather and prunella.—*Pope.*

AMONG the *Symerons*, or fugitive negroes in the South Seas, being in a ſtate that does not ſet them above continual cares for the immediate neceſſaries of life, he that can temper iron beſt, is among them moſt eſteemed: and, perhaps, it would be happy for every nation, if *honors* and *applauſes* were as juſtly diſtributed, and he were moſt diſtinguiſhed whoſe abilities were moſt uſeful to ſociety. How many chimerical titles to precedence, how many falſe pretences to reſpect, would this rule bring to the ground!—*Johnſon.*

The Handſome and Deformed LEG.

THERE are two ſorts of people in the world, who with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become the one happy, and the other miſerable. This ariſes very much from the different views in which they conſider things, perſons, and events; and the effect of thoſe different views upon their own minds.

IN whatever ſituation men can be placed, they may find conveniencies and inconveniencies: in whatever company, they may find perſons and converſation more or leſs pleaſing: at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worſe taſte, diſhes better and worſe dreſſed; in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather: under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad adminiſtration of thoſe laws: in whatever poem, or work of genius, they may ſee faults and beauties: in almoſt every face, and every perſon, they may diſcover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Under theſe circumſtances, the two ſorts of people above-mentioned, fix their attention—thoſe who are diſpoſed to be happy, on the conveniencies of things, the pleaſant parts of

converſation, the well dreſſed diſhes, the goodneſs of the wines, the fine weather, &c. and enjoy all with cheerfulneſs. Thoſe who are to be unhappy, think and ſpeak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually diſcontented themſelves, and, by their remarks, ſour the pleaſures of ſociety; offend perſonally many people, and make themſelves every where diſagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, ſuch unhappy perſons would be the more to be pitied. But as the diſpoſition to criticiſe, and to be diſguſted, is perhaps taken up originally by imitation, and is, unawares, grown into a habit, which, though at preſent ſtrong, may nevertheleſs be cured, when thoſe who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of ſervice to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exerciſe it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has ſerious conſequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes. For as many are offended by, and nobody loves this ſort of people; no one ſhews them more than the moſt common civility and reſpect, and ſcarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into diſputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining ſome advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wiſhes them ſucceſs, or will ſtir a ſtep, or ſpeak a word to favor their pretenſions. If they incur public cenſure or diſgrace, no one will defend or excuſe, and many join to aggravate their miſconduct, and render them completely odious. If theſe people will not change this bad habit, and condeſcend to be pleaſed with what is pleaſing, without fretting themſelves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them; which is always diſagreeable, and ſometimes very inconvenient, eſpecially when one finds one's ſelf entangled in their quarrels.

An old philoſophical friend of mine was grown from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with ſuch people. He had, like other philoſophers, a thermometer to ſhew him the heat of the weather; and a barometer, to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but there being no inſtrument invented to diſcover, at firſt ſight, this unpleaſing diſpoſition in a perſon, he, for that purpoſe, made uſe of his legs; one of which was remarkably handſome, the other, by ſome accident, crooked and deformed. If a ſtranger, at the firſt interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handſome one, he doubted him.

If he ſpoke of it, and took no notice of the handſome leg, that was ſufficient to determine my philoſopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Every body has not this two legged inſtrument: but every one, with a little attention, may obſerve ſigns of that carping, fault-finding diſpoſition, and take the ſame reſolution of avoiding the acquaintance of thoſe infected with it. I therefore adviſe thoſe critical, querulous, diſcontented, unhappy people, that if they wiſh to be reſpected and beloved by others, and happy in themſelves, they ſhould *leave off looking at the ugly leg.—Franklin.*

HAPPINESS.

NO happineſs can be where is no reſt,
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of man is only bleſt,
He, as in ſome ſafe cliff, his cell does keep,
From thence he views the labour of the deep:
The gold-fraught veſſel, which mad tempeſts beat,
He ſees now vainly make to his retreat;
And when from far the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in ſilent joy, he is not there.—*Dryden.*

———TO be good is to be happy: Angels
Are happier than men, becauſe they're better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings. The bleſs'd know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodneſs.—*Rowe.*

WHAT art thou, happineſs, ſo ſought by all,
So greatly envied, yet ſo ſeldom found?
Of what ſtrange nature is thy compoſition,
When gold and grandeur ſue to thee in vain?
The prince who leads embattled thouſands forth,
And with a nod commands the univerſe,
Knows not the language to make thee obey.
Tho' he with armies ſtrew the hoſtile plain,
And hew out avenues of death, he ſtill
Loſes his way to thee, becauſe content
Appears not on the road, to light him to thee:——
Content and happineſs are then the ſame;——
And they are ſeldom found, but in the bed
Where unmoleſted innocence reſides.—*Havard.*

THERE is nothing more difficult than to lay down any *fixed* and certain rules for happineſs, or indeed to judge with

any preciſion of the happineſs of others from the knowledge of external circumſtances. There is ſometimes a little *ſpeck of black* in the brighteſt and gayeſt colours of fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and diſmal, there is often a *ſecret ray of light within the mind*, which turns every thing to real joy and gladneſs.—*Fielding.*

ALL natural and almoſt all political evils are incident alike to the bad or good. They are confounded in the miſery of a famine, and not much diſtinguiſhed in the fury of a faction. They ſink together in a tempeſt, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is *quietneſs of conſcience*, a ſteady proſpect of a happier ſtate, which will enable us to endure every calamity with patience.—*Johnſon.*

THE happineſs of the generality of people is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied.—*Ibid.*

IT is impoſſible to form a philoſophic ſyſtem of happineſs which is adapted to every condition in life; ſince every perſon who travels in this great purſuit, takes a ſeparate road. The different colours which ſuit different complexions, are not more various than the different pleaſures appropriated to particular minds. The various ſects who have pretended to give leſſons to inſtruct men in happineſs, have deſcribed their own particular ſenſations without conſidering ours, have only loaded their diſciples with conſtraint, without adding to their real felicity.—*Goldſmith.*

HUSBAND.

THE ſilleſt fellows are in general the worſt of huſbands: and it may be aſſerted as a fact, that a man of ſenſe rarely behaves very ill to a wife who deſerves very well.—*Fielding.*

HEAVEN.

WHAT a poor value do men ſet on heav'n!
Heav'n, the perfection of all that can
Be ſaid, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all theſe not ſubject to
The waſte of time; but in their height eternal;
Loſt for a penſion, or poor ſpot of earth,
Favour of greatneſs, or an hour's faint pleaſure;
As men, in ſcorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.—*Shirley.*

HOPE.

HOPE, with a goodly proſpect feeds the eye,
Shews from a riſing ground poſſeſſion nigh;
Shortens the diſtance, or o'erlooks it quite,
So eaſy 'tis to travel with the ſight.—*Dryden.*

CALL up your better reaſon to your aid,
And hope the beſt: that friendly beam is left
To cheer the wretch, and lighten thro' his ſorrows;
Nor can he ſink ſo low, but hope will find him:
The pleaſing proſpect of a better day
Shines thro' the gloom of life, and ſhortens pain.—*Havard.*

O HOPE! ſweet flatt'rer! whoſe deluſive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
Relieves the load of poverty, ſuſtains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,
And ſmooths the pillow of diſeaſe and pain,
Send back th' exploring meſſenger with joy
And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.—*Glover.*

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on hope relies;
And every pang, that rends the heart,
Bids expectation riſe.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.—*Goldſmith.*

HUMILITY.

WOULD I had trod the humble path, and made
My induſtry leſs ambitious; the ſhrub
Securely grows, the talleſt tree ſtands moſt
In the wind; and thus we diſtinguiſh the
Noble from the baſe; the noble find their
Lives and deaths ſtill troubleſome:
But humility doth ſleep, whilſt the ſtorm
Grows hoarſe with ſcolding.—*Davenant.*

THERE are ſome that uſe
Humility to ſerve their pride, and ſeem
Humble upon their way. to be prouder
At their wiſh'd journey's end.—*Denham.*

HYPOCRISY.

LOOK out of your door,—take notice of that man: ſee what diſquieting, intriguing and ſhifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honeſty would ſave him all this trouble—alas! he has them not.——*Sterne.*

A HYPOCRITE in ſociety lives in the ſame apprehenſion with a thief, who lies concealed in the midſt of the family he is to rob; for this fancies himſelf perceived when he is leaſt ſo; every motion alarms him; he fears he is diſcovered, and is ſuſpicious that every one who enters the room knows where he is hid, and is coming to ſeize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than fear, many an innocent perſon, who ſuſpects no evil intended him, is deteſted by him who intends it.—*Fielding.*

THE hypocrite ſhews the excellency of virtue by the neceſſity he thinks himſelf under of *ſeeming to be virtuous.*—*Rambler.*

HUMAN DEGRADATION.

I SEE the noble nature of man ſo cruelly debaſed,—I ſee the horſe and the dog in ſo many inſtances raiſed to a rank far ſuperior to beings whom I muſt acknowledge as my fellow-creatures, and whom my heart cannot but embrace with a fraternal affection which muſt increaſe with the inſults I ſee them ſuffer,—I ſee the pride of power and of rank mounted to ſo ungovernable a height in thoſe whom accident has called to direct the affairs of nations,—I ſee the faculty of reaſon ſo completely dormant in both theſe claſſes, and morality, the indiſpenſible bond of union among men, ſo effectually baniſhed by the unnatural combinations which in Europe are called ſociety, that I have been almoſt determined to relinquiſh the diſagreeable taſk which I had preſcribed to myſelf, and, returning to my country, endeavor in the new world to forget the miſeries of the old.—*Barlow.*

HEALTH.

—HOW ſweet is thy return, O health! thou roſy cherub! —my ſoul leaps forward to meet thee, whoſe true value thy abſence can only teach us!—When thou comeſt, *with healing on thy wings*; when every part, and nerve, and artery, are obedient to their office; and when this complicated machine

is ſo perfectly harmonized, that we perceive not that we have any part, or nerve, or artery, belonging to us, how ſweetly is the mind then attuned to receive pleaſure from every inlet of ſenſe!

—God of my life! who numbereſt my days, teach me to meet with gratitude, or patience, the good or ill, which in the tide of time ſhall float down with them! but never withdraw from me thoſe native ſpirits, which have been the cheering companions of my exiſtence, and have ſpread a gilding upon every thing around me!—that I may continue to view with rapture, the inexhauſtible volume of nature that is thrown open before me; on every page of which is charactered the impreſſion of thy omnipotent hand!—*Keate.*

HUMAN LIFE.

LIKE as a damaſk roſe you ſee,
Or like the bloſſom on the tree;
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the ſun, or like the ſhade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
E'en ſuch is man, whoſe thread is ſpun,
Drawn out, and cut, and ſo is done.
Withers the roſe; the bloſſom blaſts;
The flower fades; the morning haſtes;
The ſun doth ſet: the ſhadows fly;
The gourd conſumes; and mortals die.

Like to the graſs that's newly ſprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a ſpan,
Or like the ſinging of a ſwan:
E'en ſuch is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The graſs decays; the tale doth end;
The bird is flown; the dews aſcend;
The hour is ſhort; the ſpan not long;
The ſwan's near death; man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glaſs much like a look;
Or like the ſhuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the ſand;

Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the ſtream;
E'en ſuch is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The bubble's burſt; the look's forgot;
The ſhuttle's flung; the writing's blot;
The thought is paſt; the dream is gone;
The water glides; man's life is done.

HIRING SOLDIERS.

GOD, we read, made man in his own image; and our Saviour taught us, that he was the heir of immortality. God made no diſtinction of perſons; but behold a being, born to a ſceptre, though a poor, puny, ſhivering mortal like the reſt, preſumes to ſell, and let out for hire, theſe images of God, to do the work of butchers, in any cauſe, and for any pay-maſter, on any number of unoffending fellow creatures, who are ſtanding up in defence of their hearths, their altars, their wives, their children, and their liberty! Great numbers of men, trained to the trade of human butchery, are conſtantly ready to be let to hire, to carry on the work of deſpotiſm, and to ſupport, by the money they earn in this helliſh employment, the luxurious vices of the wretch who calls them his property. Can that ſtate of human affairs be right and proper, which permits a miſcreant, ſcarcely worthy the name of a man, ſunk in effeminacy, the ſlave of vice, often the moſt abominable kind of vice, ignorant and illiterate, debilitated with diſeaſe, weak in body as in mind, to have ſuch dominion over hundreds of thouſands, his ſuperiors by nature, as to let them out for pay, to murder the innocent ſtranger in cold blood?—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

HEREDITARY POWER.

NO office or place whatſoever in government, ſhall be hereditary—the abilities and integrity requiſite in all, not being tranſmiſſible to poſterity or relations.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

HUMAN NATURE.

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleaſure than the dignity of human nature, which often ſhews itſelf in all conditions of life: for notwithſtanding the degeneracy and meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a thouſand

occaſions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and ſhews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the ſoul of man as a ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidſt great heaps of rubbiſh, you meet with noble fragments of ſculpture, broken pillars and obeliſks, and a magnificence in confuſion. Virtue and wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing theſe diſorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible according to their ancient ſymmetry and beauty. A happy education, converſation with the fineſt ſpirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and obſervations upon mankind, are the great aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious work. But even among thoſe who have never had the happineſs of any of theſe advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch exertions of the greatneſs that is natural to the mind of man, as ſhew capacities and abilities, which only want theſe accidental helps to fetch them out, and ſhew them in a proper light.—*Spectator.*

IDLENESS.

——————WHAT is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? A beaſt—no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unuſed.—*Shakeſpeare.*

IT is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not ſtretch out his hand to take it.—*Johnſon.*

INDOLENCE is one of theſe vices from which thoſe, whom it once infects, are ſeldom reformed.—*Rambler.*

AS pride is ſometimes hid under humility, idleneſs is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavors to croud his mind with ſomething that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly; and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himſelf in his own favor —*Idler.*

PERHAPS every man may date the predominance of theſe deſires that diſturb his life, and contaminate his conſcience, from ſome unhappy hour when too much leiſure expoſed him to their incurſions; for he has lived with little obſervation, either on himſelf, or others, who does not know, that to be *idle is to be vicious.*—*Rambler.*

NO man is ſo much open to conviction as the *idler*; but there is none on whom it operates ſo little.—*Idler.*

IDLENESS can never ſecure tranquility; the call of reaſon and of conſcience will pierce the cloſeſt pavilion of the ſluggard, and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from ſleep. Thoſe moments which he cannot reſolve to make uſeful, by devoting them to the great buſineſs of his being, will ſtill be uſurped by powers that will not leave them to his diſpoſal; remorſe and vexation will ſeize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is ſo deſirous to appropriate —*Rambler.*

IMPROVEMENT of OUR REASONING FACULTY.

ACCUSTOM yourſelf to clear and diſtinct ideas, to evident propoſitions, to ſtrong and convincing arguments. Converſe much with thoſe men, and thoſe books, and thoſe parts of learning, where you meet with the greateſt clearneſs of thought, and force of reaſoning. The mathematical ſciences, and particularly arithmetic, geometry, and mechanics, abound with theſe advantages: and if there were nothing valuable in them for the uſes of human life, yet the very ſpeculative parts of this ſort of learning are well worth our ſtudy; for by perpetual examples they teach us to conceive with clearneſs, to connect our ideas and propoſitions in a train of dependence, to reaſon with ſtrength and demonſtration, and to diſtinguiſh between truth and falſhood. Something of theſe ſciences ſhould be ſtudied by every man who pretends to learning, and that, as Mr. *Locke* expreſſes it, "not ſo much to make us mathematicians, as to make us reaſonable creatures."—*Watts.*

INTERCOURSE with MANKIND.

CONFINE not yourſelf always to one ſort of company, or to perſons of the ſame party or opinion, either in matters of learning, religion, or civil life, leſt, if you ſhould happen to be nurſed up or educated in early miſtake, you ſhould be confirmed and eſtabliſhed in the ſame miſtake, by converſing only with perſons of the ſame ſentiments. A free and general converſation with men of various countries, and of different parties, opinions, and practices (ſo far as may be done ſafely) is of excellent uſe to undeceive us in many wrong judgments which we may have framed, and to lead us into juſter thoughts. It is ſaid, when the king of Siam, near China, firſt converſed

with ſome European merchants, who ſought the favor of trading on his coaſt, he enquired of them ſome of the common appearances of ſummer and winter in their country; and when they told him of water growing ſo hard in their rivers that men and horſes, and laden carriages paſſed over it; and that rain ſometimes fell down as white and light as feathers, and ſometimes almoſt as hard as ſtones, he could not believe a ſyllable they ſaid; for ice, ſnow, and hail, were names and things utterly unknown to him, and to his ſubjects in that hot climate: he therefore renounced all traffic with ſuch ſhameful liars, and would not ſuffer them to trade with his people. See here the natural effects of groſs ignorance.

Converſation with foreigners on various occaſions has a happy influence to enlarge our minds, and ſet them free from many errors and groſs prejudices we are ready to imbibe concerning them.—*Watts.*

IMPRECATION.

IF, ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, cruſh, cruſh thoſe vipers,
Who, ſingled out by a community,
To guard their rights, ſhall, for a graſp of air,
Or paltry office, ſell them to the foe.—*Miller.*

IMPRISONMENT.

WHY ſhould we murmur to be circumſcrib'd,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters?
When the whole world was meant but to confine us;
Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedom of the priſon:
Our ſoul was the firſt captive, born to inherit
But her own chains; nor can it be diſcharg'd,
Till nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone, to be at liberty.—*Shirley.*

INGRATITUDE.

HE has profan'd the ſacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileneſs:
With how ſecure a brow, and ſpecious form,
He gilds the ſecret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honeſty, but heav'n miſmatch'd it;
And furniſh'd treaſon out with nature's pomp,

To make its work more eaſy.
See how he ſets his countenance for deceit,
And promiſes a lie before he ſpeaks.—*Dryden.*

——WHERE Ingratitude, that ſin of upſtarts,
And vice of cowards, once takes root, a thouſand
Baſe, grov'ling crimes cling round its monſtrous growth,
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenneſs.—*Madden.*

INJUSTICE.

THE man who wears injuſtice by his ſide,
Tho' pow'rful millions follow him to war,
Combats againſt the odds—againſt high heav'n.—*Havard.*

WE upbraid the ſon whoſe father was hanged, whereas many a man who deſerves to be hanged, was never upbraided in his whole life.—*Fielding.*

INNOCENCE.

WHAT ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.—*Shakeſpeare.*

WE only who with innocence unſhaken,
Have ſtood the aſſaults of fortune, now are happy:
For tho' the worſt of men, by high permiſſion,
A while may flouriſh, and the beſt endure
The ſharpeſt trials of exploring miſery,
Yet let mankind from theſe examples learn,
That powerful villainy at laſt ſhall mourn,
And injur'd virtue triumph in its turn.—*Trap.*

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence;
The ſureſt guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poiſon'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Thro' *Lybian* ſands and *Scythian* ſnows,
Or where *Hydaſpe*'s wealthy ſide
Pays tribute to the *Perſian* pride.—*Roſcommon.*

THERE are ſome reaſoners who frequently confound *innocence* with the *mere incapacity of guilt*; but he that never ſaw, or heard, or thought of ſtrong liquors, cannot be propoſed as a pattern of ſobriety.—*Johnſon.*

INDEPENDENCE.

——————COULD men but know
The bleſſings which from *Independence* flow,
Could they but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
Of *liberty*, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his ſong:
But, if ſome playful child ſets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more;
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather ſtarves than to his cage return.
Hail, *independence!*—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
Tho' thou, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Tho' all deſpiſe thee, I will not deſpiſe,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy preſence, and enjoy. By angry fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, *thou* cam'ſt, tho' late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, *independence!*—never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot.—*Churchil.*

——————WHAT is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.

* * * * * *

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.—*Addiſon.*

HAIL! independence, hail! heav'ns next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou ſecret ſource!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight

That nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only free-man, walks his pleaſing round:
Sweet-featur'd peace attending; fearleſs truth;
Firm reſolution; goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever-new.
Theſe cheer his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Mean-time true-judging moderate deſires,
Economy and taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom fortune heaps, without theſe virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within;
That independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the foundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gayly-wretched train,
Tho' rich are beggars, and tho' noble, ſlaves.
My friends! be firm! nor let corruption ſly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds
By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determined, hold
Your independence; for, that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aerial from the ſpreading eye.—*Thomſon.*

INSTRUCTION of the PEOPLE.

THE people ſhould be tinctured with philoſophy and religion; and learn, under their divine inſtruction, not to conſider titular diſtinction and enormous riches as the chief good, and indiſpenſably requiſite to the happineſs of life. A noble ſpirit of perſonal virtue ſhould be encouraged in the riſing race. They ſhould be taught to ſeek and find reſources in themſelves, in an honeſt independence, in the poſſeſſion of knowledge, in conſcious integrity, in manlineſs of ſentiment, in contemplation and ſtudy, in every thing which adds vigor to the nerves of the mind, and teaches it to deem all honors

diſgraceful, and all profits vile, which accrue, as the reward of baſe compliance, and of a daſtardly deſertion from the upright ſtandard of truth, the unſpotted banner of juſtice.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

INFORMERS.

A MERCENARY informer knows no diſtinction.—Under ſuch a ſyſtem, the obnoxious people are ſlaves, not only to the government, but they live at the mercy of every individual; they are at once the ſlaves of the whole community, and of every part of it; and the worſt and moſt unmerciful men are thoſe on whoſe goodneſs they moſt depend.

In this ſituation, men not only ſhrink from the frowns of the ſtern magiſtrate, but they are obliged to fly from their very places. The ſeeds of deſtruction are ſown in civil intercourſe, in ſocial habitudes. The blood of wholeſome kindred is infected; their tables and beds are ſurrounded with ſnares; all the means given by providence to make life ſafe and comfortable, are perverted into inſtruments of terror and torment. This ſpecies of univerſal ſubſerviency, that makes the very ſervant who waits behind your chair the arbiter of your life and fortune, has ſuch a tendency to degrade and debaſe mankind, and to deprive him of that aſſured and liberal ſtate of mind, which alone can make us what we ought to be, that I vow to God, I would ſooner bring myſelf to put a man to immediate death for opinions I diſliked, and ſo to get rid of the man and his opinions at once, than to fret him with a feveriſh being, tainted with the jail diſtemper of a contagious ſervitude, to keep him above ground, an animated maſs of putrefaction, corrupted himſelf, and corrupting all about him.—*Burke.*

INSULT.

THERE are innumerable modes of inſult, and tokens of contempt, for which it is not eaſy to find a name, which vaniſh to nothing in an attempt to deſcribe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day paſs after day in ſorrow and in terror.—*Rambler.*

INVETERATE ABUSES.

THERE is a time, when men will not ſuffer bad things becauſe their anceſtors have ſuffered worſe. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuſe will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection——*Burke.*

ILL BREEDING.

ILL breeding, ſays the abbé Bellegarde, is not a ſingle defect, it is the reſult of many. It is ſometimes a groſs ignorance of decorum, or a ſtupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peeviſh malignity, which inclines us to oppoſe the inclinations of thoſe with whom we converſe. It is the conſequence of a fooliſh vanity, which hath no complaiſance for any other perſon; the effect of a proud and whimſical humour, which ſoars above all the rules of civility; or laſtly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itſelf with a rude and diſobliging behaviour.—*Fielding.*

INTEGRITY.

INTEGRITY without knowledge is weak, and generally uſeleſs; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.—*Johnſon.*

INDIAN.

LO! the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.—*Pope.*

IGNORANCE.

THE man who feels himſelf ignorant, ſhould, at leaſt, be modeſt.—*Johnſon.*

ASSUMING ignorance is, of all diſpoſitions, the moſt ridiculous; for, in the ſame proportion as the real man of wiſdom is preferable to the unlettered ruſtic, ſo much is the ruſtic ſuperior to him, who, without learning, imagines himſelf learned. It were better that ſuch a man had never read; for then he might have been conſcious of his weakneſs: but the

half-learned man, relying upon his ſtrength, ſeldom perceives his wants till he finds his deception paſt a cure.—*Goldſmith.*

JUDGE.

MAY one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law. But 'tis not ſo above;
There. is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.—*Shakeſpeare.*

————————FOR in a government
Th' offence is greateſt in the inſtrument
That hath the power to puniſh; and in laws
The author's treſpaſs makes the foulcſt cauſe.—*Nabb.*

JURYMAN.

AN office that requires the pureſt mind!
They whom their country chooſe for ſuch a truſt,
Upon whoſe verdict, as on fate, depend
Our properties, our lives, and liberties,
Shou'd to the awful ſeat of juſtice bring
An ear that's deaf to the deceiver's voice,
A breaſt untainted, and a hand unſtain'd;
And he that fills the ſolemn judgment-ſeat
Shou'd not too raſhly paſs the dreadful ſentence
On the accus'd, but weigh each circumſtance
'Till not a ſingle doubt's left in the ſcale;
Then judge with reaſon, and decree with truth.—*Cooke.*

JUSTICE.

OF all the virtues, juſtice is the beſt;
Valor, without it, is a common peſt:
Pirates and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd:
'Tis our complexion makes us chaſte or brave;
Juſtice from reaſon, and from Heav'n we have:
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
That in the ſoul, and gives the name of good:
Juſtice the queen of virtues!—*Waller.*

THERE is no virtue ſo truly great and god-like as juſtice. *Moſt of* the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or

accommodated to our nature as we are men. Juſtice is that which is practiſed by God himſelf, and to be practiſed in its perfection by none but him. Omniſcience and Omnipotence are requiſite for the full exertion of it: the one to diſcover every degree of uprightneſs in thoughts, words, and actions; the other, to meaſure out and impart ſuitable rewards and puniſhments.

As, to be perfectly juſt is an attribute in the divine nature, to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities, is the glory of man. Such a one, who has the public adminiſtration in his hands, acts like the repreſentative of his maker, in recompenſing the virtuous, and puniſhing the offender.

When a nation once loſes its regard to juſtice—when they do not look upon it as ſomething venerable, holy, and inviolable—when any of them dare preſume to leſſen, affront or terrify thoſe who have the diſtribution of it in their hands—when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cauſe may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits—we may venture to pronounce that ſuch a nation is haſtening to its ruin.

I always rejoice when I ſee a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his country's laws, can overcome all private fear, reſentment, ſolicitation, and even pity itſelf. Whenever paſſion enters into a ſentence or deciſion, ſo far will there be in it a tincture of injuſtice. In ſhort, juſtice diſcards party, friendſhip, and kindred; and is therefore always repreſented as blind, that we may ſuppoſe her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cauſe, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.—*Guardian.*

JUDGMENT.

NOTHING is more unjuſt than to judge of a man by too ſhort an acquaintance, and too ſlight inſpection; for it often happens, that in the looſe and thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, there is a ſecret radical worth, which may ſhoot out by proper cultivation; that the ſpark of heaven, though dimmed and obſtructed, is yet not extinguiſhed, but may, by the breath of counſel and exhortation, be kindled into a flame. To imagine that every one who is not completely good, is irrevocably abandoned, is to ſuppoſe that all are capable of the ſame degree of excellence; it is, indeed, to exact from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And ſince the pureſt virtue is

conſiſtent with ſome vice, and the virtue of the greateſt number, with almoſt an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too haſtily conclude, that all goodneſs is loſt, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for moſt minds are the ſlaves of external circumſtances; and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of cuſtom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard againſt them.—*Rambler.*

JEALOUSY of TYRANNY.

IT may be ſaid, that a too great jealouſy of liberty is equally dangerous with a too great confidence; that as the latter may plunge us into ſlavery, the former may into anarchy: I ſhould allow ſome weight to this objection, if in the whole courſe of our hiſtory, a refutation, in a ſingle inſtance, could be produced of theſe poſitions; that the ſpirit of liberty is ſlow to act, even againſt the worſt princes, and exerts itſelf in favor of the beſt with more effect than any other ſpirit whatſoever. I muſt therefore repeat, that the keeping alive the jealous ſpirit of liberty is a common cauſe; that a deteſtation of tyrants, or even thoſe who lean to tyranny, is inſeparable from this ſpirit; that Charles the Firſt was a tyrant in principle and in action; that thoſe who labour to reconcile us to his conduct and character, would deſtroy the ſpirit of liberty, and ultimately eſtabliſh the principle of non-reſiſtance; that a junto of mercenaries and court retainers do labour to theſe purpoſes; that it is, therefore, the duty of every common citizen, who has the intereſt of his country at heart, to exert continually whatever force he has, to defeat their purpoſes; or, at leaſt, weaken their influence; for in mechanics, the ſmalleſt force continually applied will overcome the moſt violent motions communicated to bodies.—*Gen. Lee.*

KING.

IT is the curſe of kings to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of ſtrife;
And, on the winking of authority
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty: when perchance it frowns
More upon honor than advis'd reſpect.—*Shakeſpeare.*

SOME would think the ſouls
Of princes were brought forth by ſome more weighty

Cauſe than thoſe of meaner perſons: they are
Deceived; there's the ſame hand to them; the like
Paſſions ſway them: the ſame reaſon that makes
A vicar go to law for a tythe pig,
And undo his neighbours, makes them ſpoil
A whole province, and batter down goodly
Cities with their cannon.—*Webſter.*

WHAT poor things are kings!
What poorer things are nations to obey
Him, whom a petty paſſion does command!
Fate, why was man made ſo ridiculous?
Oh! I am mortal. Men but flatter me.
Oh, Fate! why were not kings made more than men?
Or why will people have us to be more?
Alas! we govern others, but ourſelves
We cannot rule; as our eyes that do ſee
All other things, but cannot ſee themſelves.—*Fountain.*

————KINGS are like other miſers,
Greedy of more: they uſe not what they have.
As merchants vent'ring on the faithleſs ſeas
For needleſs wealth, are driven by ſudden ſtorms
On banks of ſands, or daſh'd againſt the rocks;
And all they have is ſunk and loſt at once!
Kings ruſh to wars, more faithleſs than the ſeas;
Where more inconſtant fortune waits their arms;
Where, in a moment, one unhappy blow
Ruins the progreſs of an age before.—*Hopkins.*

UNBOUNDED power and height of greatneſs give
To kings that luſtre which we think divine;
The wiſe who know 'em, know they are but men,
Nay, ſometimes, weak ones too. The croud indeed,
Who kneel before the image, not the god,
Worſhip the deity their hands have made.—*Rowe.*

WE view the outward glories of a crown;
But, dazzl'd with the luſtre, cannot ſee
The thorns which line it, and whoſe painful prickings
Embitter all the pompous ſweets of empire.
Happier the wretch, who, at his daily toils,
Sweats for his homely dinner, than a king
In all the dangerous pomp of royalty!
He knows no fears of ſtate to damp his joys;
No treaſon ſhakes the humble bed he lies on;
Nor dreads he poiſon in his peaceful bowels:

that the rights and privileges of the people are ſo many ſpoils taken from the rights and prerogatives of the crown; and that the rules and laws, made for the exerciſe and ſecurity of the former, are ſo many diminutions of their dignity, and reſtraints on their power. A patriot king will ſee all this in a far different and much truer light. He will make one and but one diſtinction between his rights and thoſe of the people: he will look on his to be a truſt, and theirs a property; and that his people who had an original right to the whole by the law of nature, can have the ſole indefeaſible right to any part.—

As well might we ſay that a ſhip is built, and loaded, and manned, for the ſake of any particular pilot, inſtead of acknowledging that the pilot is made for the ſake of the ſhip, her lading, and her crew, who are always the owners in the political veſſel, as to ſay that kingdoms were inſtituted for kings, not kings for kingdoms. To carry our alluſion higher, majeſty is not an inherent, but a reflected right.—*Bolingbroke.*

KINGS are naturally lovers of low company.—They are ſo elevated above all the reſt of mankind, that they muſt look upon all their ſubjects as on a level. They are rather apt to hate than to love their nobility, on account of the occaſional reſiſtance to their will, which will be made by their virtue, their petulance, or their pride. It muſt indeed be admitted, that many of the nobiliy are as perfectly willing to act the part of flatterers, tale-bearers, paraſites, pimps, and buffoons, as any of the loweſt and vileſt of mankind can poſſibly be. But they are not properly qualified for this object of their ambition. The want of a regular education, and early habits, and ſome lurking remains of their dignity, will never permit them to become a match for an Italian eunuch, a mountebank, a fidler, a player, or any regular practitioner of that tribe. The Roman Emperors, almoſt from the beginning, threw themſelves into ſuch hands; and the miſchief increaſed every day till the decline and final ruin of the empire.—*Burke.*

IF kings were republicans in the proper ſenſe, all the people would be royaliſts. But when brilliant honors and miniſterial employments are beſtowed on fools and knaves, becauſe they were begotten by anceſtors whom they diſgrace, or poſſeſs riches which they abuſe, government becomes a nuiſance, and the people feel an ariſtocracy to be little better than an automaton machine, for promoting the purpoſes of royal or miniſterial deſpotiſm.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

INSTEAD of wondering that ſo many kings, unfit and unworthy to be truſted with the government of mankind, appear in the world, I have been tempted to wonder that there are any tolerable, when I have conſidered the flattery that environs them moſt commonly from the cradle, and the tendency of all thoſe falſe notions that are inſtilled into them by precept and by example, by the habits of courts, and by the intereſted ſelfiſh views of courtiers. They are bred to eſteem themſelves of a diſtinct and ſuperior ſpecies among men, as men are among animals.

Louis the Fourteenth was a ſtrong inſtance of the effect of this education, which trains up kings to be tyrants, without knowing that they are ſo. That oppreſſion under which he kept his people, during the whole courſe of a long reign, might proceed, in ſome degree, from the natural haughtineſs of his temper; but it proceeded, in a greater degree from the principles and habits of his education. By this he had been brought to look on his kingdom as a patrimony that deſcended to him from his anceſtors, and that was to be conſidered in no other light: ſo that when a very conſiderable man had diſcourſed to him at large of the miſerable condition to which his people was reduced, and had frequently uſed this word, *l'etat*, [the ſtate;] though the king approved the ſubſtance of all he had ſaid, yet he was ſhocked at the frequent repetition of this word, and complained of it as of a kind of indecency to himſelf.

This capital error, in which almoſt every prince is confirmed by his education, has ſo great extent and ſo general influence, that a right to do every thing iniquitous in government may be derived from it. But, as if this was not enough, the characters of princes are ſpoiled many more ways by their education.—*Bolingbroke.*

I AM not at all ſurpriſed that in monarchies, eſpecially in our own, there ſhould be ſo few princes worthy of eſteem. Incircled by corrupters, knaves, and hypocrites, they accuſtom themſelves to look upon their fellow creatures with diſdain, and to ſet no value on any but the ſycophants, who careſs their vices, and live in perpetual inactivity and idleneſs. Such is generally the condition of a monarch. Great men are always ſcarce, and great kings ſtill more ſo.—*Monteſquieu.*

LOUIS XIV. at once the greateſt and meaneſt of mankind, would have excelled all the monarchs in the univerſe, if he had not been corrupted in his youth by baſe and ambitious flatterers. A ſlave during his whole life to pride and vain

glory, he never in reality loved his ſubjects even for a moment; yet expected at the ſame time, like a true deſpotic prince, that they ſhould ſacrifice themſelves to his will and pleaſure. Intoxicated with power and grandeur, he imagined the whole world was created ſolely to promote his happineſs. He was feared, obeyed, idolized, hated, mortified, and abandoned. He lived like a ſultan, and died like a woman.

It is therefore impoſſible there ſhould ever be a great man among our kings, who are made brutes and fools of all their lives, by a ſet of infamous wretches who ſurround and beſet them from the cradle to the grave.—*Idem.*

PRINCES in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are ſaid to diſcover prodigious parts and wit, to ſpeak things that ſurpriſe and aſtoniſh: ſtrange, ſo many hopeful princes, and ſo many ſhameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wiſdom and virtue; if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another ſort.—*Swift.*

HOW dangerous a ſituation is royalty, in which the wiſeſt are often the tools of deceit! A throne is ſurrounded by the train of ſubtlety and ſelf-intereſt: integrity retires, becauſe ſhe will not be introduced by importunity or flattery: virtue, conſcious of her own dignity, waits at a diſtance till ſhe is ſought, and princes ſeldom know where ſhe may be found; but vice and her attendants are impudent and fraudful, inſinuating and officious, ſkilful in diſſimulation, and ready to renounce all principles, and to violate every tie when it becomes neceſſary to the gratification of the appetites of a prince. How wretched is the man who is thus perpetually expoſed to the attempts of guilt, by which he muſt inevitably periſh, if he do not renounce the muſic of adulation, and learn not to be offended by the plainneſs of truth!—*Fenelon.*

THE leaſt fault a king commits produces infinite miſchief; for it diffuſes miſery through a whole people, and ſometimes for many generations.—*Idem.*

KINGS are generally miſtruſtful and indolent: miſtruſtful, by perpetually experiencing the artifices of the deſigning and corrupt; and indolent, by the pleaſures that ſolicit them, and a habit of leaving all buſineſs to others, without taking the trouble ſo much as to think for themſelves.—*Idem.*

TO princes who have been ſpoiled by flattery, every thing that is ſincere and honeſt appears to be ungracious and auſtere. Such princes are even weak enough to ſuſpect a want of zeal for their ſervice and reſpect for their authority, where they

do not find a ſervility that is ready to flatter them in the abuſe of their power. They are offended at all freedom of ſpeech, all generoſity of ſentiment, which they conſider as pride, ceniorioufneſs and ſedition; and they contract a falſe delicacy, which every thing ſhort of flattery diſappoints and diſguſts.—*Idem*

SUCH princes are a terror to mankind, and mankind a terror to them. They retire from the public eye, and immure themſelves in the palace. They love darkneſs, and diſguiſe their characters, which however are perfectly known; the malignant curioſity of their ſubjects penetrates every veil, and inveſtigates every ſecret; but he that is thus known by all, knows nobody. The ſelf-intereſted wretches that ſurround him, rejoice to perceive that he is inacceſſible; and a prince that is inacceſſible to men is inacceſſible to truth. Thoſe who avail themſelves of his blindneſs are buſy to calumniate or to baniſh all that would open his eyes. He lives in a kind of ſavage and unſociable magnificence, always the dupe of that impoſition which he at once dreads and deſerves. He that converſes only with a ſmall number of men, almoſt neceſſarily adopts their paſſions and their prejudices: and from paſſions and prejudices the beſt are not free. He muſt alſo receive his knowledge by report, and therefore lie at the mercy of tale-bearers, a deſpicable and deteſtable race, who are nouriſhed by the poiſon that deſtroys others; who make what is little great, and what is blameleſs criminal, who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who to anſwer their own purpoſes, play upon the cauſeleſs ſuſpicion and unworthy curioſity of a weak and jealous prince.—*Idem.*

FROM the lips of your courtiers you have heard, and hereafter you will much oftener hear, the groſſeſt flattery. Should you do that which the ſon of your ſlave could at any time have done better than yourſelf, they will affirm that *you have performed a moſt extraordinary act.* Should you obey your paſſions, they will affirm, *you have done well.* Should you pour forth the blood of your ſubjects as a river does its waters, they will pronounce, *you have done well.* Should you tax the free air, they will aſſert *you have done well.* Should you, powerful as you are, become revengeful, ſtill would they proclaim, you had *done well.* So they told the intoxicated Alexander when he plunged his dagger into the boſom of his friend. Thus they addreſſed Nero, when he aſſaſſinated his mother.—*Mirabeau. Memorial to the King of Pruſſia.*

LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE.

EXPERIENCE teaches, that the ſword, the faggot, exile, and proſcriptions, are better calculated to irritate than to heal a diſeaſe, which, having its ſource in the mind, cannot be relieved by remedies that act only on the body. The moſt efficacious means are ſound doctrines and repeated inſtructions, which make a ready impreſſion when inculcated with mildneſs. Every thing elſe bows to the ſovereign authority of the magiſtrates and the prince; but religion alone is not to be commanded.

What the ſtoics have ſo vauntingly aſcribed to their philoſophy, religion has a higher claim to. Torments appear trivial to thoſe who are animated by religious zeal: the firmneſs with which it inſpires them, deadens the ſentiment of pain; nothing they are obliged to ſuffer for its ſake, however aggravated, occaſions them ſurprize; the knowledge of their own ſtrength enables them to bear every thing, while they are perſuaded that the grace of God ſupports them. Though the executioner appear before them, and exhibit to their view the ſword and the ſtake, their minds are undaunted: and regardleſs of the ſufferings that are preparing for them, they are attentive ſolely to their duty: all their happineſs is in themſelves, and external objects make upon them but a feeble impreſſion.

If Epicurus, whoſe ſyſtem has been ſo much decried by other philoſophers, has ſaid of the ſage, that if he were ſhut up in the brazen bull of Phalaris, he would not fail to declare: "this fire affects me not; it is not I that burn:" do we imagine, that leſs courage was conſpicuous in thoſe, who, by various torments, were put to death a century ago, or that leſs will be diſplayed by future martyrs, if perſecution be continued? What was ſaid and done by one of them, when he was faſtened to the ſtake in order to be burned, is worthy our notice. Being upon his knees, he began to ſing a pſalm, which the ſmoke and the flame could ſcarcely interrupt; and as the executioner, for fear of terrifying him, lighted the fire behind, he turned and ſaid: "come and kindle it before me: if fire could have terrified me, I ſhould not be here; it depended on myſelf alone to avoid it."—*De Thou.*

WHOSOEVER deſigns the change of religion in a country or government, by any other means than that of a general *converſion* of the people, or the greateſt part of them, deſigns

all the miſchiefs to a nation that uſe to uſher in or attend the two greateſt diſtempers of a ſtate, civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppreſſions, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injuſtice: and, in ſhort, the miſerable effuſion of human blood, and the confuſion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men. Such conſequences as theſe, I doubt, are ſomething more than the diſputed opinions of any man or any particular aſſembly of men, can be worth.—*Sir William Temple.*

A CHRISTIAN church allows all its members the moſt perfect liberty of men and chriſtians. It is inconſiſtent with perſecution for conſcience ſake: for it leaves all civil rewards and puniſhments to kingdoms, and ſtates, and the governors of this world. It pretends to no power over conſcience, to compel men to obedience; no priſons, no axes, fire, nor ſword. It gives its miniſters power and authority to command nothing but what is found in the bible.—*Watts.*

EVERY individual has a natural and unalienable right to worſhip God according to the dictates of his own conſcience and reaſon; and no ſubject ſhall be hurt, moleſted, or reſtrained, in his perſon, liberty, or eſtate, for worſhipping God in the manner and ſeaſon moſt agreeable to the dictates of his own conſcience, or for his religious profeſſion, ſentiments, or perſuaſion; provided he doth not diſturb the public peace, or diſturb others in their religious worſhip.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

ALL men have a natural and indefeaſible right to worſhip Almighty God, according to the dictates of their own conſciences; no man can, of right, be compelled to attend, erect, or ſupport any place of worſhip, or to maintain any miniſtry, againſt his conſent; no human authority can, in any caſe whatever, controul or interfere with the rights of conſcience; and no preference ſhall ever be given, by law, to any religious eſtabliſhments or modes of worſhip.—*Conſtitution of Pennſylvania.*

ALL men have a natural and unalienable right to worſhip Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conſciences and underſtanding; and no man ought, or of right can be compelled to attend any religious worſhip, or maintain any miniſtry, contrary to, or againſt his own free will and conſent; and no authority can or ought to be veſted in, or aſſumed by, any power whatever, that ſhall in any caſe interfere with, or in any manner controul the right of conſcience, in the free exerciſe of religious worſhip.—*Conſtitution of Delaware.*

AS it is the duty of every man to worſhip God in ſuch manner as he thinks moſt acceptable to him; all perſons, profeſſing the chriſtian religion, are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty; wherefore no perſon ought, by any law, to be moleſted in his perſon or eſtate, on account of his religious perſuaſion or profeſſion, or for his religious practice; unleſs, under colour of religion, any man ſhall diſturb the good order, peace or ſafety of the ſtate, or ſhall infringe the laws of morality, or injure others, in their natural, civil, or religious rights; nor ought any perſon to be compelled to frequent or maintain, or contribute, unleſs on contract, to maintain any particular place of worſhip, or any particular miniſtry.—*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

THE civil rights, privileges, or capacities of any citizen ſhall in no ways be diminiſhed or enlarged on account of his religion.—*Conſtitution of Kentucky.*

CIVIL governors go miſerably out of their proper province whenever they take upon them the care of truth, or the ſupport of any doctrinal points. They are not judges of truth, and if they pretend to decide about it, they will decide wrong. It is ſuperſtition, idolatry, and nonſenſe, that civil power at preſent ſupports almoſt every where, under the idea of ſupporting ſacred truth, and oppoſing dangerous error.

All the experience of paſt time proves that the conſequence of allowing the civil power to judge of the nature and tendency of doctrines, muſt be making it a hindrance to the progreſs of truth, and an enemy to the improvement of the world.—Anaxagoras was tried and condemned in Greece for teaching that the ſun and ſtars were not deities, but maſſes of corruptible matter. Accuſations of the like kind contributed to the death of Socrates. The threats of bigots, and the fear of perſecution, prevented Copernicus from publiſhing, during his lifetime, his diſcovery of the true ſyſtem of the world. Galileo was obliged to renounce the doctrine of the motion of the earth, and ſuffered a year's impriſonment for having aſſerted it.—*Price.*

THE error ſeems not ſufficiently eradicated, that the operations of the mind, as well as the acts of the body, are ſubject to the coercion of the laws. But our rulers can have authority over ſuch natural rights only as we have ſubmitted to them. The rights of conſcience we never ſubmitted, we could not ſubmit. We are anſwerable for them to our God. The legiſlative powers of government extend to ſuch acts only *as are injurious* to others.

— Conſtraint may make a man worſe by making him a hypocrite, but it will never make him a truer man. It may fix him obſtinately in his errors, but will not cure them. Reaſon and free inquiry are the only effectual agents againſt error. Give a looſe to them, they will ſupport the true religion. by bringing every falſe one to their tribunal, to the teſt of their inveſtigation. They are the natural enemies of error, and of error only.—*Jefferſon.*

WHAT bloodſhed and confuſion have been occaſioned, from the reign of Henry IV. when the firſt penal ſtatutes were enacted, down to the revolution in England, by laws made to force conſcience! There is nothing certainly more unreaſonable, more inconſiſtent with the rights of human nature, more contrary to the ſpirit and precepts of the chriſtian religion, more inquitous and unjuſt, more impolitic, than perſecution. It is againſt natural religion, revealed religion, and ſound policy.

Sad experience, and a large mind, taught that great man, the preſident de Thou, this doctrine. Let any man read the many admirable things, which he hath dared to advance upon this ſubject, in his dedication of his hiſtory to Henry IV. of France, (which I never read without rapture) and he will be fully convinced, not only how cruel, but how impolitic it is to perſecute for religious opinions.—*Lord Mansfield.*

REASON and experiment have been indulged, and error has fled before them. It is error alone which needs the ſupport of government. Truth can ſtand by itſelf. Subject opinion to coercion: whom will you make your inquiſitors? Fallible men; men governed by bad paſſions, by private as well as public reaſons. And why ſubject to coercion? To produce uniformity. But is uniformity of opinion deſirable? No more than of face and ſtature. Introduce the bed of Procruſtes then, and as there is danger that the large men may hear the ſmall, make us all of a ſize, by lopping the former and ſtretching the latter. Difference of opinion is advantageous in religion. The ſeveral ſects perform the office of a cenſor morum over each other. Is uniformity attainable? Millions of innocent men, women, and children, ſince the introduction of Chriſtianity, have been fined, impriſoned, burnt, and tortured; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half of the world fools, and the other half

hypocrites; to support roguery and error all over the earth.—*Jefferson.*

GOVERNMENTS, no more than individual men, are infallible. The cabinets of princes, and the parliaments of kingdoms, are often less likely to be right in their conclusions than the theorist in his closet. What system of religion or government has not in its turn been patronized by national authority? The consequence therefore of admitting this authority is, not merely attributing to government a right to impose some, but any or all opinions upon the community. Are Paganism and christianity, the religions of Mahomet, Zoroaster, and Confucius, are monarchy and aristocracy in all their forms, equally worthy to be perpetuated among mankind? Is it quite certain that the greatest of all human calamities is change? Has no revolution in government, and no reformation in religion, been productive of more benefit than disadvantage? There is no species of reasoning in defence of the suppression of heresy which may not be brought back to this monstrous principle, that the knowledge of truth, and the introduction of right principles of policy, are circumstances altogether indifferent to the welfare of mankind.—*Godwin.*

PENNSYLVANIA and New-York have long subsisted without any religious establishment at all. The experiment was new and doubtful when they made it. It has answered beyond conception. They flourish infinitely. Religion is well supported; of various kinds, indeed, but all good enough; all sufficient to preserve peace and order: or if a sect arises, whose tenets would subvert morals, good sense has fair play, and reasons and laughs it out of doors, without suffering the state to be troubled with it. They do not hang more malefactors than we do. They are not more disturbed with religious dissentions. On the contrary, their harmony is unparalleled, and can be ascribed to nothing but their unbounded tolerance, because there is no other circumstance in which they differ from every nation on earth. They have made the happy discovery, that the way to silence religious disputes, is to take no notice of them. Let us too give this experiment fair play, and get rid, while we may, of those tyrannical laws. It is true, we are as yet secured against them by the spirit of the times. I doubt whether the people of this country would suffer an execution for heresy, or a three years imprisonment for not comprehending the mysteries of the Trinity. But *is the spirit* of the people an infallible, a permanent reliance?

Is it government? Is this the kind of protection we receive in return for the rights we gave up? Beſides, the ſpirit of the times *may* alter, *will* alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careleſs. A ſingle zealot may commence perſecutor, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated, that the time for fixing every eſſential right on a legal baſis, is, while our rulers are honeſt, and ourſelves united. From the concluſion of the war we ſhall be going down hill. It will not then be neceſſary to reſort every moment to the people for ſupport. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights diſregarded. They will forget themſelves, but in the ſole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due reſpect for their rights. The ſhackles, therefore, which ſhall not be knocked off at the concluſion of this war, will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights ſhall revive or expire in a convulſion.—*Jefferſon.*

ALMIGHTY God being only Lord of conſcience, author of all divine knowledge, faith, and worſhip, who can only enlighten the minds and convince the underſtanding of people; in due reverence to his ſovereignty over the ſouls of mankind, and the better to unite the Queen's Chriſtian ſubjects in intereſt and affection, BE IT ENACTED, by *JOHN EVANS*, Eſq; by the Queen's royal approbation Lieutenant Governor under WILLIAM PENN, Eſq; abſolute proprietary and Governor in chief of the province of *Pennſylvania* and territories, by and with the advice and conſent of the freemen of the ſaid province in General Aſſembly met, and by the authority of the ſame, that no perſon now, or at any time hereafter, dwelling or reſiding within this province, who ſhall profeſs faith in GOD the Father, and in JESUS CHRIST his only Son, and in the HOLY SPIRIT, One God bleſſed forevermore, and ſhall acknowledge the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New-Teſtament to be given by divine inſpiration, and, when lawfully required, ſhall profeſs and declare that they will live peaceably under the civil government, ſhall in any caſe be moleſted or prejudiced for his or her *conſcientious* perſuaſion, nor ſhall he or ſhe be at any time compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worſhip-place or miniſtry whatſoever, contrary to his or her mind, but ſhall freely and fully enjoy his or her *Chriſtian Liberty* in all reſpects, without moleſtation or interruption *.—*Laws of Pennſylvania.*

* This law is inſerted as a tribute of reſpect to the moſt illuſtrious Penn, the father of religious liberty in the weſtern world. It was the

AND it came to paſs, after theſe things, that Abraham ſat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the ſun. And, behold, a man bent with age, was coming from the way of the wilderneſs, leaning on a ſtaff. And Abraham aroſe, and met him, and ſaid unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wath thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou ſhalt ariſe early in the morning, and go on thy way. And the man ſaid, Nay, for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham preſſed him greatly: ſo he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham ſaw that he bleſſed not God, he ſaid unto him, Wherefore doſt thou not worſhip the moſt high God, Creator of heaven and earth? And the man anſwered and ſaid, I do not worſhip thy God, neither do I call upon his name: for I have made myſelf a god, which abideth always in my houſe, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled againſt the man, and he aroſe, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderneſs. And God called unto Abraham, ſaying, Abraham, where is the ſtranger? And Abraham anſwered and ſaid, Lord, he would not worſhip thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderneſs. And God ſaid, have I borne with him theſe hundred and ninety and eight years, and nouriſhed him, and clothed him, notwithſtanding his rebellion againſt me: and could'ſt not thou, who art thyſelf a ſinner, bear with him one night*?—*Franklin.*

LIBERTY and PROPERTY.

LIBERTY, that deareſt of names, and property, that beſt of characters, give an additional, and inexpreſſible charm to every delightful object.—See how the declining ſun has beautified the weſtern clouds; has arrayed them in crimſon, and ſkirted them with gold. Such a refinement of our domeſtic

firſt law paſſed on the landing of the emigrants, but was repealed by Queen Anne in council. It was re-enacted in 1705.

* The circumſtance which gave riſe to the above elegant and inſtructive *morceau*, was it is ſaid, as follows: Dr Franklin being once in company where the diſcourſe turned on the wickedneſs of intolerance and perſecution, he took up a bible, which was at hand, and opening at Geneſis, he delivered this parable extempore. in confirmation of what he had advanced. The hearers, acknowledging it was extremely appoſite, expreſſed great ſurpriſe that ſuch a remarkable paſſage of ſcripture had ſo long eſcaped their notice.

bliſs, is property; ſuch an improvement of our public privileges, is liberty.—When the lamp of day ſhall withdraw his beams, there will ſtill remain the ſame collection of floating vapours; but O! how changed! how gloomy! the carnation ſtreaks are faded; the golden edgings are worn away, and all the lovely things are loſt in a leaden-coloured louring ſadneſs. Such would be the aſpect of all theſe ſcenes of beauty, and all theſe abodes of pleaſure, if expoſed continually to the caprice of arbitrary ſway.—*Hervey.*

LIBERTY.

——————OH! give me liberty!
For were ev'n Paradiſe itſelf my priſon,
Still I ſhould long to leap the cryſtal walls.—*Dryden.*

REMEMBER, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers;
So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood!
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy;
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.—*Addiſon.*

——————WHEN liberty is loſt,
Let abject cowards live; but in the brave
It were a treachery to themſelves, enough
To merit chains.—*Thomſon.*

How muſt the glorious change tranſport us all,
When into freedom, tyranny is turn'd?
When each may ſay his fortune is his own,
And ſleep in fulneſs of tranquillity?
Then ſhall we taſte the ſweets of life and eaſe,
Which happier climes have known: then, then enjoy
That liberty, which Britain's ſmiling iſle
So long has boaſted thro' a length of years.—*Havard.*

'TIS liberty alone, that makes life dear:
He does not live at all, who lives to fear.—*Hill.*

O LIBERTY! heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law! thou ſocial ſoul of property!
Thou breath of reaſon! life of life itſelf!
For thee the valiant bleed. O ſacred liberty!
Wing'd from the ſummer's ſnare, from flattering ruin,
Like the bold ſtork you ſeek the wint'ry ſhore,

Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to ſlaves,
Cleave to the cold, and reſt upon the ſtorm.
Upborne by thee, my ſoul diſdained the terms
Of empire—offered at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I fought this fav'rite foil; with thee
Theſe fav'rite ſons I fought; thy ſons, O liberty;
For ev'n among the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from the mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.—*Brooke.*

——————WHEN he beheld the temple
Sacred to liberty, he cried aloud——————
"Here let us ſacrifice, my noble friends,
"To this beſt bleſſing that adorns our Rome
"To liberty, that makes our name rever'd;
"To ſacred liberty—the gift of gods—
"To liberty—their gift and their enjoyment;
"Which, did they want,—they could not be immortal."—
Havard.

THE rich man that beholds the brave in chains
And pants not for his freedom, is a ſlave.—*Hill.*

O LIBERTY! thou goddeſs heav'nly-bright!
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train.
Eas'd of her load, ſubjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy ſight:
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.—*Addiſon.*

'TIS liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its luſtre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All conſtraint,
Except what wiſdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progreſs in the road of ſcience; blinds
The eyeſight of diſcov'ry, and begets
In thoſe that ſuffer it, a ſordid mind
Beſtial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.—*Cowper.*

IN a ſtate of liberty, every man learns to value himſelf as man; to conſider himſelf as of importance in the ſyſtem which himſelf has approved and contributed to eſtabliſh; and therefore reſolves to regulate his own behaviour conſiſtently with

its ſafety and preſervation. He feels as a proprietor, not as a tenant. He loves the ſtate, becauſe he participates in it. His obedience is not the cold reluctant reſult of terror; but the lively, cheerful, and ſpontaneous effect of love. The violation of laws, formed on the pure principle of general beneficence, and to which he has given his full aſſent, by a juſt and perfect repreſentation, he conſiders as a crime of the deepeſt die. He will inceſſantly endeavour to improve it; and enter ſeriouſly into all political debate. In the colliſion of agitated minds, ſparks will ſometimes be emitted; but they will only give a favorable light and a genial warmth. They will never produce an injurious conflagration.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm*

WE ſhall conclude this ſubject, with obſerving the falſehood of the common opinion, that no large ſtate could ever be modelled into a commonwealth, but that ſuch a form of government can only take place in a city of ſmall territory. The contrary ſeems probable. Though it is more difficult to form a republican government in an extenſive country than in a city; there is more facility, when once it is formed, of preſerving it ſteady and uniform, without tumult and faction —In a large government, which is modelled with maſterly ſkill, there is compaſs and room enough to refine the democracy from the lower people who may be admitted into the firſt elections or firſt concoction of the commonwealth, to the higher magiſtrates, who direct all movements. At the ſame time, the parts are ſo diſtant and remote, that it is very difficult, either by intrigue, prejudice, or paſſion, to hurry them into any meaſures againſt the public intereſt.—*Hume.*

LIFE.

WHEN I conſider life, 'tis all a cheat:
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Truſt on, and think, to morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falſer than the former day;
Lies more; and while it ſays, we ſhall be bleſs'd
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd:
Strange cozenage! none would live paſt years again,
Yet all hope pleaſure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.—*Dryden.*

WHAT art thou, life, ſo dearly lov'd by all?
What are thy charms, that thus the great deſire thee,
And to retain thee part with pomp and titles?
To buy thy preſence, the gold watching miſer
Will pour his mouldy bags of treaſure out,
And grow at once a prodigal. The wretch
Clad with diſeaſe and poverty's thin coat,
Yet holds thee faſt, tho' painful company.
O life! thou univerſal wiſh; what art thou?
Thou'rt but a day—A few uneaſy hours:
Thy morn is erected by the flocks and herds;
And every bird that flatters with its note,
Salutes thy riſing ſun: Thy noon approaching,
Then haſte the flies and ev'ry creeping inſect
To baſk in thy meridian; that declining
As quickly they depart, and leave thy evening
To mourn the abſent ray; Night at hand,
Then croaks the raven Conſcience, time miſpent,
The owl Deſpair ſeems hideous, and the bat
Confuſion flutters up and down—
Life's but a lengthen'd day, not worth the waking for.—
Havard.

LORDS.

——————YE are lords:
A lazy, proud unprofitable crew,
The vermin gender'd from the rank corruption
Of a luxurious ſtate.—*Cumberland.*

THE princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their ſubjects, by preſenting them with about two yards of blue riband, which is worn about the ſhoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of diſtinction, are called knights; and the king himſelf is always the head of the order. Should a nobleman happen to loſe his leg in battle, the king preſents him with two yards of riband, and he is paid for the loſs of his limb. Should an ambaſſador ſpend all his paternal fortune, in ſupporting the honor of his country abroad, the king preſents him with two yards of riband, which is to be conſidered as equivalent to his eſtate. In ſhort, while an European king has a yard of blue or green riband left, he need be under no apprehenſion of wanting ſtateſmen, generals, and ſoldiers.—*Goldſmith.*

THERE is a ſet of men in all the ſtates of Europe, who aſſume from their infancy a pre-eminence, independent of

their moral character. The attention paid them from the moment of their birth, gives them the idea that they are formed for command; they ſoon learn to diſtinguiſh themſelves as a diſtinct ſpecies; and being ſecure of a certain rank and ſtation, take no pains to make themſelves worthy of it. To this inſtitution we owe ſo many indifferent miniſters, ignorant magiſtrates, and bad generals.—*Abbe Raynal.*

HE is a poor obſerver, who has not ſeen, that the generality of peers, far from ſupporting themſelves in a ſtate of independent greatneſs, are but too apt to fall into an oblivion of their proper dignity, and run headlong into an abject ſervitude.—*Burke.*

LET ſtates that aim at greatneſs take heed how their nobility and gentry do multiply too faſt: for that maketh the common ſubject grow to be a peaſant and baſe ſwain, driven out of heart, and in effect but a gentleman's labourer.—*Lord Bacon.*

PRINCES and lords may flouriſh or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry—a nation's pride—
When once deſtroyed, can never be ſupplied.—*Goldſmith.*

WHAT is a *lord?* Doth that plain ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? As ſoon as heard,
Like an alarm bell on night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' reaſon's court doth it unqueſtion'd go
E'en on the mention—and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of wit
Pleaſing, tho' keen, of humour free, tho' chaſte,
Of ſterling genius with ſound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honor, which no malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for men, not bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—ſhe gave them ears, they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think.
Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;

Till they, diſdaining nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,
More ſitting *quality*, and to our view
Came forth a ſpecies altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below—
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*lords are things,*
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.

A LORD (nor here let cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome, abuſe of all:)
A mere, mere *lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man, himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank
For ſmuggled honors, and ill-gotten pelf.—*Churchil.*

YOU ſay, a long deſcended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen; and that your high degree
Is much diſparag'd to be match'd with me:
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood,
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good;
The nobleman is he whoſe noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.—*Dryden.*

LOVE.

LOVE various minds does variouſly inſpire;
He ſtirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incenſe on the altar laid:
But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade:
A fire, which every windy paſſion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.—*Dryden.*

THE idle god of love ſupinely dreams,
Amidſt inglorious ſhades and purling ſtreams;
In roſy fetters, and fantaſtic chains,
He binds deluded maids, and ſimple ſwains;
With ſoft enjoyments, woos them to forget
The hardy toils, and labour of the great:
But, if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms
To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms;
The coward boy avows his abject fear,
On ſilken wings ſublime he cuts the air,
Scar'd at the furious noiſe and thunder of the war.—*Rowe.*

LICENTIOUSNESS.

THOSE who are poſſeſſed of exorbitant power, who pant for its extenſion, and tremble at the apprehenſion of loſing it, are always ſufficiently artful to dwell with emphaſis, on the evils of licentiouſneſs; under which opprobrious name, they wiſh to ſtigmatize liberty. They deſcribe the horrors of anarchy and confuſion, in the blackeſt colors; and boldly affirm, that they are the neceſſary conſequences of entruſting the people with power. Indeed, they hardly condeſcend to recognize the idea of the people; but whenever they ſpeak of the maſs of the community, denominate them the mob, the rabble, or the ſwiniſh multitude. Language is at a loſs for appellatives, ſignificant of their contempt for thoſe who are undiſtinguiſhed by wealth or titles, and is obliged to content itſelf with ſuch words, as reptiles, ſcum, dregs, or the many-headed monſter.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

LICENTIOUSNESS and deſpotiſm are more nearly allied than is commonly imagined. They are both alike inconſiſtent with liberty, and the true end of government; nor is there any other difference between them, than that one is the licentiouſneſs of great men, and the other the licentiouſneſs of little men; or that by one, the perſons and property of a people are ſubject to outrage and invaſion from a king, or a lawleſs body of grandees; and that by the other, they are ſubject to the like outrages from a lawleſs mob. In avoiding one of theſe evils, mankind have often run into the other. But all well-conſtituted governments guard equally againſt both. Indeed, of the two, the laſt is, on ſeveral accounts, the leaſt to be dreaded, and has done the leaſt miſchief. It may truly be ſaid, if licentiouſneſs has deſtroyed its thouſands, deſpotiſm has deſtroyed its millions. The former having little power, and no ſyſtem to ſupport it, neceſſarily finds its remedy; and a people ſoon get out of the tumult and anarchy attending it. But a deſpotiſm, wearing a form of government, and being armed with its force, is an evil not to be conquered without dreadful ſtruggles. It goes on from age to age, debaſing the human faculties, levelling all diſtinctions, and preying on the rights and bleſſings of ſociety. It deſerves to be added, that in a ſtate diſturbed by licentiouſneſs, there is an animation which is favourable to the human mind, and puts it upon exerting its powers; but in a ſtate habituated to deſpotiſm, all is ſtill and torpid. A

dark and ſavage tyranny ſtifles every effort of genius, and the mind loſes all its ſpirit and dignity.—*Price.*

LUXURY.

THERE, in her den, lay pompous luxury,
Stretch'd out at length; no vice could boaſt ſuch high
And gen'ral victories as ſhe had won:
Of which, proud trophies there at large were ſhewn.
Beſides ſmall ſtates and kingdoms ruined,
Thoſe mighty monarchies, that had o'erſpread
The ſpacious earth, and ſtretch'd their conquering arms
From pole to pole, by her enſnaring charms
Were quite conſum'd: there lay imperial Rome,
That vanquiſh'd all the world, by her o'ercome:
Fetter'd was th' old Aſſyrian lion there;
The Grecian leopard, and the Perſian bear;
With others, numberleſs, lamenting by:
Examples of the power of Luxury.—*May.*

NOW baſket up the family of plagues
That waſte our vitals. Peculation, ſale
Of honor, perjury, corruption, frauds,
By forgery, by ſubterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen
As the neceſſities their authors feel;
Then caſt them cloſely bundl'd, ev'ry brat
At the right door. Profuſion is the ſire.
Profuſion unreſtrain'd, with all that's baſe
In character, has litter'd all the land,
And bred within the mem'ry of no few,
A prieſthood ſuch as Baal's was of old,
A people ſuch as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice:—it eats up all
That gives ſociety its beauty, ſtrength,
Convenience, and ſecurity, and uſe.
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
And gibbetted as faſt as catchpole claws
Can ſeize the ſlipp'ry prey. Unties the knot
Of union, and converts the ſacred band
That holds mankind together, to a ſcourge.
Profuſion, deluging a ſtate with luſts
Of groſſeſt nature, and of worſt effects,
Prepares it for its ruin. Hardens, blinds,
And warps the conſciences of public men,

Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the fools
That truſt them; and in th' end, diſcloſe a face
That would have ſhock'd credulity herſelf,
Unmaſk'd, vouchſafing this their ſole excuſe,
Since all alike are ſelfiſh—why not they?
This does profuſion, and th' accurſed cauſe
Of ſuch deep miſchief, has itſelf a cauſe.—*Cowper.*

INCREASE of pow'r begets increaſe of wealth,
Wealth luxury, and luxury exceſs;
Exceſs, the ſcrophulous and itchy plague
That ſeizes firſt the opulent, deſcends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated ſcale
Of order, from the chariot, to the plough.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The licenſe of the loweſt in degree,
Deſert their office; and, themſelves intent
On pleaſure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawleſs hands,
Reſign the ſcenes their preſence might protect.
Authority herſelf not ſeldom ſleeps,
Though reſident, and witneſs of the wrong.—*Idem.*

LAW.

HE that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh chowſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain.—*Hudibras.*

LAWS.

THE univerſal ſpirit of all laws in all countries, is to favor the ſtrong in oppoſition to the weak; and to aſſiſt thoſe who have poſſeſſions againſt thoſe who have none.—*Rouſſeau.*

ONE of the ſeven ſages of Greece was wont to ſay, that laws were like cobwebs, where the ſmall flies were caught, and the great ones break through.—*Lord Bacon.*

ASK of politicians the end for which laws were originally deſigned, and they will anſwer, that the laws were deſigned as a protection for the poor and weak, againſt the oppreſſion of

the rich and powerful. But ſurely no pretence can be ſo ridiculous; a man might as well tell me he has taken off my load, becauſe he has changed the burden. If the poor man is not able to ſupport his ſuit, according to the vexatious and expenſive manner eſtabliſhed in civilized countries, has not the rich as great an advantage over him as the ſtrong has over the weak in a ſtate of nature?—*Burke.*

TO embarraſs juſtice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, ſeems to be the oppoſite rocks on which all civil inſtitutions have been wrecked, and between which, legiſlative wiſdom has never yet found an open paſſage. —*Johnſon.*

BAD laws are the worſt ſort of tyranny. In ſuch a country as this, they are of all bad things the worſt, worſe by far than any thing elſe; and they derive a particular malignity even from the wiſdom and ſoundneſs of the reſt of our inſtitutions. —*Burke.*

LAWS (Ex poſt facto.)

LAWS, made to puniſh for actions done before the exiſtence of ſuch laws, and which have not been declared crimes by preceding laws, are unjuſt, oppreſſive, and inconſiſtent with the fundamental principles of a free government.—*Conſtitution of Maſſachuſetts.*

RETROSPECTIVE laws, puniſhing offences committed before the exiſtence of ſuch laws, are oppreſſive and unjuſt, and ought not to be made.—*Conſtitution of Delaware.*

RETROSPECTIVE laws, puniſhing facts committed before the exiſtence of ſuch laws, and by them only declared criminal, are oppreſſive, unjuſt, and incompatible with liberty; wherefore no *ex poſt facto* law ought to be made.—*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

LIBERTY of the PRESS.

THE liberty of the preſs is eſſential to the ſecurity of freedom in a ſtate: it ought therefore to be inviolably preſerved. —*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

THE people have a right to freedom of ſpeech, and of writing and publiſhing their ſentiments, concerning the tranſactions of government; and therefore the freedom of the preſs ought not to be reſtrained.—*Conſtitution of Vermont.*

AS long as there are ſuch things as printing and writing, there will be libels; it is an evil ariſing out of a much greater

good. However, it does not follow that the preſs is to be ſunk for the errors of the preſs:—for it is certainly of much leſs conſequence that an innocent man ſhould now and then be aſperſed, than that all men ſhould be enſlaved.

Many methods have been tried to remedy this evil. In Turkey and the Eaſtern monarchies, all printing is forbidden; which does it with a witneſs; for if there can be no printing at all, there can be no libels printed; and by the ſame reaſon, there ought to be no talking, leſt the people ſhould talk treaſon, blaſphemy, or nonſenſe; and for a ſtronger reaſon yet, no preaching, becauſe the orator has an opportunity of haranguing often to a larger auditory than he can perſuade to read his lucubrations: but I deſire it may be remembered that there is neither liberty, arts, ſciences, learning, or knowledge in thoſe countries.

But another method has been thought on in theſe weſtern parts of the world, much leſs effectual, and yet more miſchievous than the former, namely, to put the preſs under the protection of the prevailing party, and authoriſe libels on one ſide only, and deny the other ſide the opportunity of defending themſelves.

What miſchief is done by libels, to balance all theſe evils? They ſeldom or never annoy an innocent man, or promote any conſiderable error. Wiſe and honeſt man laugh at them, and deſpiſe them; and ſuch arrows always fly over their heads, or fall at their feet. Moſt of the world take part with a virtuous man, and puniſh calumny by their deteſtation of it. The beſt way to prevent libels, is, not to deſerve them. Guilty men alone fear them, or are hurt by them, whoſe actions will not bear examination, and therefore muſt not be examined. 'Tis fact alone which annoys them; for if you tell no truth, I dare ſay you may have their leave to tell as many lies as you pleaſe.

The ſame is true in ſpeculative opinions. You may write nonſenſe and folly as long as you think fit, and no one complains but the bookſeller. But if a bold, honeſt, and wiſe book ſallies forth, and attacks thoſe who think themſelves ſecure in their trenches, then their camp is in danger, and they call out all hands to arms, and their enemy is to be deſtroyed by fire, ſword, or fraud. But 'tis ſenſeleſs to think that any truth can ſuffer by being thoroughly ſearched, or examined into; or that the diſcovery of it can prejudice right religion, equal government, or the happineſs of ſociety in any reſpect: ſhe has ſo many advantages over error, that ſhe wants only to be ſhown, to gain admiration and eſteem; and we ſee every day, that ſhe breaks the bonds of tyranny and fraud, and ſhines through

the miſts of ſuperſtition and ignorance: and what then would ſhe do, if theſe barriers were removed, and her fetters taken off?—*Gordon.*

IT is apprehended, that arbitrary power would ſteal in upon us, were we not careful to prevent its progreſs, and were there not an eaſy method of conveying the alarm from one end of the kingdom to another. The ſpirit of the people muſt frequently be rouſed in order to curb the ambition of the court; and the dread of rouſing this ſpirit muſt be employed to prevent that ambition. Nothing is ſo effectual to this purpoſe as the liberty of the preſs, by which all the learning, wit, and genius of the nation may be employed on the ſide of freedom, and every one be animated to its defence. As long, therefore, as the republican part of our government can maintain itſelf againſt the monarchical, it will naturally be careful to keep the preſs open, as of importance to its own preſervation.—*Hume.*

MAN.

BEHOLD of ev'ry age. Ripe manhood ſee,
Decrepit years, and helpleſs infancy:
Thoſe who by ling'ring ſickneſs loſe their breath,
And thoſe who, by deſpair, ſuborn their death:
See yon mad fools, who, for ſome trival right,
For love, or for miſtaken honor, fight:
See thoſe more mad, who throw their lives away
In needleſs wars, the ſtake which monarchs lay,
When for each others provinces they play.
Then as if earth too narrow were for fate,
On open ſeas their quarrels they debate;
In hollow wood they floating armies bear;
And force impriſon'd winds to bring 'em near.—*Dryden.*

LIKE leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,
Another race the foll'wing ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.—*Pope.*

HAIL man, exalted title! firſt and beſt,
On God's own image by his hand impreſt,
To which at laſt the reas'ning race is driven,
And ſeeks anew what firſt it gain'd from heav'n.
O man, my brother, how the cordial flame
Of all endearments, kindles at the name!

In every clime, thy viſage greets my eyes,
In every tongue thy kindred accents riſe;
The thought expanding ſwells my heart with glee,
It finds a friend, and loves itſelf in thee.
Say, then, fraternal family divine,
Whom mutual wants and mutual aids combine—
Say, from what ſource the dire deluſion roſe,
That ſouls like ours were ever made for foes;
Why earth's maternal boſom, which we tread,
To rear our manſions and receive our bread,
Should bluſh ſo often for the race ſhe bore,
So long be drench'd with floods of filial gore?
Why to ſmall realms for ever reſt confin'd
Our great affections, meant for all mankind?
Though climes divide us; ſhall the ſtream or ſea,
That forms a barrier 'twixt my friend and me,
Inſpire the wiſh his peaceful ſtate to mar,
And meet his falchion in the ranks of war?
Not ſeas, nor climes, nor wild ambition's fire,
In nation's minds could e'er the wiſh inſpire;
Where equal rights each ſober voice ſhould guide,
No blood would ſtain them, and no war divide.
'Tis dark deception, 'tis the glare of ſtate,
Man ſunk in titles, loſt in ſmall and great;
'Tis rank, diſtinction, all the hell that ſprings
From thoſe prolific monſters, courts and kings.
Theſe are the vampires, nurs'd on nature's ſpoils;
For theſe with pangs the ſtarving peaſant toils,
For theſe the earth's broad ſurface teems with grain,
Theirs the dread labours of the devious main;
And when the waſted world but dares refuſe
The gifts oppreſſive and extorted dues,
They bid wild ſlaughter ſpread the gory plains,
The life-blood guſhing from a thouſand veins,
Erect their thrones amid the ſanguine flood,
And dip their purple in the nations' blood.
The gazing crowd, of glittering ſtate afraid,
Adore the power their coward meanneſs made,
In war's ſhort intervals, while regal ſhows
Still blind their reaſon and inſult their woes,
What ſtrange events for proud proceſſions call!
See kingdoms crowding to a birth-night ball!
See the long pomp in gorgeous glare diſplay'd,
The tinſel'd guards, the ſquadron'd horſe parade;

See heralds gay, with emblems on their veſt,
In tiſſu'd robes, tall, beauteous pages dreſt;
Amid ſuperior ranks of ſplendid ſlaves,
Lords, dukes, and princes, titulary knaves:
Confus'dly ſhine their croſſes, gems and ſtars,
Sceptres and globes and crowns and ſpoils of wars.
On gilded orbs ſee thundering chariots roll'd;
Steeds, ſnorting fire, and champing bitts of gold,
Prance to the trumpet's voice; while each aſſumes
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
High on a moving throne, and near the van,
The tyrant rides, the choſen ſcourge of man;
Clarions and flutes and drums his way prepare,
And ſhouting millions rend the troubled air;
Millions, whoſe ceaſeleſs toils the pomp ſuſtain,
Whoſe hour of ſtupid joy repays an age of pain.
Of theſe no more. From orders, ſlaves and kings,
To thee, O man, my heart rebounding ſprings;
Behold th' aſcending bliſs that waits thy call,
Heav'n's own bequeſt, the heritage of all.
Awake to wiſdom, ſeize the proffer'd prize;
From ſhade to light, from grief to glory riſe.
Freedom at laſt, with reaſon in her train,
Extends o'er earth her everlaſting reign.—*Barlow.*

WHEN I reflect upon man—and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble—when I conſider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs reckonings and ſorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand it out, and bear itſelf up as it does, againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature.—*Sterne.*

MEN are gregarious in their nature; they form together in ſociety, not merely from neceſſity, to avoid the evils of ſolitude, but from inclination and mutual attachment. They find a poſitive pleaſure in yielding aſſiſtance to each other, in communicating their thoughts and improving their faculties. This diſpoſition in man is the ſource of morals; they have their foundation in nature, and receive their nouriſhment from ſociety. The different portions of this ſociety, that call themſelves nations, have generally eſtabliſhed the principle of ſecuring to the individuals who compoſe a nation, the excluſive

enjoyment of the fruits of their own labour; reſerving, however, to the governing power the right to reclaim, from time to time, ſo much of the property and labour of individuals as ſhall be deemed neceſſary for the public ſervice. This is the general baſis on which property, public and private, has hitherto been founded. Nations have proceeded no farther. Perhaps in a more improved ſtate of ſociety, the time will come, when a different ſyſtem may be introduced; when it ſhall be found more congenial to the ſocial nature of man, to exclude the idea of ſeparate property, and with that the numerous evils which ſeem to be entailed upon it.—*Barlow.*

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched being. He is ſubject every moment to the greateſt calamities and misfortunes. He is beſet with dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor prevent, had he foreſeen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who aſk it of him.

The natural homage, which ſuch a creature bears to ſo infinitely wiſe and good a being, is a firm reliance on him, for the bleſſings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual truſt in him for deliverance out of all ſuch dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this diſpoſition of mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own weakneſs and imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the contemplation of thoſe divine attributes, which are employed for his ſafety and his welfare. He finds his want of foreſight made up by the omniſcience of him who is his ſupport. He is not ſenſible of his own want of ſtrength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In ſhort, the perſon who has a firm truſt on the Supreme Being is powerful in *his* power, wiſe by *his* wiſdom, happy by *his* happineſs. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loſes his own inſufficiency in the fulneſs of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour

us; the divine goodneſs having made ſuch reliance a duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable had it been forbidden us.—*Spectator.*

MEDIOCRITY.

SINCE wealth and pow'r too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the monarch's roofs of ſtate,
Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
Happy the man with little bleſs'd,
Of what his father left, poſſeſs'd;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful ſtock,
Horſes and chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich robes to deck, and make thee pleaſe:
For me a little cell I chooſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muſe;
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I ſcorn.—*Otway.*

IF thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe;
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet grief to loſe;
For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.—*Cowley.*

MERCY.

NOT the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword;
The mareſchall's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does.
Alas! the ſouls of all men once were forfeit,
And he that might th' advantage beſt have taken,
Found out the remedy: how would ye be,
If he, who is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like new-made man.—*Shakeſpeare.*

THE quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to power and majeſty;
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings.
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.—*Idem.*

MY uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage. Where juſt occaſion preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly with him, my uncle *Toby* had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—ſays he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle *Toby*, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone; why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world ſurely is wide enough to hold thee and me.—*Sterne.*

MONARCH.

WHY has the monarch ſo much uſe for life?
Yet in his health is levell'd with the peaſant!
O painful majeſty! unequal ſtate!
Not all thy gorgeous pomp, thy flags of power,
Thy dignities, dominions, ceremonies,
The crown, the ſceptre, and the royal ball,
The purple robe, nor princely crowds, whoſe preſs
Of duty intercepts the wholeſome air;
Not all theſe glories, for one precious hour,
Can buy the beggar's health or appetite.—*Cibber.*

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A mind unſhaken by the ſtorms of care!

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MAGNANIMITY.

HOW much more ſweet and worth our conſtant
A mind unſhaken by the ſtorms of care!

Which can a vain and empty world deſpiſe,
And with an upward flight affect the ſkies;
Which the gay trappings of the great contemns,
Their ſounding titles, and their ſhining gems.
Diſcharg'd of all which happineſs debars,
She plants her converſation in the ſtars;
Looks on the clouds and lower earth, with ſcorn,
And ſeeks that country where ſhe firſt was born.

MANNERS.

THE manners of a people are not to be found in the ſchools of learning, or the palaces of greatneſs, where the national character is obſcured, or obliterated by travel or inſtruction, by philoſophy or vanity; nor is public happineſs to be eſtimated by the aſſemblies of the gay or the banquets of the rich. The great maſs of nations is neither rich nor gay. They whoſe aggregate conſtitutes the people, are found in the ſtreets and the villages—in the ſhops and farms; and from them, collectively conſidered, muſt the meaſure of general proſperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniencies are multiplied, a nation, at leaſt a commercial nation, muſt be denominated wealthy.—*Johnſon.*

MANNERS are of more importance than laws. In a great meaſure the laws depend upon them. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or ſoothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debaſe, barbarize or refine us, by a conſtant, ſteady, uniform, inſenſible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they ſupply them, or they totally deſtroy them.—*Burke.*

MILITIA.

A WELL regulated militia is the proper, natural, and ſure defence of a ſtate.

Standing armies are dangerous to liberty, and ought not to be raiſed, or kept up without conſent of the legiſlature.

In all caſes and at all times, the military ought to be under ſtrict ſubordination to, and governed by the civil power.

No ſoldier in time of peace ſhall be quartered in any houſe, without the conſent of the owner: and in time of war, ſuch quarters ought not to be made but by the civil magiſtrate, in a manner ordained by the legiſlature.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

A WELL-REGULATED militia is the proper, natural, and ſafe defence of a free government.

Standing armies are dangerous to liberty. and ought not to be raiſed or kept up, without the conſent of the legiſlature.

In all caſes, and at all times, the military ought to be under ſtrict ſubordination to, and governed by the civil power.

No ſoldier ought to be quartered in any houſe, in time of peace, without the conſent of the owner; and in time of war, in ſuch manner only, as the legiſlature ſhall direct.—*Conſtitution of Delaware.*

THE ſure and certain defence of a free people is a well regulated militia; and as ſtanding armies in time of peace, are dangerous to freedom, they ought to be avoided, as far as the circumſtances and ſafety of the community will admit; and in all caſes the military ſhall be in ſtrict ſubordination to the civil authority.—*Conſtitution of Tenneſſee.*

THE militia of this country muſt be conſidered as the palladium of our ſecurity, and the firſt effectual reſort, in caſe of hoſtility. It is eſſential, therefore, that the ſame ſyſtem ſhould pervade the whole; that the formation and diſcipline of the militia of the continent, ſhould be abſolutely uniform; and that the ſame ſpecies of arms, accoutrements, and military apparatus, ſhould be introduced in every part of the United States. No one, who has not learned it from experience, can conceive the difficulty, expence, and confuſion, which reſult from a contrary ſyſtem, or the vague arrangements which have hitherto prevailed.—*Waſhington.*

THE documents which will be preſented to you, will ſhew the amount and kinds of arms and military ſtores now in our magazines and arſenals; and yet an addition even to theſe ſupplies cannot with prudence be neglected; as it would leave nothing to the uncertainty of procuring a warlike apparatus in the moment of public danger. Nor can ſuch arrangements, with ſuch objects, be expoſed to the cenſure or jealouſy of the warmeſt friends of republican government. They are incapable of abuſe in the hands of the militia, who ought to poſſeſs a pride in being the depoſitory of the force of the Republic, and may be trained to a degree of energy, equal to every military exigency of the United States.—*Idem.*

MILITARY POWER.

THERE is one circumſtance in the conduct of the *tory* friends to *abſolute ſway*, truly alarming to the champions of

liberty. They are always inclined, on the ſmalleſt tumult, to call in the military. They would depreciate the civil powers, and break the conſtable's ſtaff, to introduce the bayonet. In their opinion, the beſt executive powers of government are a party of dragoons. They are therefore conſtantly ſounding alarms, and aggravating every petty diſturbance into a riot or rebellion. They are not for parleying with the many-headed monſter; they ſcorn lenient meaſures; and while their own perſons are in perfect ſafety, boldly command the military to fire. What is the life or the limb of a poor man, in their opinion? Not ſo much as the life or limb of a favorite pointer or race-horſe. They are always eager to augment the army. They would build barracks in every part of the country, and be glad to ſee a free country over-run, like ſome of the enſlaved nations of the continent, from eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth, with men armed to overawe the ſaucy advocates of charters, privileges, rights, and reformations.

Againſt principles ſo dangerous in public life, and odious in private, every friend to his country, every lover of his fellow creatures, every competent judge of thoſe manners, which ſweeten the intercourſe of man with man, will ſhew a determined oppoſition. But how ſhall he ſhew it with effect? By ridicule. Nothing lowers the pride from which ſuch principles proceed, ſo much as general contempt and deriſion. The inſolence of petty deſpots in private life ſhould be laughed at by an Ariſtophanes, while it is rebuked by a Cato.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

AS, in time of peace, armies are dangerous to liberty, they ought not to be maintained, without the conſent of the legiſlature; and the military power ſhall always be held in exact ſubordination to the civil authority, and be governed by it.—*Conſtitution of Maſſachuſetts.*

NO ſtanding army ſhall, in time of peace, be kept up, without the conſent of the legiſlature; and the military ſhall, in all caſes, and at all times, be in ſtrict ſubordination to the civil power.—*Conſtitution of Pennſylvania.*

NO ſoldier ſhall, in time of peace, be quartered in any houſe, without the conſent of the owner, nor, in time of war, but in a manner to be preſcribed by law.—*Idem.*

STANDING armies are dangerous to liberty, and ought not to be raiſed or kept up, without conſent of the legiſlature. —*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

IN all caſes, and at all times, the military ought to be under ſtrict ſubordination to and control of the civil power.—*Idem.*

NO ſoldier ought to be quartered in any houſe, in time of peace, without the conſent of the owner; and in time of war, in ſuch manner only, as the legiſlature ſhall direct.—*Idem.*

NO ſtanding army ſhall, in time of peace, be kept up, without the conſent of the legiſlature; and the military ſhall, in all caſes, and at all times, be in ſtrict ſubordination to the civil power.—*Conſtitution of Kentucky.*

NO ſoldier ſhall, in time of peace, be quartered in any houſe, without the conſent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be preſcribed by law.—*Idem.*

OVERGROWN MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS, UNDER ANY FORM OF GOVERNMENT, ARE INAUSPICIOUS TO LIBERTY, AND ARE TO BE REGARDED AS PARTICULARLY HOSTILE TO REPUBLICAN LIBERTY.—*Waſhington.*

MODESTY.

WHAT is more reſpectable, or more ſacred, than true modeſty; who will dare bring a bluſh on the cheek of chaſte beauty, ignorant of the myſteries of which ſhe has not even an idea! Who will dare to blemiſh the carnation of a chaſte countenance and a pure mind; break the ſeal of virtue, and a peaceful heart, that ſhame has not yet affected! even the depraved man feels his ſchemes die away; he reſtrains the emotions of his empoiſoned tongue, and his bold hand; he is diſarmed by the glance where modeſt aſſurance ſhines; he turns aſide, as the moſt brutal wretch would turn the wheel of his carriage, when it threatened to cruſh an infant ſtretched on the road.—*Mercier.*

MAGISTRATES.

AS great reſpect is due to the office of the ſupreme magiſtrate, ſo alſo is great affection due to his perſon, while he conducts himſelf with propriety, and conſults the happineſs of the people. The moſt decorous language ſhould be uſed to him, the moſt reſpectful behaviour preſerved towards him; every mode adopted of ſhewing him proofs of love and honor, *on this ſide idolatry.* Arduous is his taſk, though honourable. It ſhould be ſweetened by every mode which true and ſincere

the miſts of ſuperſtition and ignorance: and what then would ſhe do, if theſe barriers were removed, and her fetters taken off?—*Gordon.*

IT is apprehended, that arbitrary power would ſteal in upon us, were we not careful to prevent its progreſs, and were there not an eaſy method of conveying the alarm from one end of the kingdom to another. The ſpirit of the people muſt frequently be rouſed in order to curb the ambition of the court; and the dread of rouſing this ſpirit muſt be employed to prevent that ambition. Nothing is ſo effectual to this purpoſe as the liberty of the preſs, by which all the learning, wit, and genius of the nation may be employed on the ſide of freedom, and every one be animated to its defence. As long, therefore, as the republican part of our government can maintain itſelf againſt the monarchical, it will naturally be careful to keep the preſs open, as of importance to its own preſervation.—*Hume.*

MAN.

BEHOLD of ev'ry age. Ripe manhood ſee,
Decrepit years, and helpleſs infancy:
Thoſe who by ling'ring ſickneſs loſe their breath,
And thoſe who, by deſpair, ſuborn their death:
See yon mad fools, who, for ſome trival right,
For love, or for miſtaken honor, fight:
See thoſe more mad, who throw their lives away
In needleſs wars, the ſtake which monarchs lay,
When for each others provinces they play.
Then as if earth too narrow were for fate,
On open ſeas their quarrels they debate;
In hollow wood they floating armies bear;
And force impriſon'd winds to bring 'em near.—*Dryden.*

LIKE leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,
Another race the foll'wing ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.—*Pope.*

HAIL man, exalted title! firſt and beſt,
On God's own image by his hand impreſt,
To which at laſt the reas'ning race is driven,
And ſeeks anew what firſt it gain'd from heav'n.
O man, my brother, how the cordial flame
Of all endearments, kindles at the name!

In every clime, thy viſage greets my eyes,
In every tongue thy kindred accents riſe;
The thought expanding ſwells my heart with glee,
It finds a friend, and loves itſelf in thee.
Say, then, fraternal family divine,
Whom mutual wants and mutual aids combine—
Say, from what ſource the dire deluſion roſe,
That ſouls like ours were ever made for foes;
Why earth's maternal boſom, which we tread,
To rear our manſions and receive our bread,
Should bluſh ſo often for the race ſhe bore,
So long be drench'd with floods of filial gore?
Why to ſmall realms for ever reſt confin'd
Our great affections, meant for all mankind?
Though climes divide us; ſhall the ſtream or ſea,
That forms a barrier 'twixt my friend and me,
Inſpire the wiſh his peaceful ſtate to mar,
And meet his falchion in the ranks of war?
Not ſeas, nor climes, nor wild ambition's fire,
In nation's minds could e'er the wiſh inſpire;
Where equal rights each ſober voice ſhould guide,
No blood would ſtain them, and no war divide.
'Tis dark deception, 'tis the glare of ſtate,
Man ſunk in titles, loſt in ſmall and great;
'Tis rank, diſtinction, all the hell that ſprings
From thoſe prolific monſters, courts and kings.
Theſe are the vampires, nurs'd on nature's ſpoils;
For theſe with pangs the ſtarving peaſant toils,
For theſe the earth's broad ſurface teems with grain,
Theirs the dread labours of the devious main;
And when the waſted world but dares refuſe
The gifts oppreſſive and extorted dues,
They bid wild ſlaughter ſpread the gory plains,
The life-blood guſhing from a thouſand veins,
Erect their thrones amid the ſanguine flood,
And dip their purple in the nations' blood.
The gazing crowd, of glittering ſtate afraid,
Adore the power their coward meanneſs made,
In war's ſhort intervals, while regal ſhows
Still blind their reaſon and inſult their woes,
What ſtrange events for proud proceſſions call!
See kingdoms crowding to a birth-night ball!
See the long pomp in gorgeous glare diſplay'd,
The tinſel'd guards, the ſquadron'd horſe parade;

See heralds gay, with emblems on their veſt,
In tiſſu'd robes, tall, beauteous pages dreſt;
Amid ſuperior ranks of ſplendid ſlaves,
Lords, dukes, and princes, titulary knaves:
Confus'dly ſhine their croſſes, gems and ſtars,
Sceptres and globes and crowns and ſpoils of wars.
On gilded orbs ſee thundering chariots roll'd;
Steeds, ſnorting fire, and champing bitts of gold,
Prance to the trumpet's voice; while each aſſumes
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
High on a moving throne, and near the van,
The tyrant rides, the choſen ſcourge of man;
Clarions and flutes and drums his way prepare,
And ſhouting millions rend the troubled air;
Millions, whoſe ceaſeleſs toils the pomp ſuſtain,
Whoſe hour of ſtupid joy repays an age of pain.
Of theſe no more. From orders, ſlaves and kings,
To thee, O man, my heart rebounding ſprings;
Behold th' aſcending bliſs that waits thy call,
Heav'n's own bequeſt, the heritage of all.
Awake to wiſdom, ſeize the proffer'd prize;
From ſhade to light, from grief to glory riſe.
Freedom at laſt, with reaſon in her train,
Extends o'er earth her everlaſting reign.—*Barlow.*

WHEN I reflect upon man—and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble—when I conſider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs reckonings and ſorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand it out, and bear itſelf up as it does, againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature.—*Sterne.*

MEN are gregarious in their nature; they form together in ſociety, not merely from neceſſity, to avoid the evils of ſolitude, but from inclination and mutual attachment. They find a poſitive pleaſure in yielding aſſiſtance to each other, in communicating their thoughts and improving their faculties. This diſpoſition in man is the ſource of morals; they have their foundation in nature, and receive their nouriſhment from ſociety. The different portions of this ſociety, that call themſelves nations, have generally eſtabliſhed the principle of ſecuring to the individuals who compoſe a nation, the excluſive

enjoyment of the fruits of their own labour; reſerving, however, to the governing power the right to reclaim, from time to time, ſo much of the property and labour of individuals as ſhall be deemed neceſſary for the public ſervice. This is the general baſis on which property, public and private, has hitherto been founded. Nations have proceeded no farther. Perhaps in a more improved ſtate of ſociety, the time will come, when a different ſyſtem may be introduced; when it ſhall be found more congenial to the ſocial nature of man, to exclude the idea of ſeparate property, and with that the numerous evils which ſeem to be entailed upon it.—*Barlow.*

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched being. He is ſubject every moment to the greateſt calamities and misfortunes. He is beſet with dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor prevent, had he foreſeen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who aſk it of him.

The natural homage, which ſuch a creature bears to ſo infinitely wiſe and good a being, is a firm reliance on him, for the bleſſings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual truſt in him for deliverance out of all ſuch dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this diſpoſition of mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own weakneſs and imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the contemplation of thoſe divine attributes, which are employed for his ſafety and his welfare. He finds his want of foreſight made up by the omniſcience of him who is his ſupport. He is not ſenſible of his own want of ſtrength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In ſhort, the perſon who has a firm truſt on the Supreme Being is powerful in *his* power, wiſe by *his* wiſdom, happy by *his* happineſs. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loſes his own inſufficiency in the fulneſs of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour

us; the divine goodneſs having made ſuch reliance a duty notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable had it bee forbidden us.—*Spectator.*

MEDIOCRITY.

SINCE wealth and pow'r too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the monarch's roofs of ſtate,
Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
Happy the man with little bleſs'd,
Of what his father left, poſſeſs'd;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful ſtock,
Horſes and chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich robes to deck, and make thee pleaſe:
For me a little cell I chooſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muſe;
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I ſcorn.—*Otway.*

IF thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe;
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet grief to loſe;
For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.—*Cowley.*

MERCY.

NOT the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword;
The mareſchall's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does.
Alas! the ſouls of all men once were forfeit,
And he that might th' advantage beſt have taken,
Found out the remedy: how would ye be,
If he, who is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like new-made man.—*Shakeſpeare.*

THE quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to power and majeſty;
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings.
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.—*Idem.*

MY uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage. Where juſt occaſion preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly with him, my uncle *Toby* had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—ſays he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle *Toby*, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone; why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world ſurely is wide enough to hold thee and me.—*Sterne.*

MONARCH.

WHY has the monarch ſo much uſe for life?
Yet in his health is levell'd with the peaſant!
O painful majeſty! unequal ſtate!
Not all thy gorgeous pomp, thy flags of power,
Thy dignities, dominions, ceremonies,
The crown, the ſceptre, and the royal ball,
The purple robe, nor princely crowds, whoſe preſs
Of duty intercepts the wholeſome air;
Not all theſe glories, for one precious hour,
Can buy the beggar's health or appetite.—*Cibber.*

MAGNANIMITY.

HOW much more ſweet and worth our conſtant pray'r,
A mind unſhaken by the ſtorms of care!

Which can a vain and empty world deſpiſe,
And with an upward flight affect the ſkies;
Which the gay trappings of the great contemns,
Their ſounding titles, and their ſhining gems.
Diſcharg'd of all which happineſs debars,
She plants her converſation in the ſtars;
Looks on the clouds and lower earth, with ſcorn,
And ſeeks that country where ſhe firſt was born.

MANNERS.

THE manners of a people are not to be found in the ſchools of learning, or the palaces of greatneſs, where the national character is obſcured, or obliterated by travel or inſtruction, by philoſophy or vanity; nor is public happineſs to be eſtimated by the aſſemblies of the gay or the banquets of the rich. The great maſs of nations is neither rich nor gay. They whoſe aggregate conſtitutes the people, are found in the ſtreets and the villages—in the ſhops and farms; and from them, collectively conſidered, muſt the meaſure of general proſperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniencies are multiplied, a nation, at leaſt a commercial nation, muſt be denominated wealthy.—*Johnſon.*

MANNERS are of more importance than laws. In a great meaſure the laws depend upon them. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or ſoothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debaſe, barbarize or refine us, by a conſtant, ſteady, uniform, inſenſible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they ſupply them, or they totally deſtroy them.—*Burke.*

MILITIA.

A WELL regulated militia is the proper, natural, and ſure defence of a ſtate.

Standing armies are dangerous to liberty, and ought not to be raiſed, or kept up without conſent of the legiſlature.

In all caſes and at all times, the military ought to be under ſtrict ſubordination to, and governed by the civil power.

No ſoldier in time of peace ſhall be quartered in any houſe, without the conſent of the owner: and in time of war, ſuch quarters ought not to be made but by the civil magiſtrate, in a manner ordained by the legiſlature.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

A WELL-REGULATED militia is the proper, natural, and ſafe defence of a free government.

Standing armies are dangerous to liberty, and ought not to be raiſed or kept up, without the conſent of the legiſlature.

In all caſes, and at all times, the military ought to be under ſtrict ſubordination to, and governed by the civil power.

No ſoldier ought to be quartered in any houſe, in time of peace, without the conſent of the owner; and in time of war, in ſuch manner only, as the legiſlature ſhall direct.—*Conſtitution of Delaware.*

THE ſure and certain defence of a free people is a well regulated militia; and as ſtanding armies in time of peace, are dangerous to freedom, they ought to be avoided, as far as the circumſtances and ſafety of the community will admit; and in all caſes the military ſhall be in ſtrict ſubordination to the civil authority.—*Conſtitution of Tenneſſee.*

THE militia of this country muſt be conſidered as the palladium of our ſecurity, and the firſt effectual reſort, in caſe of hoſtility. It is eſſential, therefore, that the ſame ſyſtem ſhould pervade the whole; that the formation and diſcipline of the militia of the continent, ſhould be abſolutely uniform; and that the ſame ſpecies of arms, accoutrements, and military apparatus, ſhould be introduced in every part of the United States. No one, who has not learned it from experience, can conceive the difficulty, expence, and confuſion, which reſult from a contrary ſyſtem, or the vague arrangements which have hitherto prevailed.—*Waſhington.*

THE documents which will be preſented to you, will ſhew the amount and kinds of arms and military ſtores now in our magazines and arſenals; and yet an addition even to theſe ſupplies cannot with prudence be neglected; as it would leave nothing to the uncertainty of procuring a warlike apparatus in the moment of public danger. Nor can ſuch arrangements, with ſuch objects, be expoſed to the cenſure or jealouſy of the warmeſt friends of republican government. They are incapable of abuſe in the hands of the militia, who ought to poſſeſs a pride in being the depoſitory of the force of the Republic, and may be trained to a degree of energy, equal to every military exigency of the United States.—*Idem.*

MILITARY POWER.

THERE is one circumſtance in the conduct of the *tory* friends to *abſolute ſway*, truly alarming to the champions of

liberty. They are always inclined, on the ſmalleſt tumult, to call in the military. They would depreciate the civil powers, and break the conſtable's ſtaff, to introduce the bayonet. In their opinion, the beſt executive powers of government are a party of dragoons. They are therefore conſtantly ſounding alarms, and aggravating every petty diſturbance into a riot or rebellion. They are not for parleying with the many-headed monſter; they ſcorn lenient meaſures; and while their own perſons are in perfect ſafety, boldly command the military to fire. What is the life or the limb of a poor man, in their opinion? Not ſo much as the life or limb of a favorite pointer or race-horſe. They are always eager to augment the army. They would build barracks in every part of the country, and be glad to ſee a free country over-run, like ſome of the enſlaved nations of the continent, from eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth, with men armed to overawe the ſaucy advocates of charters, privileges, rights, and reformations.

Againſt principles ſo dangerous in public life, and odious in private, every friend to his country, every lover of his fellow creatures, every competent judge of thoſe manners, which ſweeten the intercourſe of man with man, will ſhew a determined oppoſition. But how ſhall he ſhew it with effect? By ridicule. Nothing lowers the pride from which ſuch principles proceed, ſo much as general contempt and deriſion. The inſolence of petty deſpots in private life ſhould be laughed at by an Ariſtophanes, while it is rebuked by a Cato.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

AS, in time of peace, armies are dangerous to liberty, they ought not to be maintained, without the conſent of the legiſlature; and the military power ſhall always be held in exact ſubordination to the civil authority, and be governed by it.—*Conſtitution of Maſſachuſetts.*

NO ſtanding army ſhall, in time of peace, be kept up, without the conſent of the legiſlature; and the military ſhall, in all caſes, and at all times, be in ſtrict ſubordination to the civil power.—*Conſtitution of Pennſylvania.*

NO ſoldier ſhall, in time of peace, be quartered in any houſe, without the conſent of the owner, nor, in time of war, but in a manner to be preſcribed by law.—*Idem.*

STANDING armies are dangerous to liberty, and ought not to be raiſed or kept up, without conſent of the legiſlature. —*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

IN all caſes, and at all times, the military ought to be under ſtrict ſubordination to and control of the civil power.—*Idem.*

NO ſoldier ought to be quartered in any houſe, in time of peace, without the conſent of the owner; and in time of war, in ſuch manner only, as the legiſlature ſhall direct.—*Idem.*

NO ſtanding army ſhall, in time of peace, be kept up, without the conſent of the legiſlature; and the military ſhall, in all caſes, and at all times, be in ſtrict ſubordination to the civil power.—*Conſtitution of Kentucky.*

NO ſoldier ſhall, in time of peace, be quartered in any houſe, without the conſent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be preſcribed by law.—*Idem.*

OVERGROWN MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS, UNDER ANY FORM OF GOVERNMENT, ARE INAUSPICIOUS TO LIBERTY, AND ARE TO BE REGARDED AS PARTICULARLY HOSTILE TO REPUBLICAN LIBERTY.—*Waſhington.*

MODESTY.

WHAT is more reſpectable, or more ſacred, than true modeſty; who will dare bring a bluſh on the cheek of chaſte beauty, ignorant of the myſteries of which ſhe has not even an idea! Who will dare to blemiſh the carnation of a chaſte countenance and a pure mind; break the ſeal of virtue, and a peaceful heart, that ſhame has not yet affected! even the depraved man feels his ſchemes die away; he reſtrains the emotions of his empoiſoned tongue, and his bold hand; he is diſarmed by the glance where modeſt aſſurance ſhines; he turns aſide, as the moſt brutal wretch would turn the wheel of his carriage, when it threatened to cruſh an infant ſtretched on the road.—*Mercier.*

MAGISTRATES.

AS great reſpect is due to the office of the ſupreme magiſtrate, ſo alſo is great affection due to his perſon, while he conducts himſelf with propriety, and conſults the happineſs of the people. The moſt decorous language ſhould be uſed to him, the moſt reſpectful behaviour preſerved towards him; every mode adopted of ſhewing him proofs of love and honor, *on this ſide idolatry.* Arduous is his taſk, though honourable. It ſhould be ſweetened by every mode which true and ſincere

loyalty can deviſe. I would rather exceed, than fall ſhort of the deference due to the office and the man.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

ALL powers reſiding originally in the people, and being derived from them, the ſeveral magiſtrates, and officers of government, veſted with authority, whether legiſlative, executive, or judicial, are their ſubſtitutes and agents, and are at all times accountable to them.—*Conſtitution of Maſſachuſetts.*

ALL perſons inveſted with legiſlative or executive powers of government are the truſtees of the public, and, as ſuch, accountable for their conduct; wherefore, whenever the ends of government are perverted, and public liberty manifeſtly endangered, and all other means of redreſs are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought, to reform the old or eſtabliſh a new government. The doctrine of non-reſiſtance, againſt arbitrary power and oppreſſion, is abſurd, ſlaviſh, and deſtructive of the good and happineſs of mankind.—*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

MINISTERS of STATE.

I HAD formerly upon occaſion diſcourſed with my maſter upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent conſtitution, deſervedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a miniſter of ſtate, he commanded me ſome time after to inform him, what ſpecies of *yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation.

I told him, that a chief or firſt miniſter of ſtate, who was the perſon I intended to deſcribe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at leaſt makes uſe of no other paſſions, but a violent deſire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uſes, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you ſhould take it for lie; nor a lie, but with a deſign that you ſhould take it for a truth; that thoſe he ſpeaks worſt of behind their backs, are in the ſureſt way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praiſe you to others, or to yourſelf, you are from that day forlorn. The worſt mark you can receive is a promiſe, eſpecially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which every wiſe man retires, and gives over all hopes.—*Swift.*

MINISTERS and favorites are a ſort of people who have a ſtate priſoner in their cuſtody, the whole management of whoſe affairs they can eaſily engroſs. This

they completely effect with a weak and credulous maſter; nor can the moſt cautious and penetrating elude their machinations.

Miniſters become a ſort of miniature kings in their turn. The king has been uſed to hear thoſe things only which were adapted to give him pleaſure; and it is with a grating and uneaſy ſenſation that he liſtens to communications of a different ſort. He has been uſed to unheſitating compliance; and it is with difficulty he can digeſt expoſtulation and oppoſition. The temporiſing politician expects the ſame pliability in others that he exhibits in himſelf; and the fault which he can leaſt forgive, is an ill-timed and inauſpicious ſcrupuloſity.

Expecting this compliance from all the coadjutors and inſtruments of his deſigns, he ſoon comes to ſet it up as a ſtandard by which to judge of the merits of all other men. He is deaf to every recommendation but that of a fitneſs for the ſecret ſervice of government, or a tendency to promote his intereſt, and extend the ſphere of his influence. The worſt man with this argument in his favor will ſeem worthy of encouragement; the beſt man who has no advocate but virtue to plead for him will be treated with ſupercilioufneſs and neglect.—To obtain honor, it will be neceſſary to pay a ſervile court to adminiſtration, to bear with unaltered patience their contumely and ſcorn, to flatter their vices, and render ourſelves uſeful to their private gratification. To obtain honors, it will be neceſſary, by aſſiduity and intrigue, to make to ourſelves a party, to procure the recommendation of lords, and the good word of women of pleaſure and clerks in office. To obtain honor, it will be neceſſary to merit diſgrace. The whole ſcene conſiſts in hollowneſs, duplicity, and falſehood. The miniſter ſpeaks fair to the man he deſpiſes; and the ſlave pretends a generous attachment, while he thinks of nothing but his perſonal intereſt. —*Godwin.*

IF you aſk me where to look for thoſe beautiful ſhining qualities of prime miniſters and the great favorites of princes, that are ſo finely painted in dedications, addreſſes, epitaphs, funeral ſermons, and inſcriptions, I anſwer, there, and no where elſe. Where would you look for the excellency of a ſtatue, but in that part which you ſee of it? It is the poliſhed outſide only that has the ſkill and labour of the ſculptor to boaſt of; what is out of ſight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breaſt to look for the brains or the heart, you would only ſhew your ignorance and deſtroy the workmanſhip. This has often made me compare the virtues

of great men to your large china jars; they make a fine ſhow, and are ornamental to a chimney; one would, by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is ſet upon them, think they might be very uſeful, but look into a thouſand of them, and you will find nothing but duſt and cobwebs.—*Mandeville.*

I KNOW not how it happens, but there is hardly ever a prince ſo bad but his miniſter is worſe: If he commit any ill action, he is ſtill prompted to it; accordingly, the ambition of a prince is never ſo dangerous as baſeneſs of ſoul in his counſellors.—*Monteſquieu.*

OH! what a mine of miſchief is ſtateſman!
Ye furies, whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous rocks,
Ye miniſters of death, devouring fire,
Convulſive earthquake and plague tainted air,
You all are merciful and mild to him.—*Sewel.*

NOBILITY.

WERE honor to be ſcann'd by long deſcent
From anceſtors illuſtrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greateſt, and recount
Among my fathers, names of ancient ſtory,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who ſubdued
The world by arms and virtue:
But that be their own praiſe:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myſelf an undeſerver.—*Rowe.*

VIRTUE alone is true nobility:
Let your own acts immortalize your name
'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall:
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm ſhe lov'd.—*Stephenſon.*

——————NOBILITY of blood,
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whoſe noble mind
Is fill'd with in-born worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The king of heav'n was in a manger laid,
And took his earth but from an humble maid;
Then what can birth or mortal men beſtow,
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow?
We, who for name and empty honor ſtrive,
Our true nobility from him derive.

Your anceſtors who puff your mind with pride,
And vaſt eſtates, to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honor, but their own advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.—*Dryden.*

NO man is nobler born than another, unleſs he is born with better abilities and a more amiable diſpoſition. They who make ſuch a parade with their family pictures and pedigrees, are, properly ſpeaking, rather to be called *noted* or *notorious* than *noble* perſons. I thought it right to ſay this much, in order to repel the inſolence of men who depend entirely upon chance and accidental circumſtances for diſtinction, and not at all on public ſervices and perſonal merit.—*Seneca.*

VIRTUE is nobility. Perſonal merit, uſeful, generous, benevolent exertion, the only honorable diſtinction. The trappings which every taylor can make to clothe a poor puny mortal, add no real dignity. In ages of ignorance, they might ſtrike with awe. Thoſe ages are no more. Nor will they ever return, notwithſtanding the efforts of petty deſpots, (fearing the loſs of thoſe diſtinctions which they know they never earned), to keep the people in the groſſeſt ignorance.

God Almighty, who gives his ſun to ſhine with as much warmth and radiance on the cottage as on the palace, has diſpenſed the glorious privilege of genius and virtue to the poor and middle claſſes, with a bounty perhaps ſeldom experienced in any of the proud pretenders to hereditary or official grandeur. Let us call to mind a few among the worthies who have adorned the ages that have elapſed; Socrates; was he *noble* in the ſenſe of a king at arms? Would he have condeſcended to be bedizened with ribands, and ſtars, and garters? Cicero; was he not a *novus homo?* a man unconnected with patricians, and deriving his glory from the pureſt fountain of honor, his own genius and virtue? Demoſthenes would have ſcorned to owe his eſtimation to a pedigree.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

THE greateſt ſcholars, poets, orators, philoſophers, warriors, ſtateſmen, inventors and improvers of the arts, aroſe from the loweſt of the people. If we had waited till courtiers had invented the art of printing, clock-making, navigation, and a thouſand others, we ſhould probably have continued in darkneſs to this hour. They had ſomething elſe to do, than to add to the comforts and conveniencies of ordinary life. They had to worſhip an idol, with the incenſe of flattery, who was often much more ſtupid than themſelves, and who ſometimes had no more care or knowledge of the people under him, or their wants, than he had of arts or literature.

The education of the middle claſſes is infinitely better than the education of thoſe who are called *great people.* Their time is leſs conſumed by that vanity and diſſipation which enfeebles the mind, while it precludes opportunity for reading and reflection. They uſually have a regard to *character*, which contributes much to the preſervation of virtue. Their honor and integrity are valued by them, as pearls of great price. Theſe are their ſtars, and theſe their coronets. They are for the moſt part attached to their religion. They are temperate, frugal and induſtrious. In one particular, and that one adds a value above all that *courts* can give, they greatly excel the great, and that particular is ſincerity. They are in earneſt in their words and deeds. They have little occaſion for ſimulation and diſſimulation. Courtiers are too often varniſhed, fictitious perſons, whom God and nature never made; while the people preſerve the image unaffected, which the Supreme Being impreſſed when he created man.—*Idem.*

NATURE and ART.

UNERRING nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp beſides:
In ſome fair body thus the ſecret ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in effect remains.—*Pope.*

NEGLIGENCE.

NO man can ſafely do that by others, which might be done by himſelf. He that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that truſts without reſerve, will at laſt be deceived.—*Rambler.*

NATURAL ARISTOCRACY.

THAT the beſt and *ableſt* men ſhould govern the worſt and weakeſt, is reaſonable: and this is the *ariſtocracy* appointed by God and nature. But what do we mean, when we ſay the beſt and ableſt men? Do we mean, men of the beſt families; that is, men in whoſe families riches and titles have long been auſpicuous? By the ableſt men, do we mean men who poſſeſs

the greateſt *power*, by undue influence, in borough and county elections, though the exertion of that *power* be ſtrictly forbidden by the law and conſtitution? Or do we mean men of honeſt, upright, and benevolent hearts; of vigorous, well informed, well-exerciſed underſtandings? Certainly the latter ſort, which forms the *ariſtocracy* eſtabliſhed by God and nature. This is gold; the king's head, ſtamped upon it, may make it a *guinea*. The other is only copper; and though the *ſame* impreſſion may be made upon it at the mint, it is ſtill intrinſically worth no more than a halfpenny.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

NON-RESISTANCE.

GOVERNMENT being inſtituted for the common benefit, the doctrine of non-reſiſtance againſt arbitrary power and oppreſſion is abſurd, ſlaviſh, and deſtructive to the good and happineſs of mankind.—*Conſtitution of Tenneſſee.*

NATURE.

NATURE does nothing in vain; the creator of the univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain uſe and purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled courſe and ſphere of action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the diſpoſitions of ſociety; the civil economy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and in either caſe the breach but of one link puts the whole in ſome diſorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that moſt of the abſurdity and ridicule that we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation, of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never deſigned them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him uſeful both to himſelf and others; nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under the guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his way, and then offers herſelf for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that courſe, he can hardly miſcarry: nature makes good her engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the misfortune is, men deſpiſe what they may be maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their genius inclines them to, and ſo bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they deſtroy the uſe of their natural talents, in the ſame manner

as covetous men do their quiet and repoſe; they can enjoy no ſatisfaction in what they have, becauſe of the abſurd inclination they are poſſeſſed with for what they have not.—*Spectator.*

OPPRESSION.

MEN irritated by oppreſſion, and elevated by a triumph over it, are apt to abandon themſelves to violent and extreme courſes.—*Burke.*

OATHS.

YE have heard that it hath been ſaid by them of old time, Thou ſhalt not forſwear thyſelf, but ſhalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

But I ſay unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne:

Nor by the earth; for it is his footſtool: neither by Jeruſalem, for it is the city of the great king:

Neither ſhalt thou ſwear by thy head, becauſe thou canſt not make one hair white or black:

But let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatſoever is more than theſe cometh of evil.—*New Teſtament.*

IT is great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin,
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful oath.
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow,
To do a murderous deed? to rob a man?
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity?
To reave the orphan of his patrimony?
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right?
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?—*Shakeſpeare.*

WHOEVER conſiders the number of abſurd and ridiculous oaths neceſſary to be taken at preſent in moſt countries, on being admitted into any ſociety or profeſſion whatever, will be leſs ſurpriſed to find prevarication ſtill prevailing, where perjury has led the way.

While good faith reigned upon the earth, a ſimple promiſe was ſufficient to inſure confidence. Oaths owe their origin to perfidy. Man was not required to call upon the God that heard him, to witneſs his veracity, till he deſerved no longer to be believed. Magiſtrates and ſovereigns, to what do your regulations tend? You either oblige the man of probity to lift up his hand, and call heaven to witneſs, which with him is a requiſition as injurious as it is uſeleſs; or you compel an oath from the *mouth* of a reprobate. Of what value can the oath of ſuch a

man appear to you? If the oath be contrary to his own ſecurity, it is abſurd. If it be conſonant with his intereſt, it is ſuperfluous. Does it argue a knowledge of the human heart, to give the debtor his choice between his ruin and a falſehood; or the criminal his option between death and perjury? Will the man whom motives of revenge, intereſt, or wickedneſs, have determined to give a falſe teſtimony, be deterred by the fear of committing one crime more? Is he not appriſed, before he is brought up to the tribunal of juſtice, that this formality will be required of him? And has he not from the bottom of his heart deſpiſed it, before he complied with it? Is it not a ſpecies of impiety to introduce the name of God in our wicked diſputes? Is it not a ſingular mode of making heaven, as it were, an accomplice in the guilt, to ſuffer that heaven to be called upon which never has contradicted nor ever will contradict the oath? How intrepid, therefore, muſt the falſe witneſs become, when he has with impunity called down the divine vengeance on his head, without the fear of being convicted? Oaths ſeem to be ſo much debaſed and proſtituted by their frequency, that falſe witneſſes are grown as common as robbers.—*Raynal.*

OLD SOLDIER.

ONCE, gay in life, and free from anxious care,
I through the furrows drove the ſhining ſhare—
I ſaw my waving fields with plenty crown'd,
And yellow Ceres, joyous, ſmile around;
'Till rous'd by freedom at my country's call,
I left my peaceful home, and gave up all.
Now forc'd, alas! to beg my hard-earn'd bread,
This crazy body longs to join the dead:
Ungrateful country! when the danger's o'er,
Your braveſt ſons cold charity implore.
Children of wealth, in downy pleaſure bred,
Pamper'd in eaſe, by fav'ring fortune fed;
Who view with thoughtleſs eye the humble poor,
That glean their ſcanty meals from door to door;
Ah! heave for me a ſympathetic ſigh,
And wipe the falling tear from ſorrow's eye.—*Fentham.*

PRIMOGENITURE.

HOW unnatural is the anxious deſire of ariſtocratical bigots to *make*, as they expreſs it, an eldeſt ſon! to ſtarve or at leaſt to diſtreſs, a dozen ſons and daughters, in order to leave

behind them one great repreſentative, who may continue to toil in the purſuit of civil pre-eminence, for the gratification of *family pride*. The privileges of primogeniture eſtabliſh petty deſpots all over the land, who are intereſted, and ſufficiently inclined, from pride as well as intereſt, to promote the ſpirit of deſpotiſm. They would have no objection to the feudal ſyſtem, in which the only diſtinction was that of lords and vaſſals. Not contented with engroſſing the property which ought to be ſhared among their brothers and ſiſters, they claim privileges in conſequence of their property, and would appropriate the birds of the air and the beaſts of the foreſt for their recreation in the field, and their luxury at the table.

When the laws of nature, and eternal truth and juſtice, are violated, no wonder that deſpotiſm advances, and man is degraded.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

PASSION.

HOW terrible is paſſion! how our reaſon
Falls down before it! whilſt the tortur'd frame,
Like a ſhip daſh'd by fierce encount'ring tides,
And of her pilot ſpoil'd, drives round and round,
The ſport of wind and wave.—*Barford.*

PATIENCE.

O HEAV'N born patience! ſource of peace and reſt,
Deſcend; infuſe thy ſpirit thro' my breaſt,
That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,
My foes forgive, and triumph o'er their hate.
This body let their engines tear and grind:
But let not all their racks ſubdue my mind.—*Mallet.*

IF what we ſuffer has been brought on us by ourſelves, it is obſerved by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, ſince no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deſerved. If we are conſcious that we have not contributed to our own ſufferings, if puniſhment falls upon innocence, or diſappointment happens to induſtry and prudence, patience, whether more neceſſary or not, is much eaſier, ſince our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterneſs of remorſe to add to the aſperity of misfortune.—*Rambler.*

IN thoſe evils which are allotted us by Providence, ſuch as deformity, privation of any of the ſenſes, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no preſent effect, but to deprive us of the conſolations which our condition

admits, by driving away from us thoſe, by whoſe converſation, or advice, we might be amuſed or helped; and that with regard to futurity, it is yet leſs to be juſtified, ſince without leſſening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon them that bear it well. —*Idem.*

IN all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, becauſe it waſtes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, might remove the cauſe.—*Idem.*

PATRIOTISM.

——————FOR all connections elſe,
All private duties are ſubordinate,
To what we owe the public. Partial ties
Of ſon, and father, huſband, friend or brother,
Owe their enjoyments to the public ſafety,
And without that were vain —*Whitehead.*

——————THE patriot's breaſt
No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,
And in her danger loſes private woes.
Learn hence, ye Romans, on how ſure a baſe
The patriot builds his happineſs; no ſtroke,
No keeneſt, deadlieſt, ſhaft of adverſe fate,
Can make his generous boſom quite deſpair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endleſs round ſucceed,
And nature ſuffer when our children bleed:
Yet ſtill ſuperior muſt that hero prove,
Whoſe firſt, beſt paſſion is his country's love.—*Idem.*

TO be attached to the ſubdiviſion, to love the little platoon we belong to in ſociety, is the firſt principle (the germ, as it were) of public affections. It is the firſt link in the ſeries by which we proceed towards a love to our country and to mankind. The intereſts of that portion of ſocial arrangement is a truſt in the hands of all thoſe who compoſe it; and as none but bad men would juſtify it in abuſe, none but traitors would barter it away for their own perſonal advantage.—*Burke.*

PEACE.

GIVE peace, give healing peace to two brave nations,
Fatigu'd with war, and ſick of cruel deeds!
To carry on deſtruction's eaſy trade,
Afflict mankind, and ſcourge the world with war,

Is what each wicked, each ambitious man,
Who lets his furious paſſions looſe, may do:
But in the flattering torrents of ſucceſs,
To check his rage, and drop the avenging ſword,
When a repenting people aſk it of him,
That is a genuine bounty of a God.—*Thomſon.*

FAIR peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie, the kindred ſons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith; while honeſt toil
Gives every joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but uſurps.
Beneath thy calm inſpiring influence,
Science his views enlarges; Art refines,
And ſwelling Commerce opens all her ports.
Bleſt be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheathes the murd'rous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns;
And every vigour from the work of death
To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile.
Unviolated, him the virgin ſings;
And him the ſmiling mother to her train;
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labor ſafe,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the ſailor ſoothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, rings of him,
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
'Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.—*Idem.*

A PEACE too eagerly ſought, is not always the ſooner obtained; and when obtained, it never can be every thing we wiſh. The diſcovery of vehement wiſhes generally fruſtrates their attainment; and your adverſary has gained a great advantage over you, when he finds you impatient to conclude a treaty. There is in reſerve, not only ſomething of dignity, but a great deal of prudence too. A ſort of courage belongs to negociation

as well as to operations of the field. A negociator muſt ſeem willing to hazard all, if he wiſhes to ſecure any material point. —*Burke.*

OH ſtretch thy reign, fair peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till conqueſt ceaſe, and ſlav'ry be no more!
Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves!
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold!
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping furies thirſt for blood in vain.—*Pope.*

PERSECUTION.

————TO ſubdue th' unconquerable mind,
To make one reaſon have the ſame effect
Upon all apprehenſions; to force this
Or that man to think juſt as I do;
Impoſſible! unleſs ſouls, which differ
Like human faces, were alike in all.—*Rowe.*

A FURY crawl'd from out her horrid cell;
The bloodieſt miniſter of death and hell.
Huge full-gorg'd ſnakes on her lean ſhoulders hung,
And death's dark courts with her loud hiſſing rung.
Her teeth and claws were iron, and her breath,
Like ſubterranean damps, gave preſent death.
Flames, worſe than hell's, ſhot from her bloody eyes,
And fire and ſword eternally ſhe cries.
No certain ſhape, no figure regular,
No limbs diſtinct in th' odious fiend appear.
Her ſqualid bloated belly did ariſe,
Swo'n with black gore, to a prodigious ſize,
Diſtended vaſtly by a mighty flood
Of ſlaughter'd ſaints, and conſtant martyrs' blood.
Part ſtood out prominent; but part fell down,
And, in a ſwagging heap, lay wall'wing on the ground.

Horror, till now the ugliest shape esteem'd,
So much out done, a harmless figure seem'd.
Envy, and Hate, and Malice blush'd to see
Themselves eclips'd by such deformity.
Her sev'rish thirst drinks down a sea of blood,
Not of the impious, but the just and good;
'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguish'd rage,
Nor can th' exhausted world her wrath assuage.—*Blackmore.*

IT is injustice, and not a mistaken conscience that has been the principle of persecution, at least as far as it has fallen under my observation.—*Burke.*

PITY.

IT is the mark of a dishonest mind
Not to commiserate even the most guilty.
He, who unmov'd beholds the wretch's pains,
Is such a wretch, as may deserve our pity.—*Charles Johnson.*

IN benevolent natures the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music, which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.—*Sterne.*

PITY is to many of the unhappy, a source of comfort in hopeless distresses, as it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others; and heaven seems to indicate the duty even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.—*Rambler.*

POVERTY.

POVERTY has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients; and every day is lost in contriving for to morrow. —*Johnson.*

IT is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy

are compelled to procure by the help of artiſts, and the attendance of flatterers and ſpies.—*Rambler.*

THERE are natural reaſons why poverty does not eaſily conciliate. He that has been confined from his infancy to the converſation of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, muſt neceſſarily want thoſe accompliſhments which are the uſual means of attracting favor; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indiſputable right to reverence and kindneſs, they will not be diſtinguiſhed by common eyes, unleſs they are brightened by elegance of manners; but are caſt aſide, like unpoliſhed gems, of which none but the artiſt knows the intrinſic value, till their aſperities are ſmoothed, and their incruſtations rubbed away.—*Idem.*

NATURE makes us poor only when we want neceſſaries; but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.—*Idler.*

THE poor are inſenſible of many little vexations which ſometimes embitter the poſſeſſions and pollute the enjoyments of the rich. They are not pained by caſual incivility, or mortified by the mutilation of a compliment: but this happineſs is like that of a malefactor, who ceaſes to feel the cords that bind him when the pincers are tearing his fleſh.—*Johnſon.*

TO be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches; and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmoſt care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleneſs from himſelf. —*Idler.*

PRIDE.

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.
For as in bodies, ſo in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.—*Pope.*

PASSION.

IT is a very common expreſſion, that ſuch a one is very good natured, but very paſſionate. The expreſſion indeed is very good-natured to allow paſſionate people ſo much quarter: but I think a paſſionate man deſerves the leaſt indulgence

imaginable. It is ſaid, "it is ſoon over:" that is, all the miſchief he does is quickly diſpatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favor. I have known one of thoſe good natured paſſionate men ſay, in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, ſuch things as the moſt inveterate enemy of his family would not have ſpoken, even in imagination.—*Spectator.*

PROVIDENCE.

HAPPY the man who ſees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Reſolving all events, with their effects
And manifold reſults, into the will
And arbitration wiſe of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The leaſt of all concerns (ſince from the leaſt
The greateſt oft originate) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or diſpoſe
One lawleſs particle to thwart his plan,
Then God might be ſurpriz'd, and unforeſeen
Contingence might alarm him, and diſturb
The ſmooth and equal courſe of his affairs.—*Cowper.*

PHILOSOPHY.

ONE of the chief advantages derived by the preſent generation from the improvement and diffuſion of philoſophy, is deliverance from unneceſſary terrors, and exemption from falſe alarms. The unuſual appearances, whether regular or accidental, which once ſpread conſternation over ages of ignorance, are now the recreations of inquiſitive ſecurity. The ſun is no more lamented when it is eclipſed, than when it ſets, and meteors play their corruſcations without prognoſtic or prediction.—*Johnſon.*

MANY men in our times, who wiſh to extend and aggrandize that power, from whoſe arbitrary bounty they derive all the honor they are capable of acquiring, endeavor to throw contempt on philoſophy. It may indeed be doubted, whether they all know the meaning of the word; but they know it implies a merit not derived from princes, and therefore they wiſh to degrade it. Their fountain of honor, they conceive, has no reſemblance, in its nature or efficacy, to the famed fountains of Parnaſſus; it conveys no inſpiration, except that which diſplays itſelf in the tumor of pride.

The preſent age has heard upſtart noblemen give to philoſophers (whoſe genius and diſcoveries entitle them to rank, in reaſon's table of precedency, above every nobleman in the red book) the opprobrious appellation of wretches and miſcreants. Philoſophy and philoſophers have been mentioned by men, whoſe attainments would only qualify them for diſtinction in a ball-room, with expreſſions of hatred and contempt due only to thieves, murderers, the very outcaſts and refuſe of human nature.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

PHILOSOPHY, ſo far from deſerving contempt, is the glory of human nature. Man approaches by contemplation to what we conceive of celeſtial purity and excellence. Without the aid of philoſophy, the maſs of mankind, all over the terraqueous globe, would have ſunk in ſlavery and ſuperſtition, the natural conſequences of groſs ignorance. Men at the very bottom of ſociety, have been enabled by the natural talents they poſſeſſed, ſeconded by favorable opportunities, to reach the higheſt improvements in philoſophy; and have thus lifted up a torch in the valley, which has expoſed the weakneſs and deformity of the caſtle on the mountain, from which the oppreſſors ſallied, in the night of darkneſs, and ſpread deſolation with impunity. Deſpots, the meaneſt, the baſeſt, the moſt brutal and ignorant of the human race, would have trampled on the rights and the happineſs of men unreſiſted, if philoſophy had not opened the eyes of the ſufferers, ſhewn them their own power and dignity, and taught them to deſpiſe thoſe giants of power, as they appeared through the miſts of ignorance, who ruled a vaſſal world with a mace of iron. Liberty is the daughter of philoſophy; and they who deteſt the offspring, do all that they can to vilify and diſcountenance the mother.

But let us calmly conſider what is the object of this philoſophy, ſo formidable in the eyes of thoſe who are bigotted to ancient abuſes, who hate every improvement, and who wiſh to ſubject the many to the control of an arbitrary few. Philoſophy is ever employed in finding out whatever is good, and whatever is true. She darts her eagle eye over all the buſy world, detects error and miſchief, and points out modes of improvement. In the multiform ſtate of human affairs, ever obnoxious to decay and abuſe, it is her's to meditate on the means of melioration. She wiſhes to demoliſh nothing but what is a nuiſance. To build, to repair, to ſtrengthen, and to poliſh, theſe are the works which ſhe

delights to plan; and, in concerting the beſt methods of directing their accompliſhment, ſhe conſumes the midnight oil. How can ſhe diſturb human affairs, ſince ſhe dwells in contemplation, and deſcends not to action? neither does ſhe impel others to action by the arts of deluſive eloquence. She applies to reaſon alone; and if reaſon is not convinced, all that ſhe has done, is ſwept away, like the web of Arachne. —*Idem.*

PHYSIC.

BY chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we, their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten:
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than ſee the Doctor for a pois'nous draught.
The wife for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.—*Dryden.*

PROMISES.

THE man who is wantonly profuſe of his promiſes, ought to ſink his credit as much as a tradeſman would, by uttering a great number of promiſſory notes, payable at a diſtant day. The trueſt concluſion in both caſes is, that neither intend, or will be able to pay. And as the latter moſt probably intends to cheat you of your money, ſo the former at leaſt deſigns to cheat you of your thanks.—*Fielding.*

PRIDE.

TO ſhew the ſtrength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.
What numbers are there, who at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too!—*Young.*

O GOD! what is man!—even a thing of nought—a poor, infirm, miſerable, ſhort-lived creature, that paſſes away like a ſhadow, and is haſtening off the ſtage, where the theatrical titles and diſtinctions, and the whole maſk of pride which he has worn for a day, will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected ſlave.—Send forth your imagination, I beſeech you, to view the laſt ſcene of the greateſt and proudeſt who ever awed and governed the world—See the empty vapour diſappearing! one of the arrows of mortality this moment ſticks faſt within him: ſee—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and ſpirits.

Approach his bed of ſtate—liſt up the curtain—regard a moment with ſilence——

Are theſe cold hands and pale lips, all that are left of him who was canoniz'd by his own pride, or made a god of by his flatterers?—*Sterne.*

PRIDE, according to the doctrine of ſome, is the univerſal paſſion. There are others, who conſider it as the foible of great minds; and others again, who will have it to be the very foundation of greatneſs: but to real greatneſs, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almoſt diametrically oppoſite; as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almoſt certainly from the badneſs of the latter. Indeed a little obſervation will ſhow us, that fools are the moſt addicted to this vice: and a little reflexion will teach us, that it is incompatible with true underſtanding. Accordingly we ſee, that while the wiſeſt of men have conſtantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meaneſt and weakeſt have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies, and triumphing in their own ſufficiency.—*Fielding.*

PARTIALITY.

LET a man be never ſo honeſt, the account of his own conduct will, in ſpite of himſelf, be ſo very favourable, that his vices will become purified through his lips, and like foul liquors well ſtrained, will leave all their foulneſs behind. For though the facts themſelves may appear, yet ſo different will be the motives, circumſtances, and conſequences, when a man tells his own ſtory, and when his enemy tells it, that we ſcarce recognize the fact to be one and the ſame.—*Fielding.*

PATRONAGE.

A MAN conſpicuous in a high ſtation, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependents, may be conſidered as a beaſt of prey.—*Idler.*

PROFESSION.

THE attachment every man has to his own profeſſion, and the contempt he has for others, diſcovers itſelf in numberleſs inſtances. It has been ſaid of a geographer, that he received no other pleaſure from the Æneid of Virgil, than by tracing out the voyage of Æneas in the map—and of a celebrated coach-maker, who juſt having Latin enough to read the ſtory of Phæton in the Metamorphoſis, ſhook his head, that ſo fine a genius for making chariots, as Ovid had, was thrown away on making poems.—*Fielding.*

PRAISE.

THE real ſatisfaction which praiſe can afford, is when what is repeated aloud, agrees with the whiſpers of conſcience, by ſhewing us that we have not endeavoured to deſerve well in vain.—*Rambler.*

MEN are ſeldom ſatisfied with praiſe, introduced or followed by any mention of defect.—*Life of Pope.*

SOME are laviſh of praiſe, becauſe they hope to be repaid. —*Rambler.*

PRUDENCE.

GOODNESS of heart, and openneſs of temper, though they may give great comfort within, and adminiſter to an honeſt pride, will by no means, alas! do our buſineſs in this world; prudence and circumſpection are neceſſary even to the beſt of men. They are, indeed, as it were, a guard to virtue, without which ſhe can never be ſafe. It is not enough that your deſigns, nay, that your actions are intrinſically good, you muſt take care they ſhall appear ſo.—*Fielding.*

PRUDENCE is a duty which we owe ourſelves, and if we will be ſo much our own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in diſcharging their duty to us; for when a man lays the foundation of his own ruin, others too often are apt to build upon it.—*Idem.*

PEEVISHNESS.

HE that reſigns his peace to little caſualties, and ſuffers the courſe of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himſelf to the direction of the wind, and loſes all that conſtancy and equanimity, which conſtitute the chief praiſe of a wiſe man.—*Rambler.*

PRODIGALITY.

HE ſeldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal; and they that truſt her promiſes, make little ſcruple of revelling to-day, on the profits of to-morrow.—*Johnſon.*

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is one of thoſe advantages which we never eſtimate rightly, but by the inconvenience of its loſs. Its influence upon the manners is conſtant and uniform, ſo that, like an equal motion, it eſcapes perception. The circumſtances of every action are ſo adjuſted to each other, that we do ont

ſee where any error could have been committed, and rather acquieſce in its propriety, than admire its exactneſs.—*Rambler.*

WHEN the pale of ceremony is once broken, rudeneſs and inſult ſoon enter the breach.—*Idem.*

PRIVATE INSULT.

THE abſurd and abominable doctrine, *that private vices are public benefits*, it is hoped will be blotted from the memory of man, and expunged from the catalogue of human follies, with the ſyſtems of government which gave it birth. The ground of this inſulting doctrine is, that advantage may be taken of the extravagant foibles of individuals to increaſe the revenues of the ſtate; as if the chief end of ſociety were, to ſteal money for the government's purſe! to be ſquandered by the governors, to render them more inſolent in their oppreſſions! it is humiliating, to anſwer ſuch arguments as theſe; where we muſt lay open the moſt degrading retreats of proſtituted logic, to diſcover the poſitions on which they are founded. But *orders* and *privileges* will lead to any thing: once teach a man, that *ſome are born to command, and others to be commanded;* and after that, there is no camel too big for him to ſwallow.—*Barlow.*

POPULATION.

NO nation is yet ſo numerous, nor any country ſo populous, as it is capable of becoming. Europe, taken together, would ſupport at leaſt five times its preſent number, even on its preſent ſyſtem of cultivation; and how many times this increaſed population may be multiplied by new diſcoveries in the infinite ſcience of ſubſiſtence, no man will pretend to calculate. This of itſelf is ſufficient to prove, that ſociety at preſent has the means of rendering all its members happy in every reſpect, except the removal of bodily diſeaſe.—*Barlow.*

POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

WHAT employment, in the buſy ſcene in which man engages from the cradle to the tomb, is more worthy of him than political diſcuſſion? It affords a field for intellectual energy, and all the fineſt feelings of benevolence. It exerciſes and ſtrengthens every faculty. It calls forth latent virtues, which elſe had ſlept in the boſom, like the diamond in the mine. And is this employment, thus uſeful and honorable, to be

confined to a few among the race of mortals? Is there to be a monopoly of political action and ſpeculation? Why then did heaven beſtow reaſon and ſpeech, powers of activity, and a ſpirit of enterprize, in as great perfection on the loweſt among the people, as on thoſe who, by no merit of their own, inherit wealth and high ſtation? Heaven has declared its will by its acts. Man contravenes it; but time, and the progreſſive improvement of the underſtanding, will reduce the anomaly to its natural rectitude. And if a few irregularities ſhould ſometimes ariſe in the proceſs, they are of no importance when weighed with the happy reſult; the return of diſtorted ſyſtems to truth, to reaſon, and the will of God. Occaſional ferments, with all their inconveniences, are infinitely preferable to the putreſcence of ſtagnation. They are ſymptoms of health and vigor; and though they may be attended with tranſient pain, yet, while they continue to appear at intervals, there is no danger of mortification. Good hearts, accompanied with good underſtandings, ſeldom produce, even where miſtaken, laſting evil. They repair and compenſate.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

RELIGION.

——————————TRUE religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears deſtruction on her chariot-wheels;
But ſtoops to poliſh, ſuccour, and redreſs,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.—*Miller.*

RELIGION's all. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs, in her left,
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next;
Religion! the ſole voucher man is man:
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf!
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! providence! an after-ſtate!
Here is firm footing; here is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us, beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.—*Young.*

RELIGION! oh thou cherub heavenly bright!
Of joys unmixt, and fathomleſs delight!

Thou, thou art all? nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
Thy force alone, religion, death diſarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
Soften'd by thee, the griſly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears.
We, undiſmay'd, this awful power obey,
That guides us thro' the ſafe tho' gloomy way
Which leads to life, and to the bleſt abode,
Where raviſh'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a God.
We grant, a train of miſchiefs oft proceeds
From ſuperſtitious rites and penal creeds;
But view religion in her native charms,
Diſperſing bleſſings with indulgent arms,
From her fair eyes what heav'nly rays are ſpread!
What blooming joys ſmile round her bliſsful head!
Offspring divine! by thee we bleſs the cauſe,
Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;
His independent being we adore,
Extol his goodneſs, and revere his pow'r.
Our wond'ring eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we purſue,
'Till, raviſh'd, we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impreſſions on our mind.
Inſpir'd by thee, gueſt of celeſtial race,
With generous love we human kind embrace;
We provocations, unprovok'd, receive,
Patient of wrong, and eaſy to forgive;
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cauſe,
Nor deviate from the line unerring juſtice draws.
Thy luſtre, bleſt effulgence! can diſpel
The clouds of error, and the glooms of hell;
Can to the ſoul impart ethereal light,
Give life divine, and intellectual ſight:
Before our raviſh'd eyes thy beams diſplay
The op'ning ſcenes of bliſs, and endleſs day;
By which incited, we with ardor riſe,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the ſkies.
Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Diſmiſs their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors, in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the ſword and ſpear.

The boldeſt champions of impiety,
Scornful of heav'n, ſubdu'd or won by thee,
Before thy hallowed altars bend their knee.
Looſe wits, made wiſe, a public good become,
The ſons of pride an humble mein aſſume,
The profligate in morals grow ſevere,
Defrauders juſt, and ſycophants ſincere.—*Blackmore.*

RESOLUTION.

WHEN deſperate ills demand a ſpeedy cure, diſtruſt is cowardice, and prudence folly.—*Johnſon.*

MARSHAL TURENNE, among the acknowledgments which he uſed to pay in converſation to the memory of thoſe by whom he had been inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one, with honor, who taught him not to ſpend his time in regretting any miſtake which he had made, but to ſet himſelf immediately, and vigorouſly, to repair it. Patience and ſubmiſſion ſhould be carefully diſtinguiſhed from cowardice and indolence; we are not to repine, but we may lawfully ſtruggle; for the calamities of life, like the neceſſities of nature, are calls to labour, and exerciſes of diligence.—*Rambler.*

TO have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize is above the ſtrength that undertakes it. To reſt below his own aim, is incident to every one whoſe fancy is active, and whoſe views are comprehenſive; nor is any man ſatisfied with himſelf, becauſe he has done much, but becauſe he can conceive little.—*Johnſon.*

NOTHING will ever be attempted if all poſſible objections muſt be firſt overcome.—*Idem.*

RICHES.

CAN gold calm paſſion, or make reaſon ſhine?
Can we dig peace, or wiſdom from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our fortune, than our happineſs;
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſt: the poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their ſtore!
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.

Could both our Indies buy but one new ſenſe,
Our envy would be due to large expence;
Since not, thoſe pomps, which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.—*Young.*

THE more experience we have of the world, the more that experience ſhould ſhow us, how little is in the power of *riches;* for what, indeed, truly deſirable, can they beſtow upon us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, ſtrength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we ſhould not ſee ſo many ill-favoured faces haunting the aſſemblies of the great, nor would ſuch numbers of feeble wretches languiſh in their coaches and palaces! Can they prolong their own poſſeſſion, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwiſe, that the ſloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, ſhorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and miſery to an untimely grave. Where, then, is their value, if they can neither embelliſh, nor ſtrengthen our forms, ſweeten, or prolong our lives? Again, can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather ſwell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, ſhut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compaſſion.—*Fielding.*

WHOEVER ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch, as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it; for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries; and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs —*Rambler.*

IT is obſerved of gold, by an old epigrammatiſt, "that to have it, is to be in fear, and to want it, to be in ſorrow."—*Idem.*

EVERY man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his deſires and enjoyments. Any enlargement of riches is therefore equally deſtructive to happineſs with the diminution of poſſeſſion: and he that teaches another to long for what he ſhall never obtain, is no leſs an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of a part of his patrimony —*Idem.*

OF riches, as of every thing elſe, the hope is more than the enjoyment. Whilſt we conſider them as the means to be uſed at ſome future time, for the attainment of felicity, we preſs on our purſuit ardently and vigorouſly, and that ardor ſecures us from wearineſs of ourſelves; but no ſooner do we ſit down to enjoy our acquiſitions, than we find them inſufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.—*Idler.*

WHOSOEVER riſes above thoſe who once pleaſed themſelves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain ſooner than others that which all purſue with the ſame ardour, and to which all imagine themſelves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When thoſe who ſtarted with us in the race of life, leave us ſo far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our diſappointment by remarks on the arts of ſupplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they poſſeſs it; of them whoſe riſe we could not hinder, we ſolace ourſelves by prognoſticating the fall. Riches, therefore, perhaps do not ſo often produce crimes as incite accuſers.—*Idem.*

RAILLERY.

THE raillery which is conſiſtent with good breeding, is a gentle animadverſion on ſome foible, which, while it raiſes the laugh in the reſt of the company, doth not put the perſon rallied out of countenance, or expoſe him to ſhame or contempt. On the contrary, the jeſt ſhould be ſo delicate, that the object of it ſhould be capable of joining in the mirth it occaſions.—*Fielding.*

REPUTATION.

THE pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation: That away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.—*Shakeſpeare.*

RESIGNATION.

BID her remember that the ways of heav'n,
Tho' dark, are juſt: that oft ſome guardian pow'r
Attends, unſeen, to ſave the innocent!
But if high heav'n decrees our fall,—O bid her
Firmly to wait the ſtroke; prepar'd alike
To live or die.—*Brown.*

WHEN any accident threatens us, we are not to deſpair; nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve. We muſt ſubmit in all things to the will of providence, and not ſet our affections ſo much on any thing here, as not to be able to quit it without reluctance.—*Fielding.*

RIDICULE.

[illegible] the little imperfections
[illegible]

The man who ſees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the preſent, concur in the general laugh, yet, in a cool hour, will conſider the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; but when there is no ſenſe of this danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who, by general cenſures, lays claim to general ſuperiority.—*Rambler.*

RECRUITING.

THE vanity of the poor men is to be worked upon at the cheapeſt rate poſſible. Things we are accuſtomed to, we do not mind; or elſe, what mortal, that never had ſeen a ſoldier, could look, without laughing, upon a man accoutred with ſo much paltry gaudineſs and affected finery? The courſeſt manufacture that can be made of wool, dyed of a brick-duſt color, goes down with him, becauſe it is an imitation of ſcarlet or crimſon cloth; and to make him think himſelf as like his officer as it is poſſible, with little or no coſt, inſtead of ſilver or gold lace, his hat is trimmed with white or yellow worſted, which in others would deſerve bedlam; yet theſe fine allurements, and the noiſe made upon a calf ſkin, have drawn in and been the deſtruction of more men in reality, than all the killing eyes and bewitching voices of women ever ſlew in jeſt. To day the *ſwine herd* puts on his red coat, and believes every body in earneſt that calls him *gentleman;* and two days after *ſerjeant Kite gives him a ſwinging rap with his cane,* for holding his muſket an inch higher than he ſhould do.—When a man reflects on all this, and the uſage they generally receive—their pay—and the *care that is taken of them when they are not wanted,* muſt he not wonder how wretches can be ſo ſilly, as to be proud of being called *gentlemen ſoldiers?* Yet if they were not ſo called, no art, diſcipline, or money, would be capable of making them ſo brave as thouſands of them are.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

ROTATION of OFFICE.

A LONG continuance, in the firſt executive departments of power, or truſt, is dangerous to liberty; a rotation, therefore, in thoſe departments, is one of the beſt ſecurities of permanent freedom.—*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

RUSTIC FELICITY.

MANY are the ſilent pleaſures of the honeſt peaſant, who riſes cheerfully to his labour:—look into his dwelling,—where the ſcene of every happineſs chiefly lies:—he has the ſame

domeſtic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well,—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the moſt affluent ſtation.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and ſufferings were to be balanced with thoſe of his betters,—that the upſhot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better ſtomach; the one had more luxury,—more able phyſicians to attend and ſet him to rights;—the other more health and ſoundneſs in his bones, and leſs occaſion for their help; that, after theſe two articles between them were balanced,—in all other things they ſtood upon a level:—that the ſun ſhines as warm,—the air blows as freſh,—the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other, and that they have an equal ſhare in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.—*Sterne.*

RIGHTS of MAN.

ABSURD prejudices have perverted human reaſon, and even ſtifled that inſtinct which teaches animals to reſiſt oppreſſion and tyranny. Multitudes of the human race really believe themſelves to be the property of a ſmall number of men who oppreſs them. Such is the fatal progreſs of that original error, which impoſture has either produced or kept up in the mind of man. May true knowledge revive thoſe rights of reaſonable beings, which, to be recovered, need only to be felt! Sages of the earth, philoſophers of every nation, it is your's alone to make laws by pointing out theſe rights to your fellow citizens. Take the glorious reſolution to inſtruct your fellow creatures, and be aſſured, that if truth is longer in diffuſing and eſtabliſhing itſelf than error, yet its empire is more ſolid and laſting. Error paſſes away; but truth remains. Mankind, allured by the expectation of happineſs, the road to which you will ſhow them, will liſten to you with attention. Excite a ſenſe of ſhame in the breaſts of thoſe numerous hireling ſlaves, who are always ready at the command of their maſters, to deſtroy their fellow citizens. Rouſe all the powers of human nature to oppoſe this ſubverſion of ſocial laws. Teach mankind that liberty is the inſtitution of God; authority that of man. Expoſe thoſe myſterious arts which hold the world in chains and darkneſs; let the people be ſenſible how far their credulity has been impoſed upon; let them re-aſſume with one accord, the uſe of their faculties, and vindicate the honor of the human race.—*Abbe Raynal.*

WE hold theſe truths to be ſelf-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among theſe are life, liberty, and the purſuit of happineſs; that to ſecure theſe rights, governments are inſtituted among men, deriving their juſt powers from the conſent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes deſtructive of theſe ends, it is the right of the people to alter or aboliſh it, and to inſtitute new government, laying its foundation on ſuch principles, and organizing its powers in ſuch form, as to them ſhall ſeem moſt likely to effect their ſafety and happineſs. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long eſtabliſhed ſhould not be changed for light and tranſient cauſes; and accordingly all experience has ſhewn, that mankind are more diſpoſed to ſuffer, while evils are ſufferable, than to right themſelves by aboliſhing the forms to which they are accuſtomed.—But when a long train of abuſes and uſurpations, purſuing invariably the ſame object, evinces a deſign to reduce them under abſolute deſpotiſm, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off ſuch government, and to provide new guards for their future ſecurity.—*Declaration of Independence.*

ALL men have certain natural, eſſential and inherent rights —among which are the enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, poſſeſſing, and protecting property; and, in a word, of ſeeking and obtaining happineſs.—*Conſtitution of New-Hampſhire.*

ALL power is inherent in the people; and all free governments are founded on their authority, and inſtituted for their peace, ſafety, and happineſs. For the advancement of thoſe ends, they have, at all times, an unalienable and indefeaſible right, to alter, reform, or aboliſh their government, in ſuch manner as they may think proper.—*Conſtitution of Pennſylvania.*

THE citizens have a right, in a peaceable manner to aſſemble together for their common good, and to apply to thoſe inveſted with the powers of government, for redreſs of grievances, or other proper purpoſes, by petition, addreſs, or remonſtrance.—*Idem.*

THE right of the citizens to bear arms in defence of themſelves and the ſtate, ſhall not be queſtioned.—*Idem.*

PERSONS intruſted with the legiſlative and executive powers, are the truſtees and ſervants of the public, and, as ſuch, accountable for their conduct; wherefore, whenever the ends of government are perverted, and public liberty manifeſtly endan-

gered, by the legiſlative ſingly, or a treacherous combination of both, the people may, and of right ought, to eſtabliſh a new, or reform the old government.—*Conſtitution of Delaware.*

THE right, in the people, to participate in the legiſlature, is the foundation of liberty and of all free government; and for this end, all elections ought to be free and frequent; and every freeman, having ſufficient evidence of a permanent common intereſt with, and attachment to the community, hath a right of ſuffrage.—*Idem.*

ALL government of right originates from the people, is founded in compact only, and inſtituted ſolely for the good of the whole.—*Conſtitution of Maryland.*

NO man or ſet of men are entitled to excluſive or ſeparate emoluments or privileges from the community, but in conſideration of public ſervices.—*Conſtitution of North-Carolina.*

THE people have a right to aſſemble together, to conſult for their common good, to inſtruct their repreſentatives, and to apply to the legiſlature, for redreſs of grievances.—*Idem.*

ALL power being originally inherent in, and conſequently derived from the people; therefore, all officers of government whether legiſlative or executive, are their truſtees and ſervants, and at all times, in a legal way, accountable to them.—*Conſtitution of Vermont.*

GOVERNMENT is, or ought to be, inſtituted for the common benefit, protection, and ſecurity of the people, nation, or community, and not for the particular emolument or advantage of any ſingle man, family, or ſet of men, who are a part only of that community: and the community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeaſible right, to reform or alter government, in ſuch manner as ſhall be, by that community, judged to be moſt conducive to the public weal.—*Idem.*

ALL power is inherent in the people; and all free governments are founded on their authority, and inſtituted for their peace, ſafety, and happineſs: for the advancement of thoſe ends, they have at all times an unalienable and indefeaſible right to alter, reform, or aboliſh the government in ſuch manner as they may think proper.—*Conſtitution of Tenneſſee.*

RICH and POOR.

THEIR's is yon houſe that holds the pariſh poor,
Whoſe walls of mud ſcarce bear the broken door;
There where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day:

There children dwell, who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyleſs bed,
Forſaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind—and, far the happieſt they!
The moping ideot and the madman gay.
Here too the ſick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the ſcenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from ſome ſad chamber flow
Mixt with the clamours of the croud below;
Here, ſorrowing, they each kindred ſorrow ſcan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whoſe laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And ſtrong Compulſion plucks the ſcrap from Pride;
But ſtill that ſcrap is bought with many a ſigh,
And Pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppreſt by ſome fantaſtic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repoſe:
Who preſs the downy couch, while ſlaves advance
With timid eye, to read the diſtant glance;
Who with ſad pray'rs the weary doctor teaſe,
To name the nameleſs, ever-new diſeaſe;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would you bear to draw your lateſt breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the ſloping ſides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are ſeen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between,
Save one dull pane, that, coarſely patched, gives way
To the rude tempeſt, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that ſtagnates in his eyes;
No friends with ſoft diſcourſe his pain beguile,
Nor promiſe hope till ſickneſs wears a ſmile.—*Crabbe.*

IF you ſhould ſee a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (inſtead of each picking where, and what it liked,

taking juſt as much as it wanted and no more) you ſhall ſee ninety-nine of them gathering all they get into a heap; reſerving nothing for themſelves, but the chaff and refuſe; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakeſt perhaps, and worſt pigeon of the flock; ſitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilſt this one was devouring, throwing about, and waſting it; and, if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the reſt, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others inſtantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces: if you ſhould ſee this, you would ſee nothing more, than what is every day practiſed and eſtabliſhed among men. Among men you ſee the ninety and nine, toiling and ſcraping together a heap of ſuperfluities for one; getting nothing for themſelves all the while, but a little of the coarſeſt of proviſion, which their own labour produces; and this one oftentimes the feebleſt and worſt of the whole ſet, a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; looking quietly on, while they ſee the fruits of all their labour ſpent or ſpoiled; and if one of them take or touch a particle of it, the others join againſt him, and hang him for the theft. —*Paley.*

THE moſt obvious diviſion of ſociety, is into rich and poor; and it is no leſs obvious, that the number of the former bears a great diſproportion to thoſe of the latter. The whole buſineſs of the poor is to adminiſter to the idleneſs, folly, and luxury of the rich; and that of the rich, in return, is to find the beſt methods of confirming the ſlavery and increaſing the burdens of the poor. In a ſtate of nature, it is an invariable law, that a man's acquiſitions are in proportion to his labours. In a ſtate of artificial ſociety, it is a law as conſtant and as invariable, that thoſe who labour moſt, enjoy the feweſt things; and that thoſe who labour not at all have the greateſt number of enjoyments. A conſtitution of things this, ſtrange and ridiculous beyond expreſſion. We ſcarce believe a thing when we are told it, which we actually ſee before our eyes every day without being the leaſt ſurpriſed. I ſuppoſe that there are in Great-Britain upwards of an hundred thouſand people employed in lead, tin, copper, and coal mines; theſe unhappy wretches ſcarcely ever ſee the light of the ſun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a ſevere and diſmal taſk, without the leaſt proſpect of being delivered from it; they ſubſiſt upon the coarſeſt and worſt ſort of fare; they have their health miſerably impaired, and *their* lives cut ſhort, by being perpetually confined in the cloſe

vapour of theſe malignant minerals. An hundred thouſand more at leaſt are tortured without remiſſion by the ſuffocating ſmoke, intenſe fires, and conſtant drudgery neceſſary in refining and managing the products of thoſe mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thouſand innocent perſons were condemned to ſo intolerable a ſlavery, how ſhould we pity the unhappy ſufferers, and how great would be our juſt indignation againſt thoſe who inflicted ſo cruel and ignominious a puniſhment? This is an inſtance, I could not wiſh a ſtronger, of the numberleſs things which we paſs by in their common dreſs, yet which ſhock us when they are nakedly repreſented. But this number, conſiderable as it is, and the ſlavery with all its baſeneſs and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the reſt of the world affords of the ſame nature—millions daily bathed in the poiſonous damps and deſtructive effluvia of lead, ſilver, copper, and arſenic. To ſay nothing of thoſe other employments, thoſe ſtations of wretchedneſs and contempt in which civil ſociety has placed the numerous *enfans perdus* of her army. Would any rational man ſubmit to one of the moſt tolerable of theſe drudgeries, for all the artificial enjoyments which policy has made to reſult from them? By no means. And yet need I ſuggeſt, that thoſe who find the means, and thoſe who arrive at the end, are not at all the ſame perſons. On conſidering the ſtrange and unaccountable fancies and contrivances of artificial reaſon, I have ſomewhere called this earth the Bedlam of our ſyſtem. Looking now upon the effects of ſome of thoſe fancies, may we not with equal reaſon call it likewiſe the Newgate and the Bridewell of the univerſe? Indeed the blindneſs of one part of mankind co-operating with the frenzy and villainy of the other, has been the real builder of this reſpectable fabric of political ſociety. And as the blindneſs of mankind has cauſed their ſlavery, in return, their ſtate of ſlavery is made a pretence for continuing them in a ſtate of blindneſs; for the politician will tell you gravely, that their life of ſervitude diſqualifies the greater part of the race of man for a ſearch of truth, and ſupplies them with no other than mean and inſufficient ideas. This is but too true; and this is one of the reaſons for which I blame ſuch inſtitutions.

In a miſery of this ſort, admitting ſome few lenitives, and thoſe too but a few, nine parts in ten of the whole race of mankind drudge through life.—*Burke.*

IN the moſt refined ſtates of Europe the inequality of property has riſen to an alarming height. Vaſt numbers of their inhabitants are deprived of almoſt every accommodation that can render life tolerable or ſecure. Their utmoſt induſtry ſcarcely ſuffices for their ſupport. The women and children lean with an inſupportable weight upon the efforts of the man, ſo that a large family has, in the lower order of life, become a proverbial expreſſion for an uncommon degree of poverty and wretchedneſs. If ſickneſs, or ſome of thoſe caſualties which are perpetually incident to an active and laborious life, be ſupper-added to theſe burdens, the diſtreſs is ſtill greater.

It ſeems to be agreed that in England there is leſs wretchedneſs and diſtreſs than in moſt of the kingdoms of the continent. In England the poor's rates amount to the ſum of two millions ſterling per annum. It has been calculated, that one perſon in ſeven of the inhabitants of the country derives at ſome period of his life aſſiſtance from this fund. If to this we add the perſons, who, from pride, a ſpirit of independence, or the want of a legal ſettlement, though in equal diſtreſs, receive no ſuch aſſiſtance, the proportion will be conſiderably increaſed.

I lay no ſtreſs upon the accuracy of this calculation; the general fact is ſufficient to give us an idea of the greatneſs of the evil.—*Godwin.*

REFORMATION.

REFORMATION is one of thoſe pieces which muſt be put at ſome diſtance in order to pleaſe. Its greateſt favours love it better in the abſtract than in the ſubſtance. When any old prejudice of their own, or any intereſt that they value, is touched, they become ſcrupulous, they become captious, and every man has his ſeparate exception. Some pluck out the black hairs, ſome the grey; one point muſt be given up to one; another point muſt be yielded to another; nothing is ſuffered to prevail upon its own principles: the whole is ſo ſtrained down and diſjointed, that ſcarcely a trace of the original figure remains! Thus, between the reſiſtance of power, and the unſyſtematical proceſs of popularity, the legiſlature and the undertaking are both expoſed, and the poor reformer is hiſſed off the ſtage, both by friends and foes. —*Burke.*

ROSE.

HOW fair is the roſe! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour;
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the roſe has one powerful virtue to boaſt,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are loſt,
Still how ſweet a perfume will it yield!
So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the roſe:
But all our fond care to preſerve them is vain;
Time kills them as faſt as he goes.
Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will ſcent like a roſe when I'm dead.—*Watts.*

RULE of LIFE.

LIVE while you live, the epicure will ſay,
And take the pleaſure of the preſent day:
Live while you live, the ſacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.—
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleaſure when I live to thee.—*Doddridge.*

RETROSPECT of LIFE.

RICHES, chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honor falls us while we live;
Mirth's a cheat, and pleaſure flies,
Is there nothing worth our care?
Time and chance, and death our foes;
If our joys to fleeting are,
Are we only fated to woes?
Let bright Virtue anſwer, no;
Her eternal powers prevail,
When honors, riches, ceaſe to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleaſure, fail.

RIOTS.

RIOTS, tumults, and popular commotions; are indeed truly dreadful, and to be avoided with the utmoſt care by the lovers of liberty. Peace, good order, and ſecurity to all ranks, are the natural fruits of a free conſtitution. True patriots will be careful to diſcourage every thing which tends to deſtroy them; not only becauſe whatever tends to deſtroy them, tends to deſtroy all human happineſs, but alſo becauſe even an accidental outrage in popular aſſemblies and proceedings, is uſed by the artful to diſcredit the cauſe of liberty. By the utmoſt attention to preſerving the public peace, true patriots will defeat the malicious deſigns of ſervile courtiers; but, whatever may happen, they will not deſert the cauſe of human nature. Through a dread of licentiouſneſs, they will not forſake the ſtandard of liberty. It is the part of fools to fall upon Scylla in ſtriving to avoid Charybdis.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

SCANDAL.

THERE is a luſt in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame:
On eagle's wings, immortal, ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.—*Havard.*

WHAT other man ſpeaks ſo often and ſo vehemently againſt the vice of pride, ſets the weakneſs of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himſelf? It is the ſame with the paſſionate, the deſigning, the ambitious, and ſome other common characters in life; and being a conſequence of the nature of ſuch vices, and almoſt inſeparable from them, the effects of it are generally ſo groſs and abſurd, that where pity does not forbid, it is pleaſant to obſerve and trace the cheat through the ſeveral turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the ſhapes and appearances which it puts on.—*Sterne.*

HOW frequently is the honeſty and integrity of a man diſpoſed of by a ſmile or ſhrug!—how many good and generous actions have been ſunk into oblivion, by a diſtruſtful look, or ſtampt with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a myſterious and ſeaſonable whiſper!

Look into companies of thoſe whoſe gentle natures ſhould diſarm them, we ſhall find no better account.—How large a *portion* of chaſtity is ſent out of the world by diſtant hints,—*nodded* away and cruelly winked into ſuſpicion, by the envy

of thoſe who are paſt all temptation of it themſelves! How often does the reputation of a helpleſs creature bleed by a report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling——that ſhe is heartily ſorry for it;——hopes in God it is not true: however, as archbiſhop Tillotſon wittily obſerves upon it, is reſolved, in the mean time, to give the report her pals, that at leaſt it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world.—to be believed or not, according to the charity of thoſe into whoſe hands it ſhall happen to fall!—*Idem*

THE tongue of a viper is leſs hurtful than that of a ſlanderer, and the gilded ſcales of a rattle-ſnake leſs dreadful than the purſe of the oppreſſor —*Fielding.*

THE company of a ſlanderer ſhould always be avoided, except you chooſe to feaſt on your neighbour's faults, at the price of being ſerved up yourſelf at the tables of others; for perſons of this ſtamp are generally impartial in their abuſe. Indeed it is not always poſſible totally to eſcape them; for being barely known to them, is a ſure title to their calumny; but the more they are admitted to your acquaintance, the more you will be abuſed by them.—*Idem.*

SHAME and DISGRACE.

THEY who have conſidered our nature, affirm, that ſhame and diſgrace are two of the moſt inſupportable evils of human life; the courage and ſpirits of many have maſtered other misfortunes, and borne themſelves up againſt them; but the wiſeſt and beſt of ſouls have not been a match for theſe; and we have many a tragical inſtance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our fleſh—ſo long as it is virtuous, could never break the ſpirits of a man: all its hunger, and pain, and nakedneſs, are nothing to it, they have ſome counterpoiſe of good; and beſides, they are directed by Providence, and muſt be ſubmitted to: but thoſe are afflictions not from the hand of God or nature—"*for they do come forth of the duſt,*" and moſt properly may be ſaid *to ſpring out of the ground*, and this is the reaſon they lay ſuch ſtreſs upon our patience,—and in the end create ſuch a diſtruſt of the world, as makes us look up and pray, *Let me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men.*—*Sterne.*

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

EVERY man is of importance to himſelf, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and ſuppoſing the world already acquainted with all his pleaſures and his pains, is, perhaps, the firſt to publiſh injuries or misfortunes which had nhever been known unleſs related by himſelf, and at which thoſe that hear him will only laugh; for no man ſympathizes with the ſorrows of vanity.—*Life of Pope.*

OBSERVE one of theſe perſons, who ſwells to an unnatural ſize of ſelf conſequence, from the emptineſs of his head and th pride of his heart, entering a coffee-houſe or public room at a watering place. To ſhew his contempt of all around him, he begins *whiſtling*, orb eating a tune with his fingers or with a ſtick on the table. He ſtands with his back to the fire, holding up the ſkirts of his coat, protruding his lips, picking his teeth, adjuſting his cravat, ſurveying his buckles, and turning out his knees or toes; ſhewing, by every ſign he can think of, his high opinion of his own importance, and his ſovereign contempt for the company.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

SECRETS.

TO tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate thoſe with which we are entruſted, is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.—*Rambler.*

THE vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret, is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for, however abſurd it may be thought, to boaſt an honor by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity, which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.—*Idem.*

SOCIETY.

FROM the earlieſt dawnings of policy to this day, the invention of men has been ſharpening and improving the myſtery of murder, from the firſt rude eſſays of clubs and ſtones, to the preſent perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombarding, mining, and all theſe ſpecies of artificial, learned, and

refined cruelty, in which we are now ſo expert, and which make a principal part of what politicians have taught us to believe is our principal glory.

It is an inconteſtable truth, that there is more havock made in one year by men, of men, than has been made by all the lions, tygers, panthers, ounces, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroſes, elephants, bears, and wolves, upon their ſeveral ſpecies, ſince the beginning of the world; though theſe agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their compoſition than we have.—*Burke.*

SEDUCTION.

THERE is not perhaps in all the ſtores of ideal anguiſh, a thought more painful than the conſciouſneſs of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles; of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they ſhould return; of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleaſure; and deafened them to every call, but the alluring voice of the ſyrens of deſtruction.—*Rambler.*

SECKER (Archbiſhop of Canterbury)

WHILE Secker liv'd, he ſhew'd how ſeers ſhould live;
While Secker taught, heav'n open'd to our eye;
When Secker gave we knew how angels give;
When Secker died, we know e'en ſaints muſt die.

SUSPICION.

SUSPICION is no leſs an enemy to virtue, than to happineſs. He that is already corrupt is naturally ſuſpicious; and he that becomes ſuſpicious, will quickly be corrupt.—*Rambler.*

HE that ſuffers by impoſture, has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is neceſſary not to invite robbery by ſupineneſs ſo it is our duty not to ſuppreſs tenderneſs by ſuſpicion. It is better to ſuffer wrong than to do it; and happier to be ſometimes cheated, than not to truſt.—*Idem.*

SPIES.

AT whatever period ſpies, informers, falſe witneſſes, and pretended plots are adopted by men in power, to ſtrengthen themſelves in office, and deſtroy virtuous oppoſition, there is reaſon to fear, in ſpite of all profeſſions of the contrary, that the tyrannic ſpirit of the degenerate Cæſars waits but for opportunities to diſplay itſelf in acts of Neronian atrocity. Power

is deficient; but inclination is equally hoſtile to the maſs of mankind, denominated the people, whom ſome politicians ſcarcely condeſcend to acknowledge as poſſeſſed of any political exiſtence.

The employment of ſpies and informers is a virtual declaration of hoſtilities againſt the people. It argues a want of confidence in them. It argues a fear and jealouſy of them. It argues a deſire to deſtroy them by ambuſcade. It is, in civil government, what ſtratagems are in a ſtate of war. It tends alſo to excite retaliation.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

A HIRED ſpy and informer will, by an eaſy tranſition, become a falſe witneſs, even in trials where liberty and life are at ſtake. In trials of leſs conſequence, there is no doubt but his conſcience will ſtretch with the occaſion. His object is not truth or juſtice, but filthy lucre; and when he aſpires at great rewards, great muſt be his venture. Having once broken down, as a treacherous ſpy, the fences of honor and conſcience, nothing but fear will reſtrain him, as a witneſs, from overleaping the bounds of truth, juſtice, and mercy. He will rob and murder under the forms of law; and add to the atrocity of blood-guiltineſs, the crime of perjury. No man is ſafe, where ſuch men are countenanced by officers of ſtate. They themſelves may periſh by his falſe tongue; ſuffering the vengeance due to their baſe encouragement of traitors to the public, by falling unpitied victims to his diſappointed treachery. The peſtilential breath of ſpies and informers is not to be endured in the pure healthy atmoſphere of a free ſtate It brings with it the ſickly deſpotiſm of oriental climes.—*Idem.*

TYRANNY.

TYRANNY is a poor provider. It neither knows how to accumulate, nor how to extract.—*Burke.*

A GREAT deal of the furniture of ancient tyranny is torn to rags; the reſt is entirely out of faſhion.—*Idem.*

TYRANT.

——————PROUD, impatient
Of aught ſuperior, ev'n of heav'n that made him:
Fond of falſe glory, of the ſavage pow'r
Of ruling without reaſon, of confounding
Juſt and unjuſt by an unbounded will;
By which religion, honor, all the bands
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,

Were held the tricks of ſtate, ſnares of wiſe princes,
To draw their eaſy neighbours to deſtruction,
To waſte with ſword and fire their fruitful fields:
Like ſome accurſed fiend, who, 'ſcap'd from hell,
Poiſons the balmly air thro' which he flies;
He blaſts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
The lab'ring hind's beſt hopes, and marks his way with ruin.
—*Rowe.*

THERE is hardly any prince without a favorite, by whom he is governed in as arbitrary a manner as he governs the wretches ſubjected to him. Here the tyranny is doubled. There are two courts and two intereſts; both very different from the intereſts of the people. The favorite knows that the regard of a tyrant is as inconſtant and capricious as that of a woman; and concluding his time to be ſhort, he makes haſte to fill up the meaſure of his iniquity, in rapine, in luxury, and in revenge. Every avenue to the throne is ſhut up. He oppreſſes, and ruins the people, whilſt he perſuades the prince, that thoſe murmurs raiſed by his own oppreſſion are the effects of diſaffection to the prince's government. Then is the natural violence of deſpotiſm inflamed, and aggravated by hatred and revenge. To deſerve well of the ſtate is a crime againſt the prince. To be popular, and to be a traitor, are conſidered as ſynonymous terms. Even virtue is dangerous, as an aſpiring quality, that claims an eſteem by itſelf, and independent of the countenance of the court. What has been ſaid of the chief, is true of the inferior officers of this ſpecies of government; each in his province exerciſing the ſame tyranny, and grinding the people by an oppreſſion, the more ſeverely felt, as it is near them, and exerciſed by baſe and ſubordinate perſons. For the groſs of the people, they are conſidered as mere herd of cattle; and really in little time become no better; all principle of honeſt pride, all ſenſe of the dignity of their nature is loſt in their ſlavery. The day, ſays Homer, which makes a man a ſlave, takes away half his worth; and in fact he loſes every impulſe to action, but that low and baſe one of fear.—In this kind of government human nature is not only abſurd, and inſulted, but it is actually degraded and ſunk into a ſpecies of brutality.—*Burke.*

THE puniſhment of real tyrants is a noble and awful act of juſtice; and it has with truth been ſaid to be conſolatory to the human mind.—*Idem.*

TIME PAST.

WHETHER it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or what is in event juſt the ſame, that evil makes deeper impreſſions than good, it is certain that few can review the time paſt, without heavineſs of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly; many opportunities loſt by negligence. The ſhades of the dead riſe up before him, and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amuſements, the aſſiſtants of his labours, whom the hand of death has ſnatched away.—*Iller.*

TITLES.

MOST of the titles of nobility, and other civil diſtinctions, were taken from war: as a marquis, a duke, a count, a baron, a landgrave, a knight, an eſquire. The inventors of arts, the improvers of life, thoſe who have mitigated evil, and augmented the good allotted to men in this world, were not thought worthy of any titular diſtinctions. The reaſon is indeed ſufficiently obvious: titles were originally beſtowed by deſpotic kings, who required and rewarded no other merit but that which ſupported them by violence in their arbitrary rule. In ſome countries they are now given, for the ſame reaſons, to thoſe who effect the ſame purpoſes, not by war only, but by corruption.—*Spirit of Deſpotiſm.*

THE death-bed ſhews the emptineſs of titles in a true light. A poor deſpirited ſinner lies trembling under the apprehenſions of the ſtate he is entering on; and is aſked by a grave attendant, how his holineſs does? Another hears himſelf addreſſed under the title of highneſs or excellency, who lies under ſuch mean circumſtances of mortality as are the diſgrace of human nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like inſults and mockery than reſpect.—*Spectator.*

TRIFLES.

TRIFLES always require exuberance of ornament. The building which has no ſtrength, can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble muſt be poliſhed with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought ſurely to be laboured, when they are intended to ſtand for things.—*Rambler.*

TAXATION.

TAXING is an eaſy buſineſs. Any projector can contrive *new impoſitions*; any burgher can add to the old. But is

it altogether wiſe to have no other bounds to your impoſitions, than the patience of thoſe who are to bear them?—*Burke.*

TRUTH.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth: It is apparent, that men can be ſociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When ſpeech is employed only as the vehicle of falſehood. every man muſt diſunite himſelf from others, inhabit his own cave, and ſeek prey only for himſelf.—*Idler.*

TOLERATION.

WE all know, that toleration is odious to the intolerant; freedom to oppreſſors; property to robbers; and all kinds and degrees of proſperity to the envious —*Burke.*

TENDERNESS to ANIMALS.

THE heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowſhip, as being void
Of ſympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendſhip both, that is not pleas'd
With ſight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happineſs augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts acroſs the glade
When none purſues, through mere delight of heart,
And ſpirits buoyant with exceſs of glee;
The horſe as wanton, and almoſt as fleet,
That ſkims the ſpacious meadow at full ſpeed,
Then ſtops, and ſnorts, and throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving firſt from one
That leads the dance a ſummons to be gay,
Though wild their ſtrange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet reſolv'd with one conſent,
To give ſuch act and utterance as they may
To ecſtacy too big to be ſuppreſs'd—
Theſe, and a thouſand images of bliſs,
With which kind nature graces ev'ry ſcene
Where cruel man defeats nor her deſign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wiſh
All that are capable of pleaſure pleas'd,
A far ſuperior happineſs to theirs,
The comfort of a reaſonable joy.—*Cowper.*

I WOULD not enter on my liſt of friends
(Though grac'd with poliſh'd manners and fine ſenſe,
Yet wanting ſenſibility) the man
Who needleſsly ſets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent ſtep may cruſh the ſnail
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aſide, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathſome to the ſight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A viſitor unwelcome, into ſcenes
Sacred to neatneſs and repoſe—th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory—may die:
A neceſſary act incurs no blame.
Not ſo, when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltleſs of offence, they range the air,
Or take their paſtime in the ſpacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Diſturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who, when ſhe form'd, deſign'd them an abode.
The ſum is this.—If man's convenience, health,
Or ſafety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and muſt extinguiſh their's.
Elſe they are all—the meaneſt things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the firſt,
Who, in his ſov'reign wiſdom, made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your ſons
To love it too. The ſpring-time of our years
Is ſoon diſhonor'd and defil'd in moſt
By budding ills, that aſk a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none ſooner ſhoots,
If unreſtrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, moſt dev'liſh of them all.
Mercy to him that ſhows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that ſhows none, being ripe in years,
And conſcious of the outrage he commits,
Shall ſeek it, and not find it in his turn.—*Idem.*

TO-DAY and TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY man's dreſs'd in gold and ſilver bright,
Wrapt in a ſhroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good;
To-day he's nice, and ſcorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he's himſelf a diſh for worms;
To-day he's honor'd and in vaſt eſteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he riſes from a velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-day his houſe, tho' large, he thinks but ſmall,
To-morrow no command, no houſe at all;
To-day has forty ſervants at his gate,
To-morrow ſcorn'd, not one of them will wait;
To-day perfum'd, as ſweet as any roſe,
To-morrow ſtinks in every body's noſe;
To-day he's grand, majeſtic, all delight,
Ghaſtful and pale before to-morrow night;
True, as the ſcripture ſays, "man's life's a ſpan;"
The preſent moment is the life of man.

VIRTUE.

HE that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, muſt regulate his thoughts by the laws of reaſon; he muſt keep guilt from the receſſes of his heart, and remember that the pleaſures of fancy and the emotions of deſire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, ſince they eſcape the awe of obſervation, and operate equally in every ſituation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.—*Rambler.*

TO dread no eye and to ſuſpect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and ſolicitudes; and to make it yet more ſhameful and deteſtable, it is doomed often to ſtand in awe of thoſe, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying. —*Idem.*

VANITY.

SO weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty vanity to thee they owe
Their zeſt of pleaſure and their balm of woe.

Thou, like the ſun, all colours doſt contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.—*Young.*

VICE.

VICE is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet, ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.—*Pope.*

USURPER.

So when the ſea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds;
Thoſe banks and dams, that like a fireen
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when tyrannic uſurpation,
Invades the freedom of a nation,
Thoſe laws o' th' land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it,—*Hudibras.*

WAR.

ONE to deſtroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.
To murder thouſands, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A nation cruſh'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This human chaos, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd, to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, fame and triumph made!—*Young.*
FIRST Envy, eldeſt born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the ſons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition ſaw, and ſoon improv'd

The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By ſubtle fraud to ſnatch a ſingle life;
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To ſate the luſt of power: more horrid ſtill,
The foulest ſtain and ſcandal of our nature
Became its boaſt. *One* murder makes a villain;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill; and numbers ſanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human ſacrifice? Why burſt the ties
Of nature, that ſhould knit their ſouls together
In one ſoft bond of amity and love?
Yet ſtill they breathe deſtruction, ſtill go on,
Inhumanly ingenious, to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave.
Artificers of death! ſtill monarchs dream
Of univerſal empire growing up
From univerſal ruin. Blaſt the deſign,
Great God of hoſts! nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's ſhrine!—*Porteus.*

AS war is the extremity of evil, it is ſurely the duty of thoſe whoſe ſtation entruſts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diſeaſes of an animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove; ſo there may, by the depravation of human paſſions, be ſometimes a gangrene in collected life, for which fire and the ſword are the neceſſary remedies; but in what can ſkill or caution be better ſhewn, than in preventing ſuch dreadful operations, while there is room for gentler methods?—*Johnſon.*

WAR never fails to exhauſt the ſtate, and endanger its deſtruction, with whatever ſucceſs it is carried on. Though it may be commenced with advantage, it can never be finiſhed without danger of the moſt fatal reverſe of fortune. With whatever ſuperiority of ſtrength an engagement is begun, the leaſt miſtake, the ſlighteſt accident, may turn the ſcale and give victory to the enemy. Nor can a nation that ſhould be always victorious proſper: it would deſtroy itſelf by deſtroying others: the country would be depopulated, the ſoil untilled, and trade interrupted: and what is worſe, the beſt laws would loſe their force, and a corruption of manners inſenſibly take place. Literature will be neglected among the youth; the troops, conſcious of their own importance, will indulge themſelves in the moſt pernicious licentiouſneſs with

impunity, and the diſorder will neceſſarily ſpread through all the branches of government —*Fenelon.*

IT is unqueſtionably a very notable art to ravage countries, deſtroy dwellings, and, one year with another, out of a hundred thouſand men, to cut off forty thouſand. This invention was originally cultivated by nations aſſembled for their common good. It is otherwiſe in our time.

An odd circumſtance in this infernal enterpriſe is, that every chief of theſe ruffians has his colours conſecrated, and ſolemnly prays to God before he goes to deſtroy his neighbour. If the ſlain in a battle do not exceed two or three thouſand, the commander does not think it worth while to thank God for it; beſides killing ten or twelve thouſand men, he muſt be ſo far favoured by heaven as totally to deſtroy ſome conſiderable place, then a verboſe hymn is ſung in four parts, compoſed in a language unknown to all the combatants.—*Voltaire.*

IT is wonderful with what coolneſs and indifference the greater part of mankind ſee war commenced. Thoſe that hear of it at a diſtance, or read of it in books, but have never preſented its evils to their minds, conſider it as little more than a ſplendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some indeed muſt periſh in the moſt ſucceſsful field; but they die upon the bed of honor, *reſign their lives amidſt the joys of conqueſt*, and, *filled with England's glory, ſmile in death.*

The life of a modern ſoldier is ill repreſented by heroic fiction. War has means of deſtruction more formidable than the cannon and the ſword. Of the thouſands and ten thouſands that periſhed in our late conteſts with France and Spain, a very ſmall part ever felt the ſtroke of an enemy; the reſt languiſhed in tents and ſhips, amidſt damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, ſpiritleſs, and helpleſs; gaſping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeleſs miſery; and were at laſt whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholeſome ſtations, where courage is uſeleſs and enterpriſe impracticable, fleets are ſilently diſcomfited, and armies ſluggiſhly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhauſted, for the moſt part with little effect. The wars of civilized nations make very ſlow changes in the ſyſtem of empire. The public perceive ſcarcely any alteration but an increaſe of debt; and the few

individuals who are benefited, are not ſuppoſed to have the cleareſt right to their advantages. If he that ſhared the danger enjoyed the profit, and, after bleeding in the battle, grew rich by the victory, he might ſhew his gains without envy. But at the concluſion of a ten years war, how are we recompenſed for the death of multitudes and the expenſe of millions, but by contemplating the ſudden glories of paymaſters and agents, contractors and commiſſioners, whoſe equipages ſhine like meteors, and whoſe palaces riſe like exhalations?

Theſe are the men who, without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing rich as their country is impoveriſhed; they rejoice when obſtinacy or ambition adds another year to their [illegible] and devaſtation; and laugh from their deſks at bravery and ſcience, while they are adding figure to figure, and cypher to cypher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a ſiege or a tempeſt.—*Johnſon.*

HE who makes war his profeſſion cannot be otherwiſe than vicious.

War makes thieves, and peace brings them to the gallows.—*Machiavel.*

A SOLDIER is a being hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own ſpecies, who have never offended him, as poſſibly he can.—*Swift.*

The WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child at ſeven years old, my friends on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a ſhop where they ſold toys for children; and being charmed with the ſound of a *whiſtle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered all my money for one. I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my *whiſtle*, but diſturbing all the family. My brothers, and ſiſters, and couſins, underſtanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the reſt of my money; and they laughed ſo much at me for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whiſtle* gave me pleaſure.

This however was afterwards of uſe to me, the impreſſion continuing in my mind; ſo that often, when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, *Don't give too much for the whiſtle;* and ſo I ſaved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whiſtle.*

When I ſaw any one too ambitious of court favors, ſacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repoſe, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it, I have ſaid to myſelf, *This man gives too much for his whiſtle.*

When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; *He pays, indeed,* ſays I, *too much for his whiſtle.*

When I ſaw a miſer, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleaſure of doing good to others, all the eſteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendſhip, for the ſake of accumulating wealth: *Poor man,* ſays I, *you do indeed pay too much for your whiſtle.*

When I meet a man of pleaſure, ſacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal ſenſations; *Miſtaken man,* ſays I, *you are providing pain for yourſelf, inſtead of pleaſure: you give too much for your whiſtle.*

If I ſee one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in priſon; *Alas,* ſays I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whiſtle.*

When I ſee a beautiful, ſweet-tempered girl, married to an ill natured brute of a huſband: *What a pity it is,* ſays I, *that ſhe has paid ſo much for a whiſtle.*

In ſhort, I conceive that great part of the miſeries of mankind were brought upon them by the falſe eſtimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whiſtles.*—*Franklin.*

WISDOM.

WISDOM, whoſe leſſons have been repreſented as ſo hard to learn, by thoſe who were never at her ſchool, only teaches us to extend a ſimple maxim, univerſally known, and followed even in the loweſt life, a little farther than that life carries it, and this is, *not to buy at too dear a price.*

Whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and conſtantly applies it to honors, to riches, to pleaſures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is a wiſe man, and muſt be ſo acknowledged in the worldly ſenſe of the word; for he makes the beſt of

bargains; ſince in reality he purchaſes every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and brings home all the good things I have mentioned, while he loſes his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire to himſelf.

From this moderation likewiſe he learns two leſſons which complete his character; firſt, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the beſt bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchaſe.—*Fielding.*

WANT.

WANT is a bitter and a hateful good,
Becauſe its virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many things, impoſſible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the ſoul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of wit, and active diligence.
Prudence at once and fortitude it gives:
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives:
For ev'n that indigence that brings me low,
Makes me my ſelf, and him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would chuſe,
A fair poſſeſſion, which mankind refuſe.
If we from wealth to poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.—*Dryden.*

WIT.

TIME his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to uſe, not waſte his ſenſe,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His briſk attack on blockheads we ſhould prize,
Were not his jeſt as a flippant with the wiſe.
He ſpares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.
What tho' wit tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being ſmart,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd; good-nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as ſeldom as your ſword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear,
As there no hero, no great genius here.

As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet;
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The ſame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jeſter, when the joke's unkind.—*Young.*

YOUTH.

DOWN the ſmooth ſtream of life the ſtripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe.
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore
Where virtue takes her ſtand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O ſad, but ſure miſchance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midſt Indian wilds
A breathleſs corſe, cut off by ſavage hands
In earlieſt prime, a generous ſacrifice
To freedom's holy cauſe, than ſo to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemp'rance, and diſeaſe.—*Porteus.*

THAT the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes, or ears, are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.—*Rambler.*

THE END.